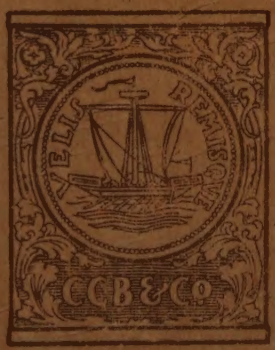
THE LAUREL MUSIC SERIES

The Laurel Music-Reader

TEACHERS EDITION



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LAUREL MUSIC READER
Teachers' Edition

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B. For supplementary and illustrative use in study and appreciation.

C. For Junior High Schools.

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THE

LAUREL MUSIC-READER

TEACHERS' EDITION

(VOICES AND PIANO)

FOR USE IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE "REGULAR" AND "SPECIAL" STUDENTS EDITIONS

EDITED BY

W. L. TOMLINS

BOSTON

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INTRODUCTION.

We offer this present collection of songs to the musicians and educators of the country in the hope that it will be found to maintain the high standard of general excellence for which its forerunner, The Laurel Song Book, is now so justly famous. The editor has endeavored to make the volume equally as representative of the best in standard and contemporary musical art, and to admit only such texts as would merit the praise of the lover of good literature and bring to the student the riches of an uplifting sentiment or ennobling thought. Music being the art *par excellence* wherein the complexity of man's nature finds completest expression, it follows that any collection of songs, to be superior, must be characterized by a many-sided content, and therefore the editor has so compiled this work as to give voice therein to all the emotions of hope, love, worship, and joy, and to all the immemorial thoughts and feelings of home, fatherland, religion, and beauty in which our humanity finds its best and truest ideals. Side by side with the appealing homeliness of the Folk-Song, will be found the majestic concepts of the great masters, and along with these the beautiful music of the present with its unique intermingling of simple melody and subtle harmony, and all the rich color and rhythm of our wonderful modern world. Naturally, and (as the editor thinks) quite justly, the same relative place of importance has been accorded to these in the present work as in The Laurel Song Book.

The faith expressed by the editor ten years ago in the introduction to that book regarding the worth and beauty of our contemporary American music, has been amply justified by the praise and recognition given to many of our composers by the entire world, and also by the preference shown by a great number of singers for the American compositions contained in The Laurel Song Book.

As time and experience have demonstrated the worth of contemporary musical art, whose characteristic is a rich many-sidedness, so time and experience have proved the value and correctness of contemporary methods of vocal instruction, whose object is to develop the fullest and most complete power of self-expression in the singer, and in its presentation of a number of songs which provide for a full and rich self-expression, consists the distinctive pedagogical contribution of the present collection.

To the many teachers familiar with the editor's educational faith, this doctrine of self-realization through music will immediately be recognized as the evangel to which he has dedicated all the best and most earnest years of his life. As far back as 1884 the editor opened up the way to complete vocal expression for countless little ones by demonstrating that up to the age of puberty the voice of the boy is identical with that of the girl, namely, soprano. Previous to that time, the musical expression of the young boy had been restricted to a very small range in the lower compass, the notes of which, moreover, were harsh and unnatural, necessarily so, since for the most part they were improperly produced.

There is no period in life in which complete expression is more essential than during the period of adolescence, and both from a practical and ethical standpoint, in withholding from a boy the opportunity for using every natural tone in his voice, there is danger not only of depriving him of the inspiriting privilege of thorough self-expression, but also of impairing his changing voice. Now a sufficient number of songs have been selected for this book to insure complete expression and exercise of the entire range of the boy voice during this critical and momentous period of dawning manhood, while many of the pieces are written in a quite limited compass.

There is another and most important reason for the selection of material presenting considerable diversity of range in a book intended to be used by the adolescent boy — namely, the requirements of the mutative voice. What these requirements are we shall discover by considering awhile the peculiar nature of this voice and its changes. It is commonly supposed that the shrill and uncertain tones emitted during the period of adolescence are indicative of a general breaking up of the child voice, presaging its total destruction, and ushering in the new and entirely different voice of manhood. This is far from being the truth. The fact is that the child voice, instead of breaking up and being lost, is simply growing *lower, heavier, and more resonant*. This change is very gradual, in some cases almost imperceptible. It is therefore the duty of the teacher to coöperate with nature at this time by assisting her in the process by which she causes

the voice to become *lower, heavier, and more resonant.* Now it must be borne clearly in mind that even as the voice is growing *lower, heavier, and more resonant,* it will still have its relatively high tones, which require for their development careful training and systematic exercise.[1] The old proverb says, "Nature does nothing by leaps"; this is paticularly true with regard to the transformation of the adolescent voice. She does not change it over night from a high to a low voice, but discards the high tones one by one as she develops in their stead the lower, heavier, and more resonant tones of young manhood.

Wherein lies the significance and utility of these facts for the teacher? In the first place, the careful teacher will see to it that material is chosen from the book to meet the special requirements of the transforming voice at each stage of nature's lowering process. Again, recognizing in the so-called "breaking" voice of the boy his natural voice undergoing a lowering process, they will consistently prohibit the use of the harsh, injurious chest voice, and constantly encourage the pupil to develop the natural and properly produced voice.

What is the meaning of this phrase, "The natural and properly produced voice"? The answer is, that *the only natural voice is the "head voice," and that any other voice is false, forced, disagreeable, and injurious, and that therefore when the head voice is used for every tone high and low throughout the entire range, producing one unbroken register, then, and only then, is the voice properly produced.*[2] *The natural voice of adolescence, for instance, is produced by the same mechanism, and in precisely the same way as the head voice of childhood.* If this truth were never lost sight of, there would not only be a general improvement in the quality of all male voices, but many good tenors would be saved to us, for it will immediately be seen how the natural tenor voice can be impaired beyond remedy, or irrevocably lost, by permitting pupils to use the false or so-called chest mechanism in the production of tones during the changing period.[3] Therefore, no matter how quavering and thin the head tones of their true voice may be during the adolescent period, the embryo tenors should never be permitted to give them up for the so-called chest tones.

Let us cling to what is natural, to "the gifts the gods provide," remembering that

"Nature never yet betrayed the heart that loved her."

Through faith in the potentialities of the natural voice, much good will come to the cause of school music and an immediately apparent improvement in the choral work of the pupils manifesting itself in an even quality of tone, a sweeter, more pleasing speaking voice, a greater ease in expression, and therefore a greater charm, resulting from a faithful dependence upon native power and (most desirable of all) a continuous development in the direction of a juster interpretation and deeper enjoyment of the inestimable treasures of the spirit whereby art ennobles and adorns the life of man.

There is another point which the editor believes worthy of earnest consideration; that is, the relation of text and music. Only of late years has this momentous subject received the attention which it merits, and the sympathizers of the ideal for which the editor and his publishers are striving will certainly pardon him for pointing to the fact that in no work intended for schools, with the exception of The Laurel Song Book and the present collection, has any *consistent* endeavor been made to give good literature its rightful place of relative importance in the art of song. The better the verse the better the music, all things being equal. That beautiful and abiding melody has been written to jingling texts we are fain to admit, but (to follow the thought of Carlyle), nothing great and good ever yet came from badness, whether in verse or morals, and wherever there is found a noble melody, clothing and enriching beggarly verse with its loveliness, be certain that it is noble and good, not because of the jingle, but altogether and solely in despite of it; also

[1] This whole question is treated in the thorough and lucid exposition of Mr. Davidson Palmer in his admirable pamphlet entitled, "The Voice of the Boy at the Breaking Period;" also by Mr. John J. Dawson, in his excellent work, "The Voice of the Boy."

[2] The so-called chest voice, so often heard in the singing of the school room of to-day, is produced through an incorrect use of the vocal cords, and is consequently an absolutely false voice. The low tones as well as high tones of all the singers should at all times be sung by the use of the mechanism of the larynx which produces what is commonly referred to as the "head voice." This voice is at once recognized by all teachers as the voice that is produced easily and without strain or harshness.

[3] Instead of using the "head tones" (head mechanism) continually, *instead of exercising and producing all the tones in the same way as the head tones of childhood,* and thus giving nature a chance to bring the *natural tenor voice unimpaired, and even improved, through the changing (lowering) period,* the young singer is apt to resort to the false tones of the unnatural chest voice, with the deplorable consequence that his true voice is either atrophied through disuse, wofully injured, or hopelessly ruined.

because it is the work of a master whose music could not well be other than noble, beautiful, and good. And is it not reasonable to assume a superiority of vocal intrepretation when the texts of the songs rendered appeal compellingly to the singers, when the thoughts and emotions which attracted and inspired the composer become in turn an attraction and inspiration to both supervisor and pupil?

Leaving æsthetics, and narrowing our view of the matter to the practical, it will be seen that the meritorious verse when compared with the trite and *untuneful* jingle, offers to the singer certain advantages which cannot fail to make his preference of the good text immediate and definitive. In the first place, the literary text is usually rich in mouth-filling vowels, smooth consonants, and alliterative phrases, whereas the "jigging" verse is wanting in these elements. In the second place, when these metrical virtues are properly adapted to music, the effect is seen in a declamation which is as grateful to the vocalist as it is delightful to the auditor; and here let it be remembered that incorrect accent inevitably begets bad tone. In the third place, the literary text encourages intelligent, even dramatic rendition, since the singer follows the changing moods of the poem, and therefore sings vitally, intrepreting with his mind and emotions instead of slavishly depending mechanically upon the musical symbols, and interpreting through the eye alone. Finally, the good text, for all these above-given reasons, invites completeness of self-expression because it appeals, if it be in organic relation with the music, to the heart as well as to the senses.

The editor is encouraged to believe that the generous welcome and ready appreciation accorded THE LAUREL SONG BOOK will also be given to this collection.

May it prove a worthy companion volume, its equal in excellence, interest, and popularity.

NOVEMBER, 1914. THE EDITOR AND PUBLISHERS.

SOME SUGGESTIONS.

In THE LAUREL MUSIC-READER certain provisions have been made to meet the conditions with which the supervisor is frequently confronted in the choruses of the upper grades. One year, for instance, there may be a number of good bass voices in these grades; the next year, the bass element may be deplorably wanting.

To successfully master the difficulties created by this unstable bass element, the book presents a number of songs wherein the bass part is to be sung *ad Lib.*, so that whether this part is used or not, the songs will be found complete.

In addition to these there are compositions in which the bass is essential to the harmony and designedly tuneful in character, the melody in a number of cases being given to this part. In the daily routine, the teacher should have no hesitancy, when a sufficient number of basses are not available, in assigning the bass part of these songs to the alto-tenor (in the octave). It must be remembered, at all times, that the first consideration of the teacher is to protect the changing voice of the adolescent boy.

The editor has for many years noted the bad effect upon girls' voices of too exclusive and continuous use of the lower range of the voice. It is necessary that all the natural tones of this voice should receive continuous and systematic exercise.

The alto part in this collection is of more than usual range, so that the girl singers may not be limited to a comparatively small compass. The considerate teacher will, however, arrange for the alternate apportionment and exchange of parts.

The second alto and tenor parts, except in rare instances, should not be assigned to any of the girls, but should be sung only by the boys.

The predominance of unison songs is a feature of this collection. It is in these pieces that all the singers of the grades will be enabled to express themselves with a generous degree of musical completeness; also the weak tones of the changing voice will in these unison songs be frequently called into use, and so be greatly strengthened and improved, always provided that such tones be rightly produced.

Ample opportunity is offered in the present collection for the singing of the tenor from the bass staff, the importance of which practice will be appreciated by all teachers, when they consider that in much of the music outside of the music of the schools, as found, for example, in the various collections for church and home, the part for this voice is printed on the bass staff.

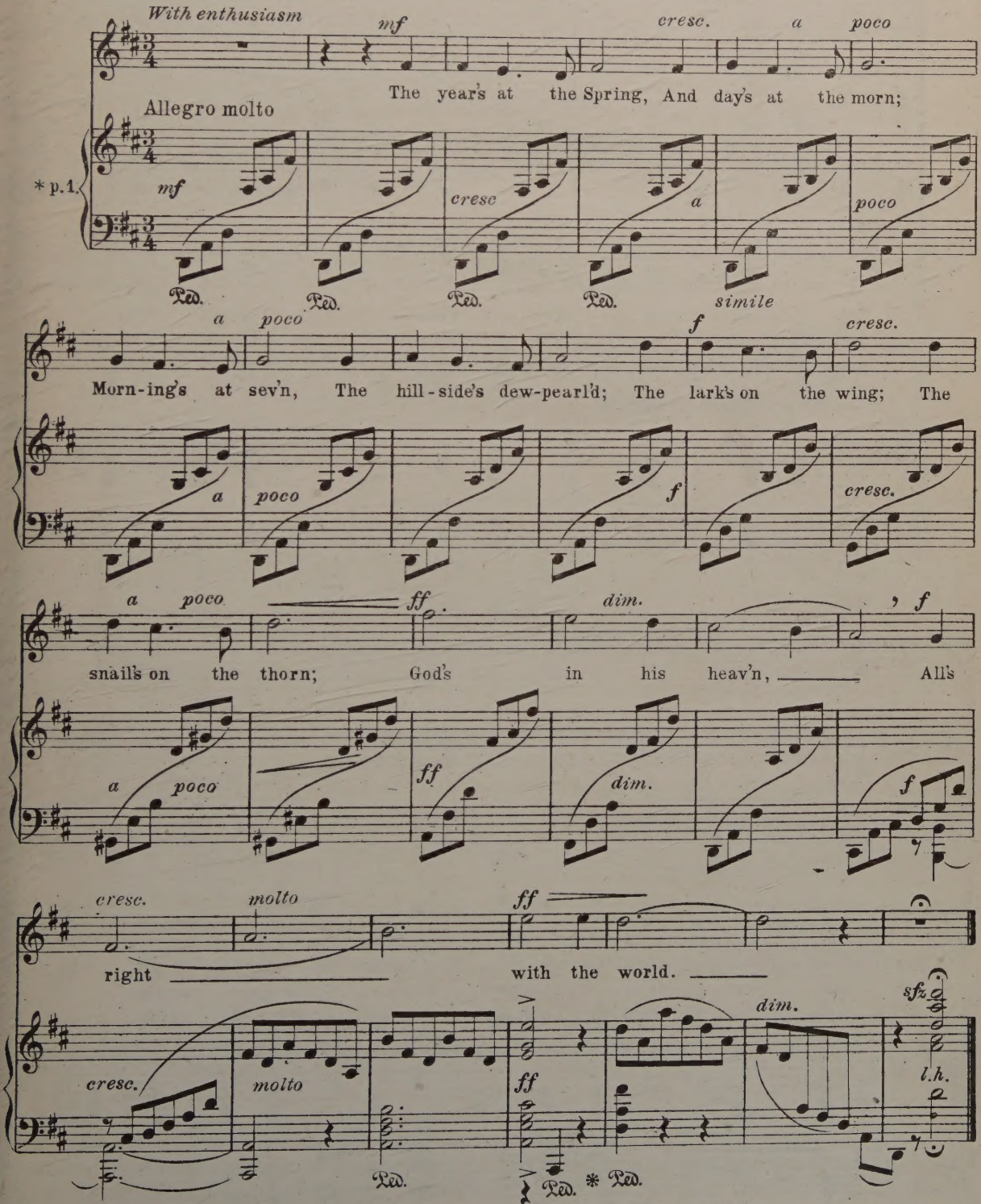
THE LAUREL MUSIC-READER

TEACHER'S EDITION

PIPPA'S SONG

ROBERT BROWNING

W. W. GILCHRIST



** The small numbers in 1st piano brace indicate the page of Student's (Special) Edition on which the selection may be found.*

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

(Way down upon de Swanee Ribber)

S.A.T.B.

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER
Arranged by N. Clifford Page

Moderately, without dragging. *The accompanying voices always subdued, but precise as to rhythm*

Soprano *pp* *Humming*

Alto *pp*

Tenor *Humming* *pp* *Humming*

Bass *mf*

1. Way down up - on de Swa - nee rib - ber, Far, far a - way,
2. All 'round de lit - tle farm I wander'd When I was young,
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush-es, One dat I love,

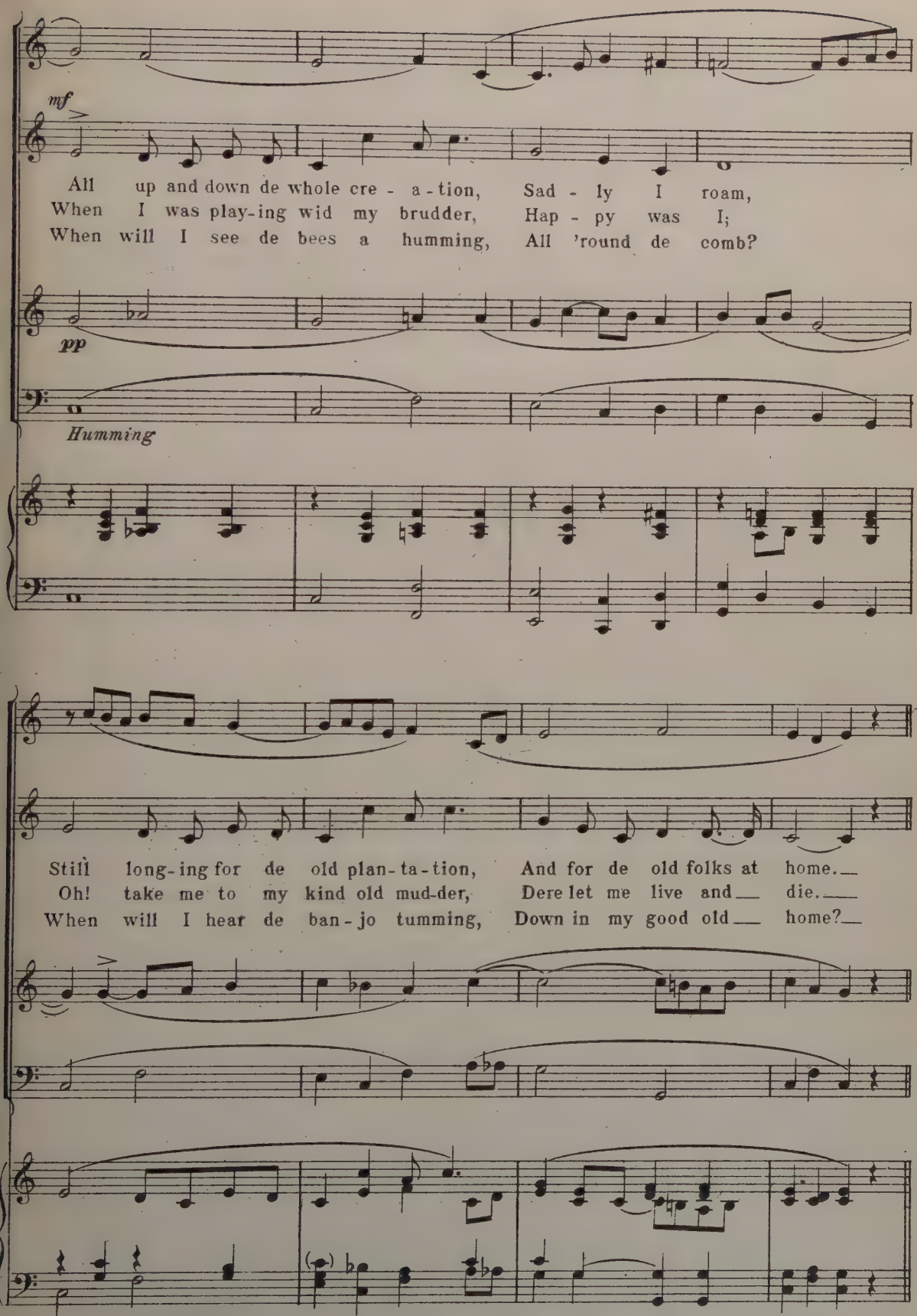
Moderately, without dragging

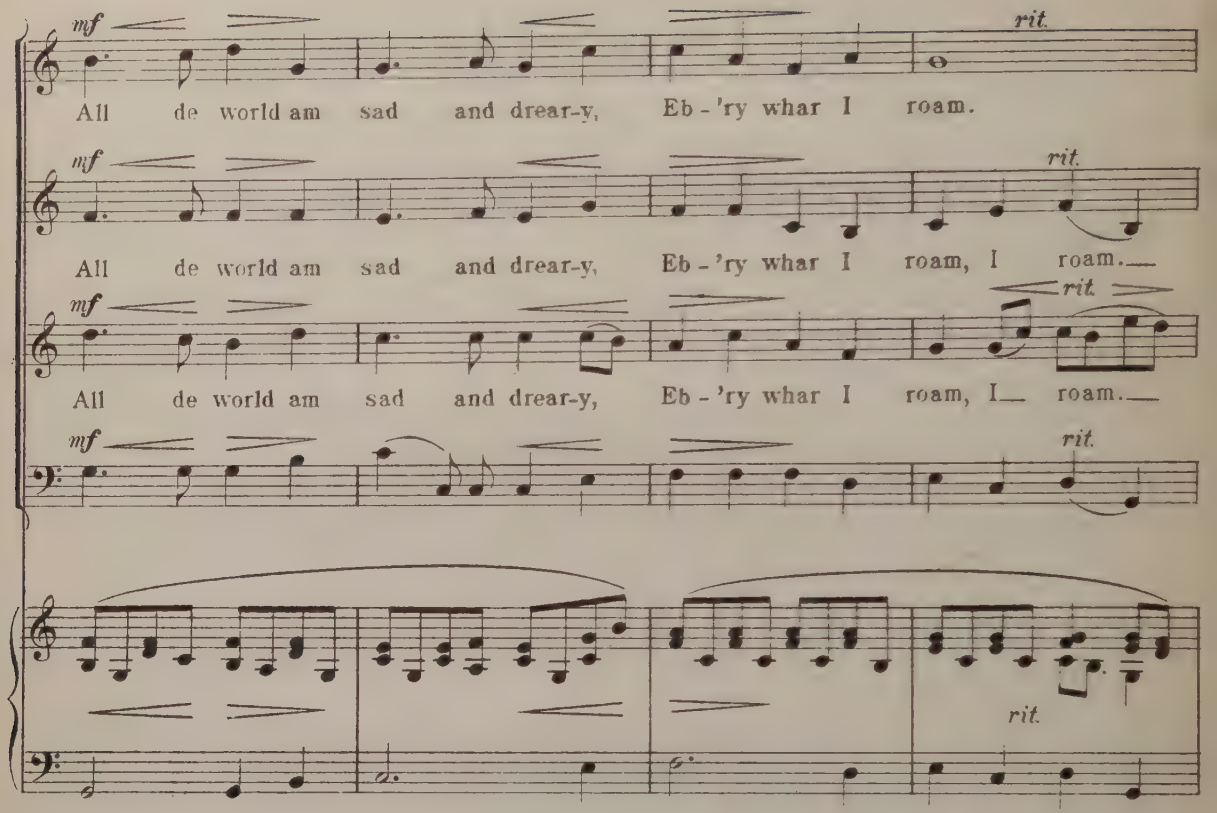
p.40

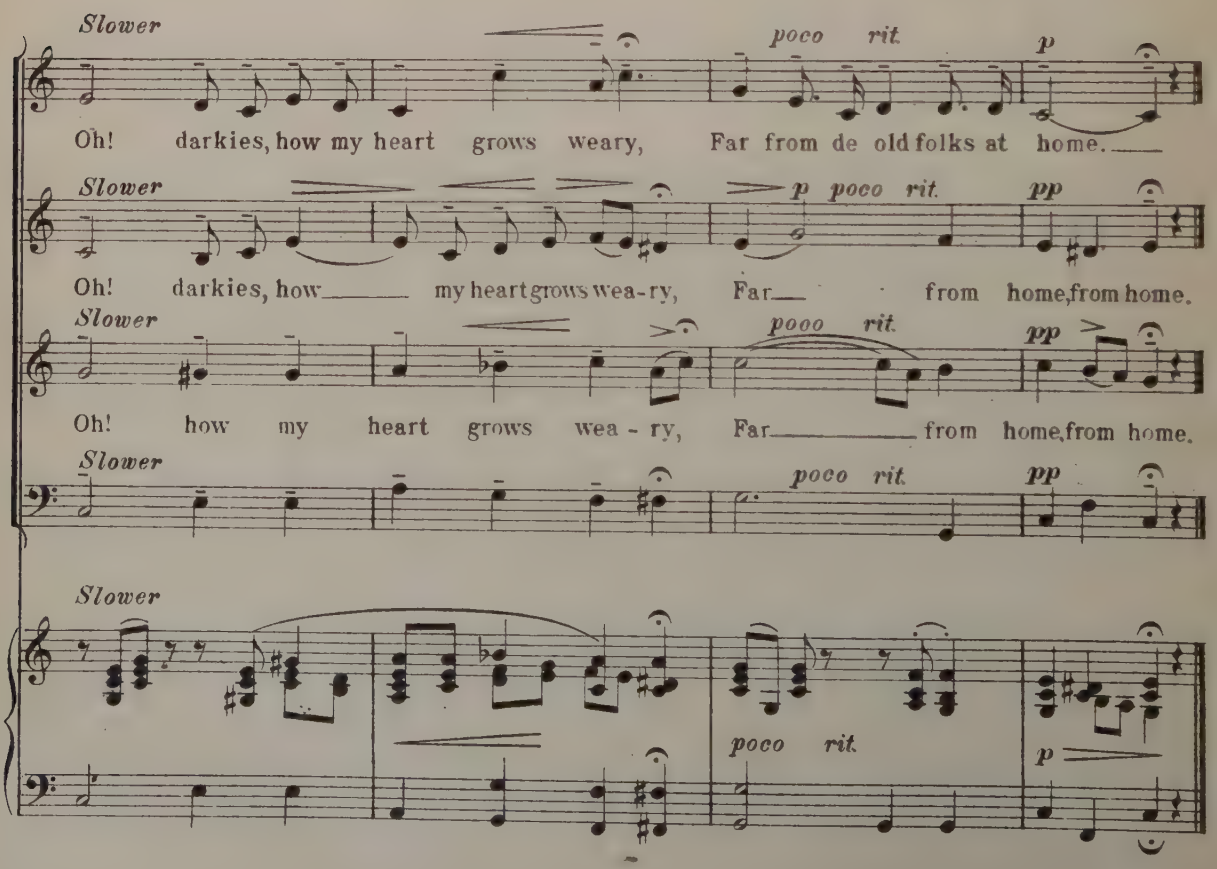
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Dere's whar my heart is turn-ing eb - ber, Dere's whar de old folks stay.
Den man - y hap - py days I squander'd, Man - y de songs I sung.
Still sad - ly to my mem-'ry rush-es, No mat - ter where I rove.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *


mf
All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
When I was play-ing wid my brudder, Hap - py was I;
When will I see de bees a humming, All 'round de comb?
pp
Humming
Still long-ing for de old plan-ta-tion, And for de old folks at home.
Oh! take me to my kind old mud-der, Dere let me live and die.
When will I hear de ban-jo tumming, Down in my good old home?


mf
rit.
All de world am sad and drear-y, Eb - 'ry whar I roam.
mf
rit.
All de world am sad and drear-y, Eb - 'ry whar I roam, I roam.
mf
rit.
All de world am sad and drear-y, Eb - 'ry whar I roam, I roam.
mf
rit.
rit.

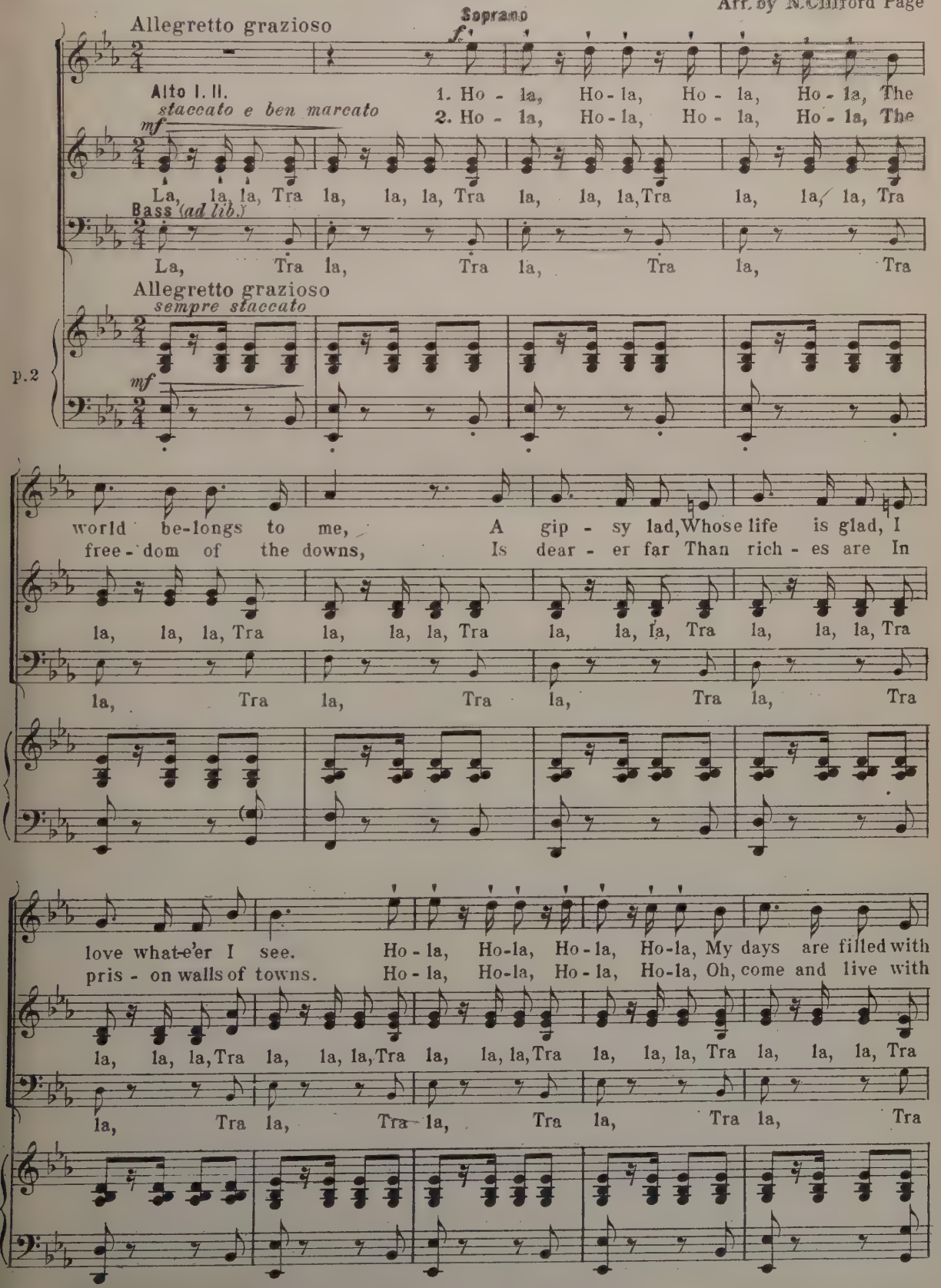

Slower
poco rit.
p
Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home.
Slower
p poco rit.
pp
Oh! darkies, how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from home, from home.
Slower
pooo rit.
pp
Oh! how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from home, from home.
Slower
poco rit.
pp
Slower
poco rit.
p

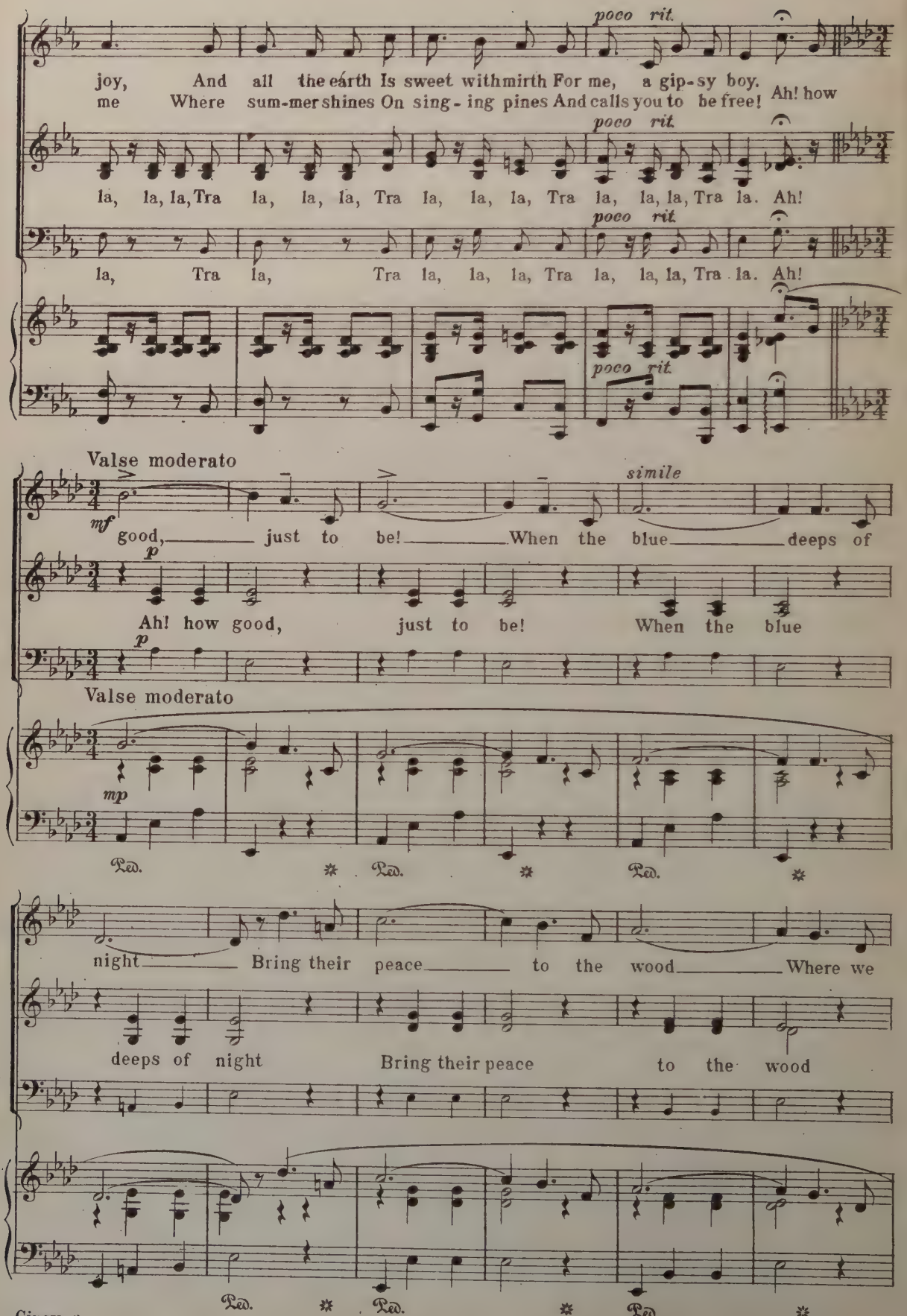
GIPSY SONG

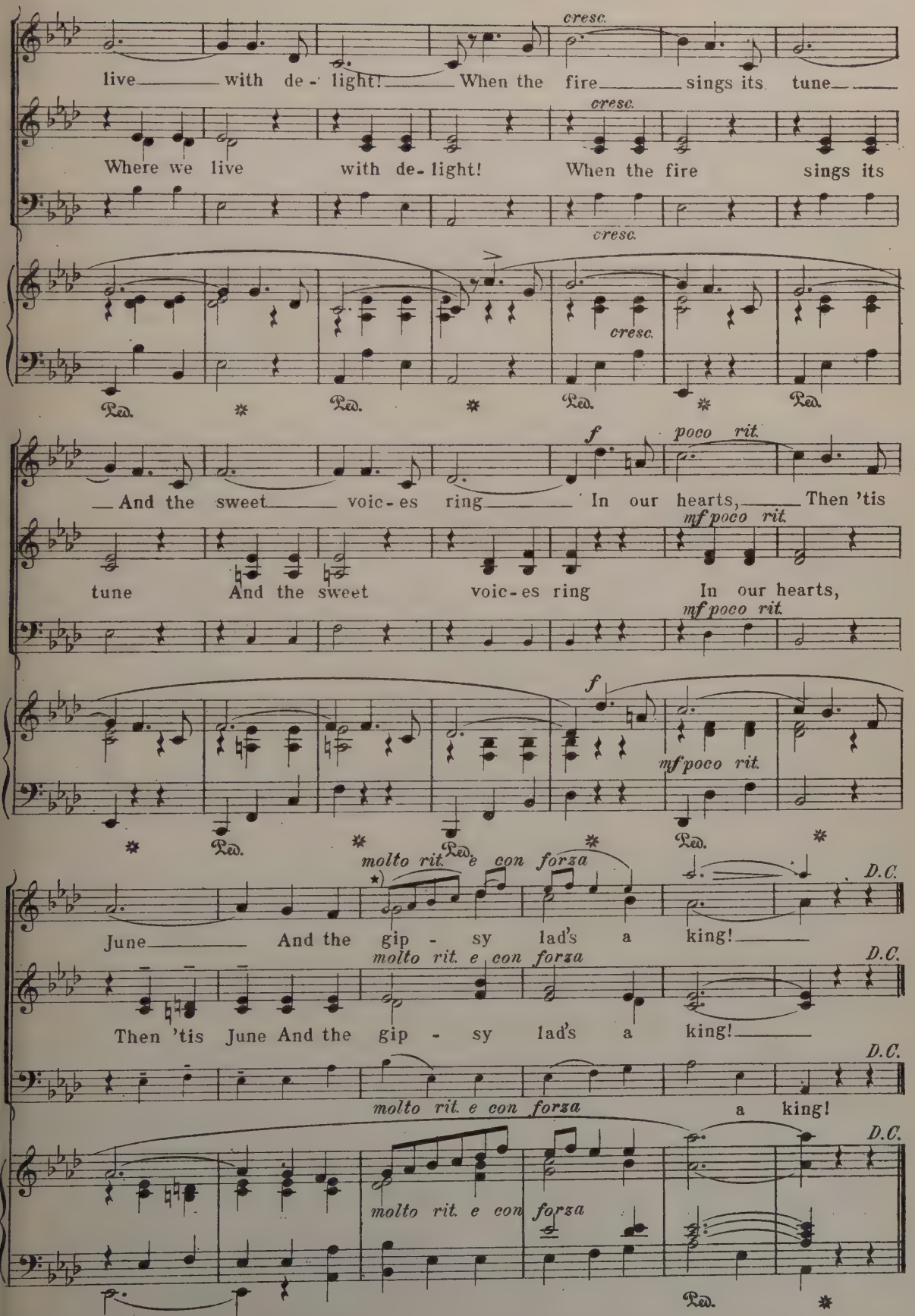
FREDERIC MANLEY

S. A. A. (ad lib. B.)

Roumanian Folk Song
Arr. by N. Clifford Page


Allegretto grazioso
Soprano
f
Alto I. II.
staccato e ben marcato
mf
1. Ho - la, Ho - la, Ho - la, Ho - la, The
2. Ho - la, Ho - la, Ho - la, Ho - la, The
La, la, la, Tra la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, Tra
Bass (ad lib.)
La, Tra la, Tra la, Tra la, Tra
Allegretto grazioso
sempre staccato
mf
p. 2
world be-longs to me, A gip - sy lad, Whose life is glad, I
free - dom of the downs, Is dear - er far Than rich - es are In
la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, Tra
la, Tra la, Tra la, Tra la, Tra
love what-e'er I see. Ho - la, Ho - la, Ho - la, Ho - la, My days are filled with
pris - on walls of towns. Ho - la, Ho - la, Ho - la, Ho - la, Oh, come and live with
la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, Tra
la, Tra la, Tra la, Tra la, Tra


poco rit.
joy, And all the earth Is sweet with mirth For me, a gip-sy boy.
me Where sum-mer shines On sing-ing pines And calls you to be free! Ah! how
la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, Tra la. Ah!
la, Tra la, Tra la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, Tra la. Ah!
Valse moderato
simile
mf
good, just to be! When the blue deeps of
p
Ah! how good, just to be! When the blue
Valse moderato
mp
night Bring their peace to the wood Where we
deeps of night Bring their peace to the wood
Ped.


cresc.
live with de- light! When the fire sings its tune
Where we live with de- light! When the fire sings its
Ped.
f
poco rit.
And the sweet voic- es ring In our hearts, Then 'tis
mf poco rit.
tune And the sweet voic- es ring In our hearts,
molto rit. e con forza
D.C.
June And the gip - sy lad's a king!
Then 'tis June And the gip - sy lad's a king!
a king!

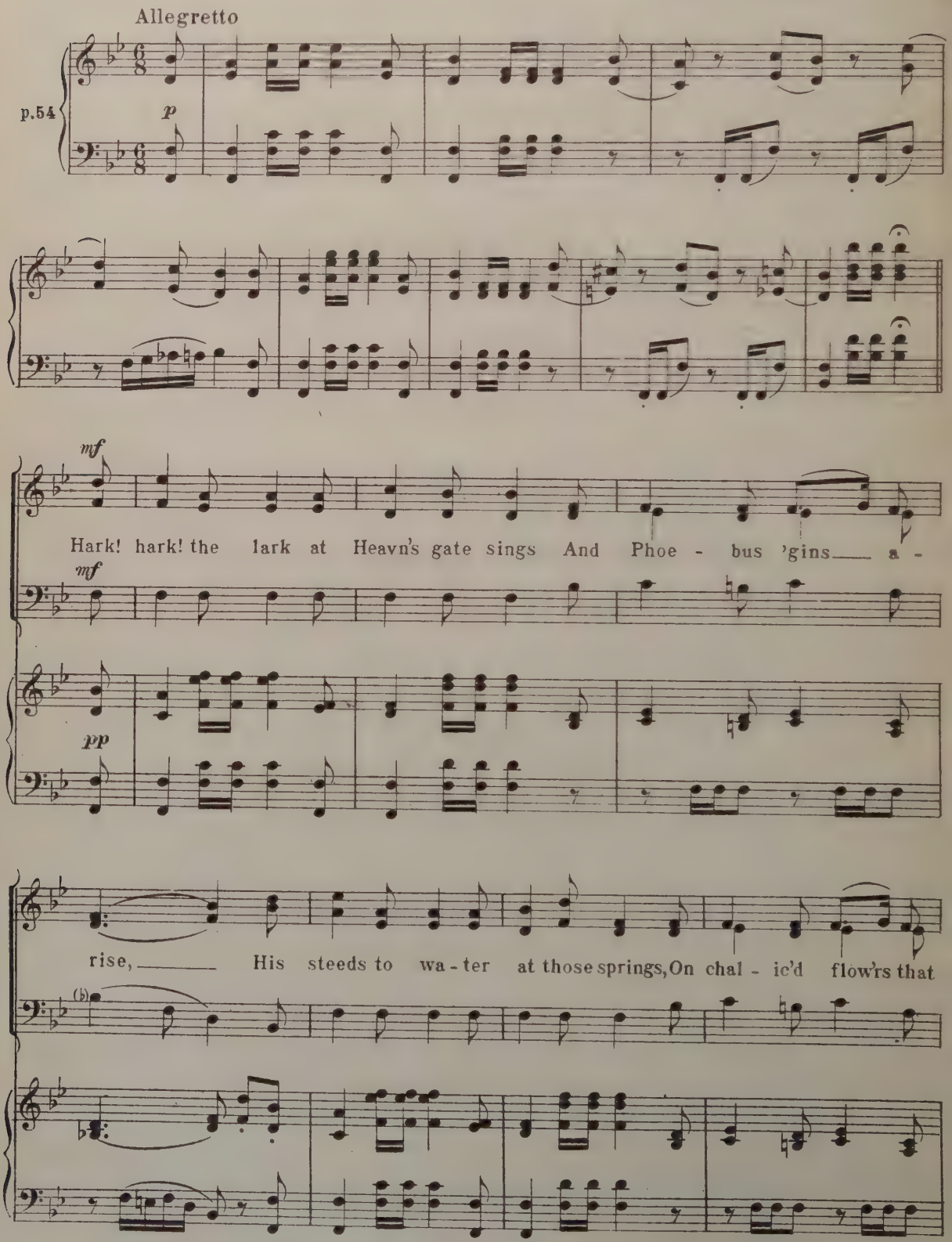
*)To be sung by a few selected voices

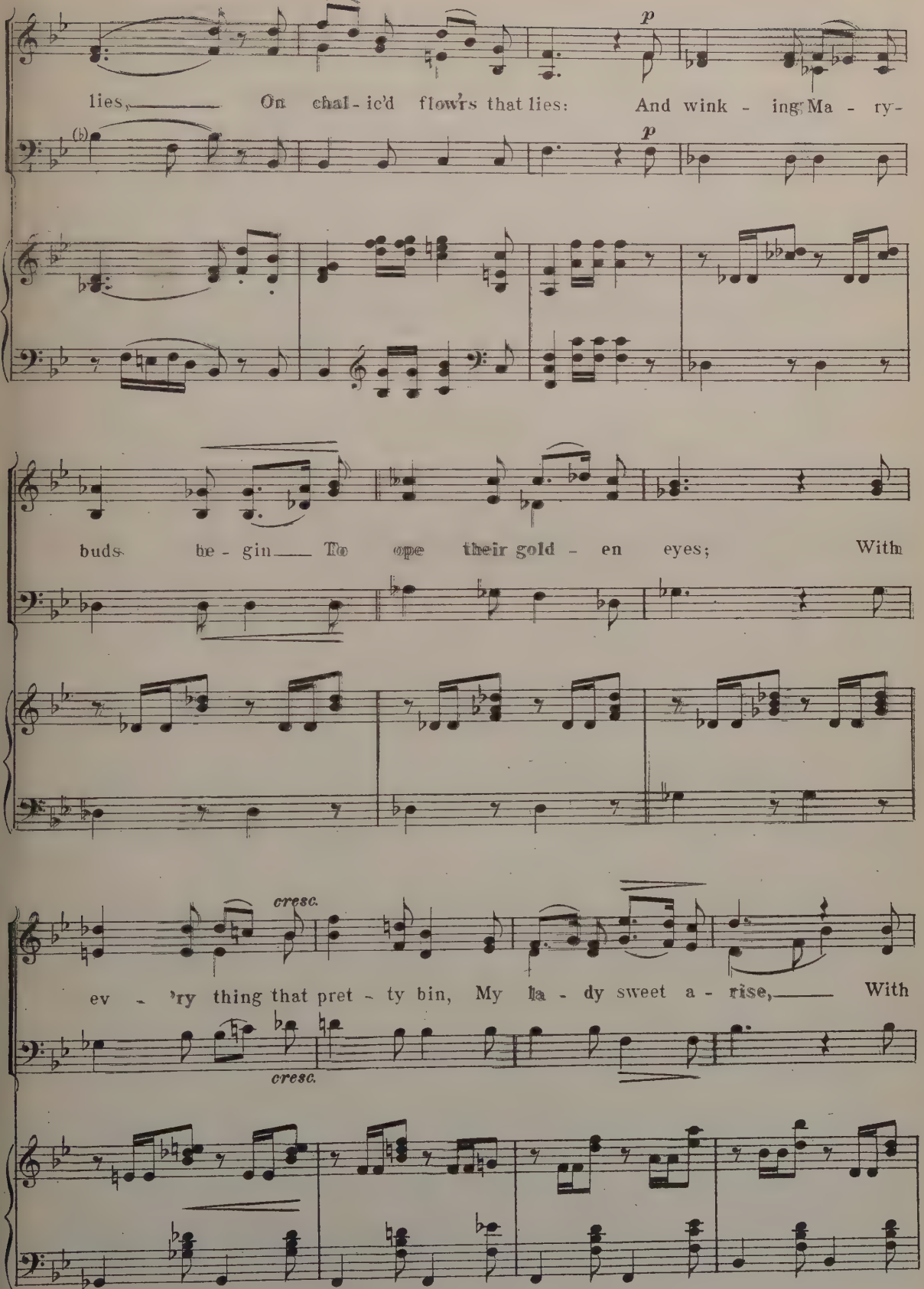
HARK! HARK! THE LARK

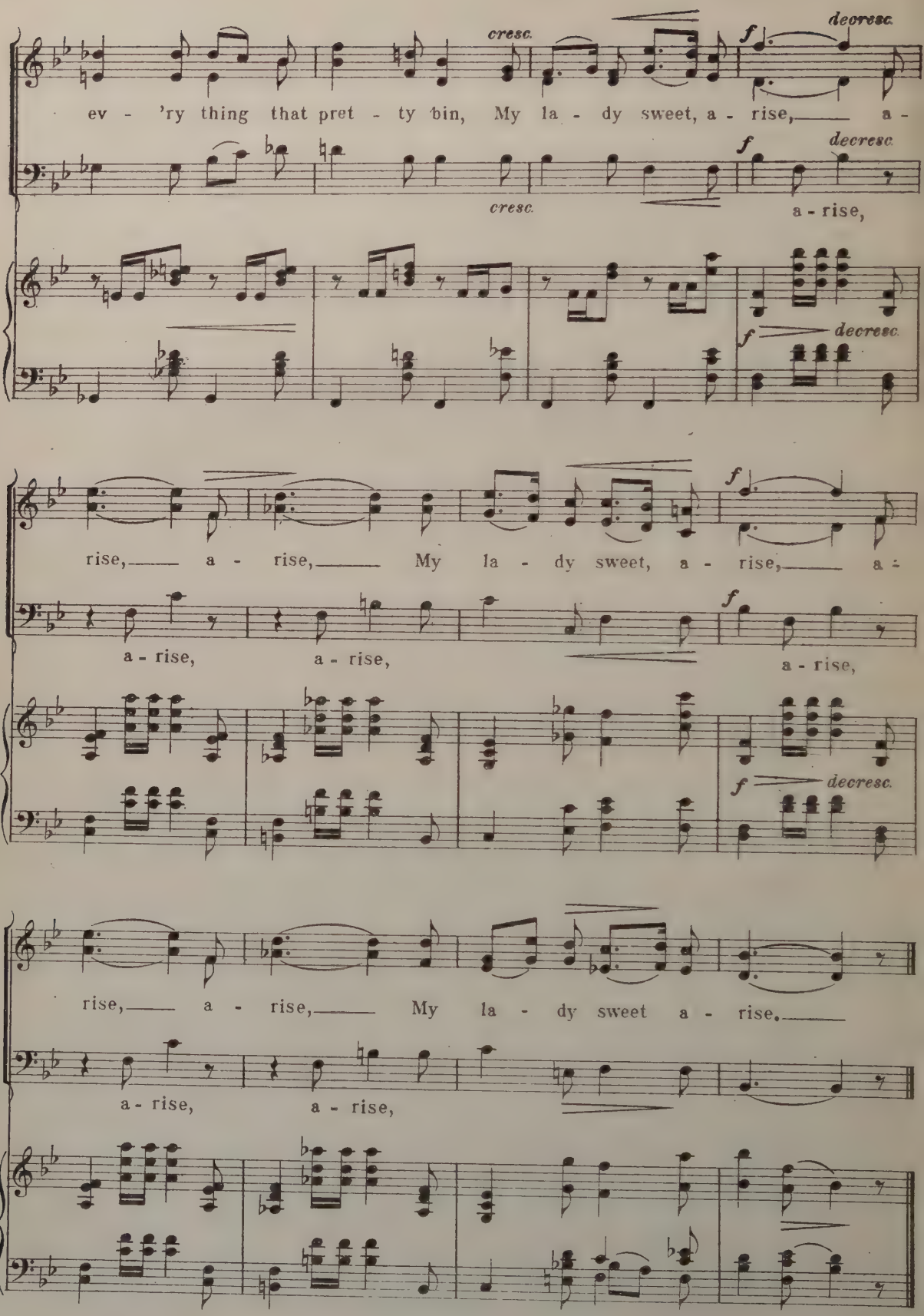
S. A. B.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616)

FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828)
Arranged by Ralph L. Baldwin


Allegretto
p.54
p
mf
Hark! hark! the lark at Heavn's gate sings And Phoe - bus 'gins a -
mf
pp
rise, His steeds to wa - ter at those springs, On chal - ic'd flow'rs that

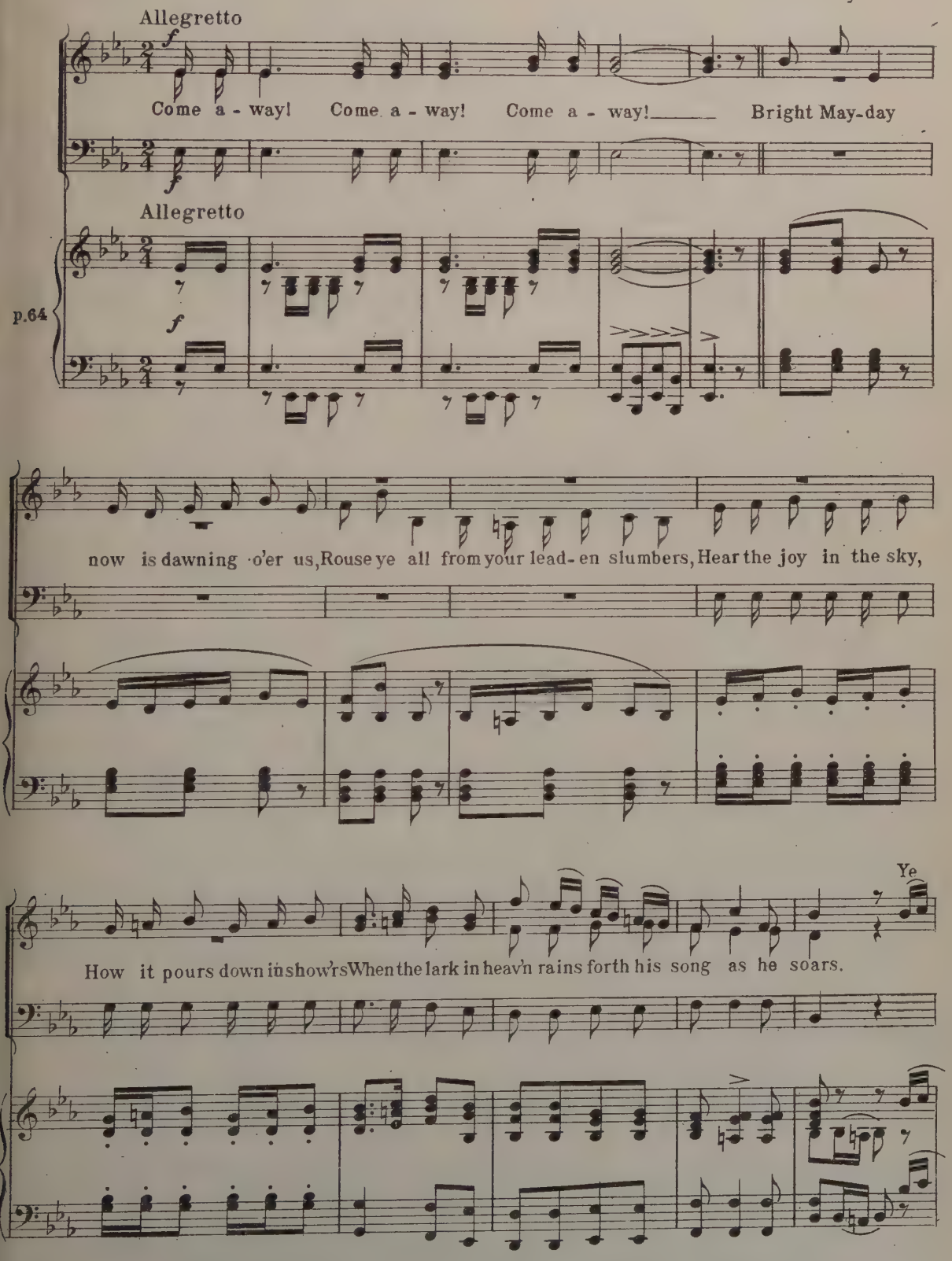

p
lies, On chal - ic'd flow'rs that lies: And wink - ing Ma - ry-
p
buds be - gin To ope their gold - en eyes; With
cresc.
ev - 'ry thing that pret - ty bin, My la - dy sweet a - rise, With
cresc.


cresc.
f
decresc.
ev - 'ry thing that pret - ty bin, My la - dy sweet, a - rise, a -
cresc.
f
decresc.
a - rise,
f
decresc.
rise, a - rise, My la - dy sweet, a - rise, a -
a - rise, a - rise,
f
a - rise,
f
decresc.
rise, a - rise, My la - dy sweet a - rise.
a - rise, a - rise,

MAY MORNING SONG

ROBERT RAND

From the French. Arr. by W.L.T.


Allegretto
f
Come a - way! Come a - way! Come a - way! Bright May-day
Allegretto
p.64
f
now is dawning o'er us, Rouse ye all from your lead- en slumbers, Hear the joy in the sky,
Ye
How it pours down in show'rs When the lark in heav'n rains forth his song as he soars.

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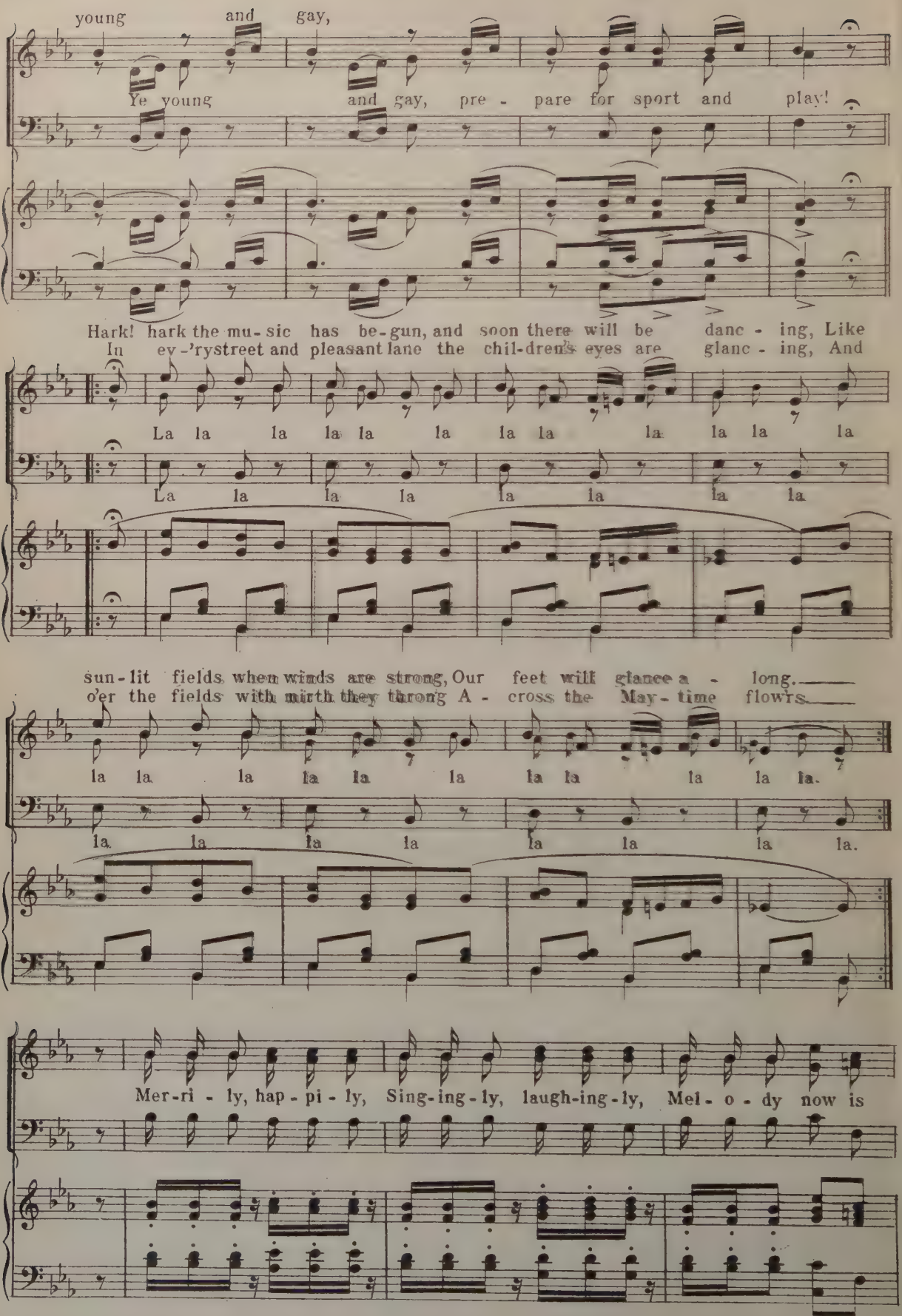
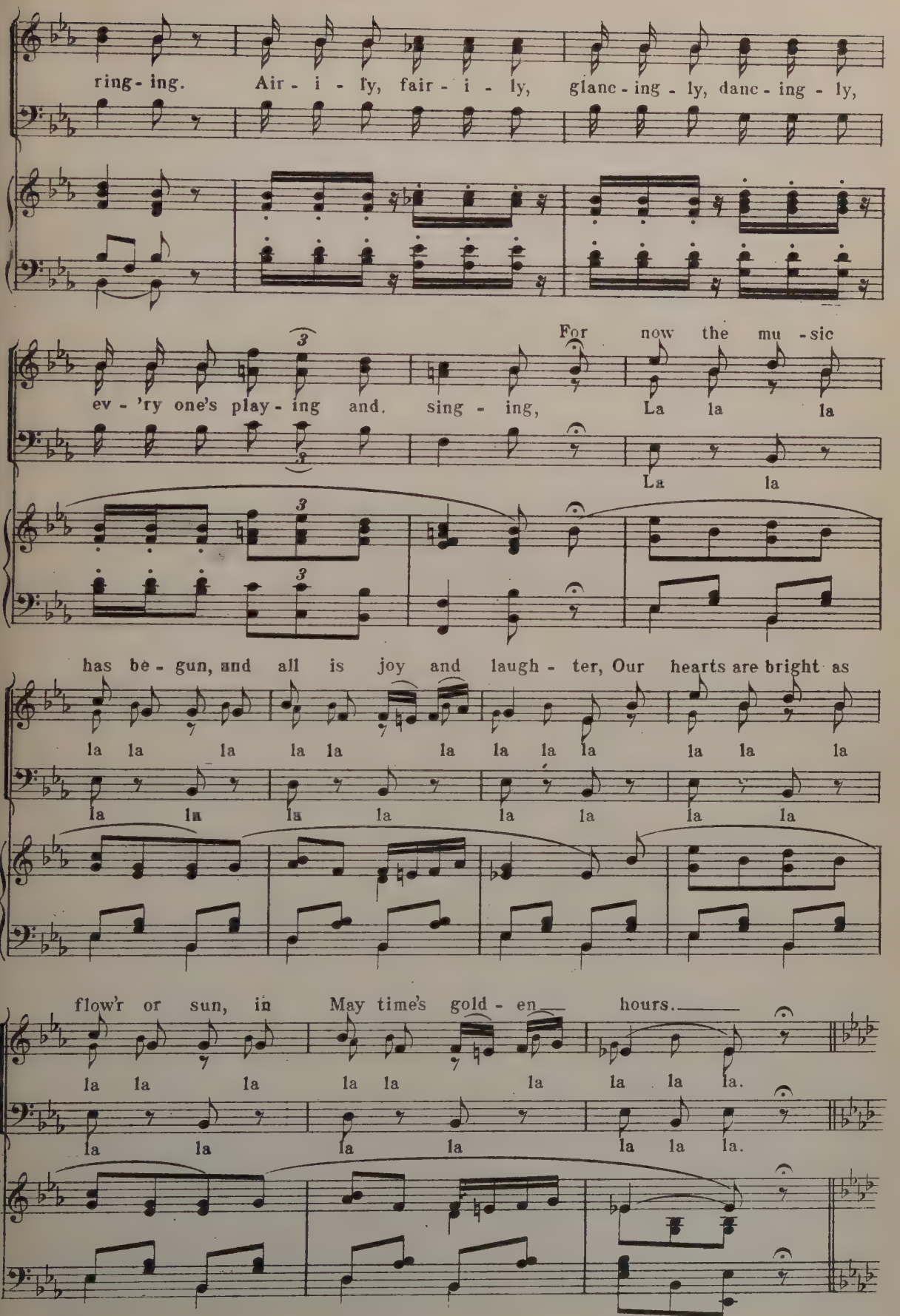
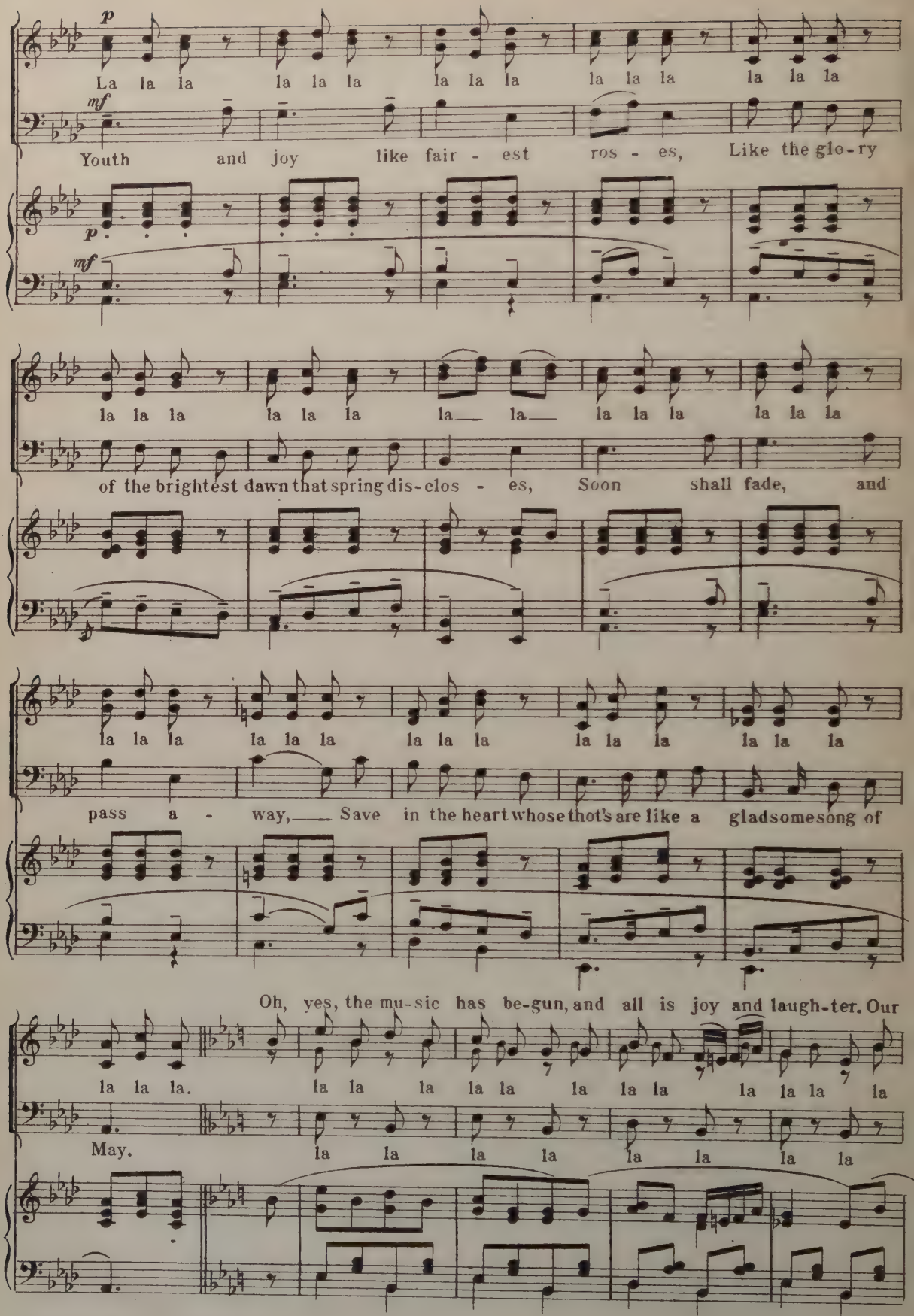
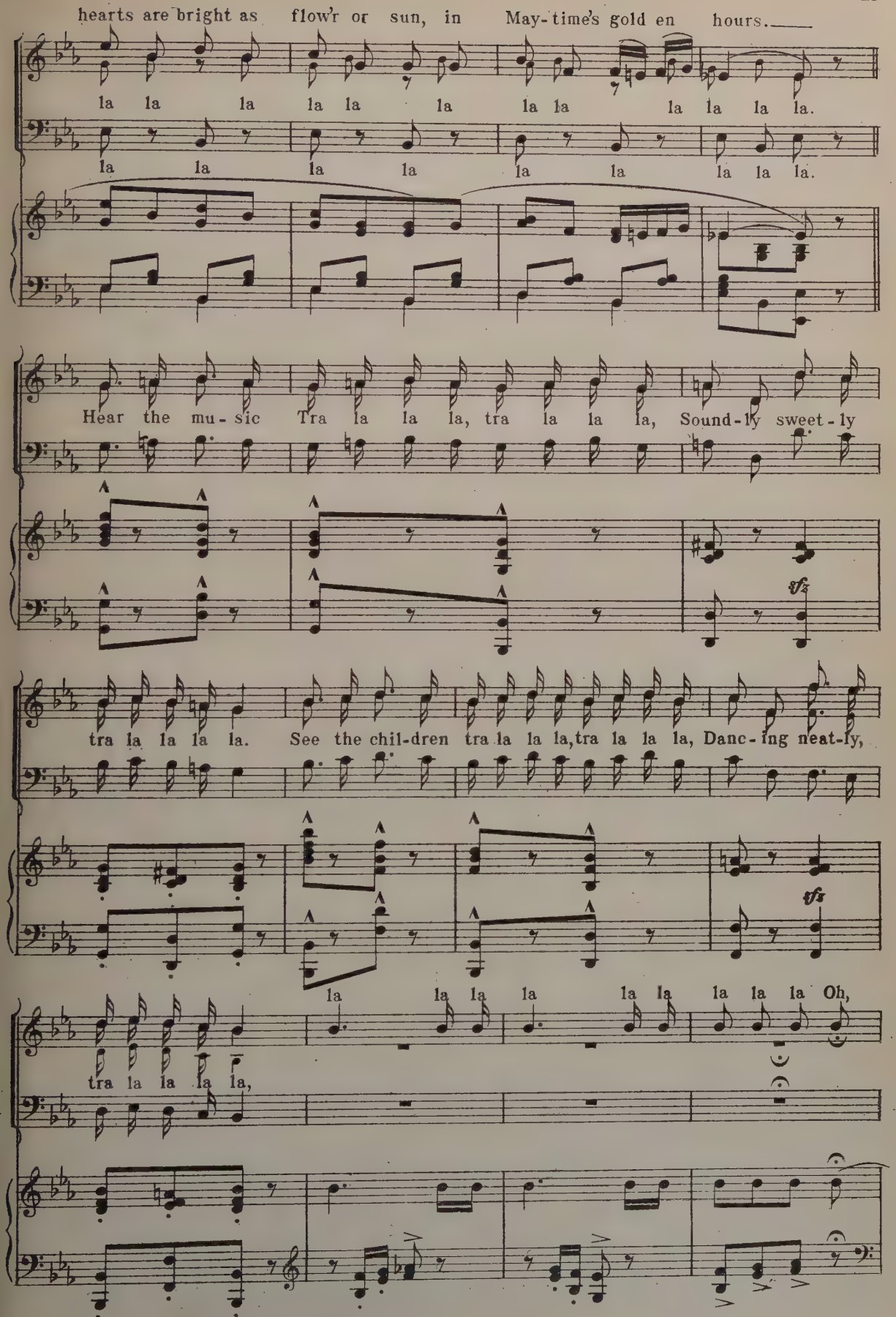
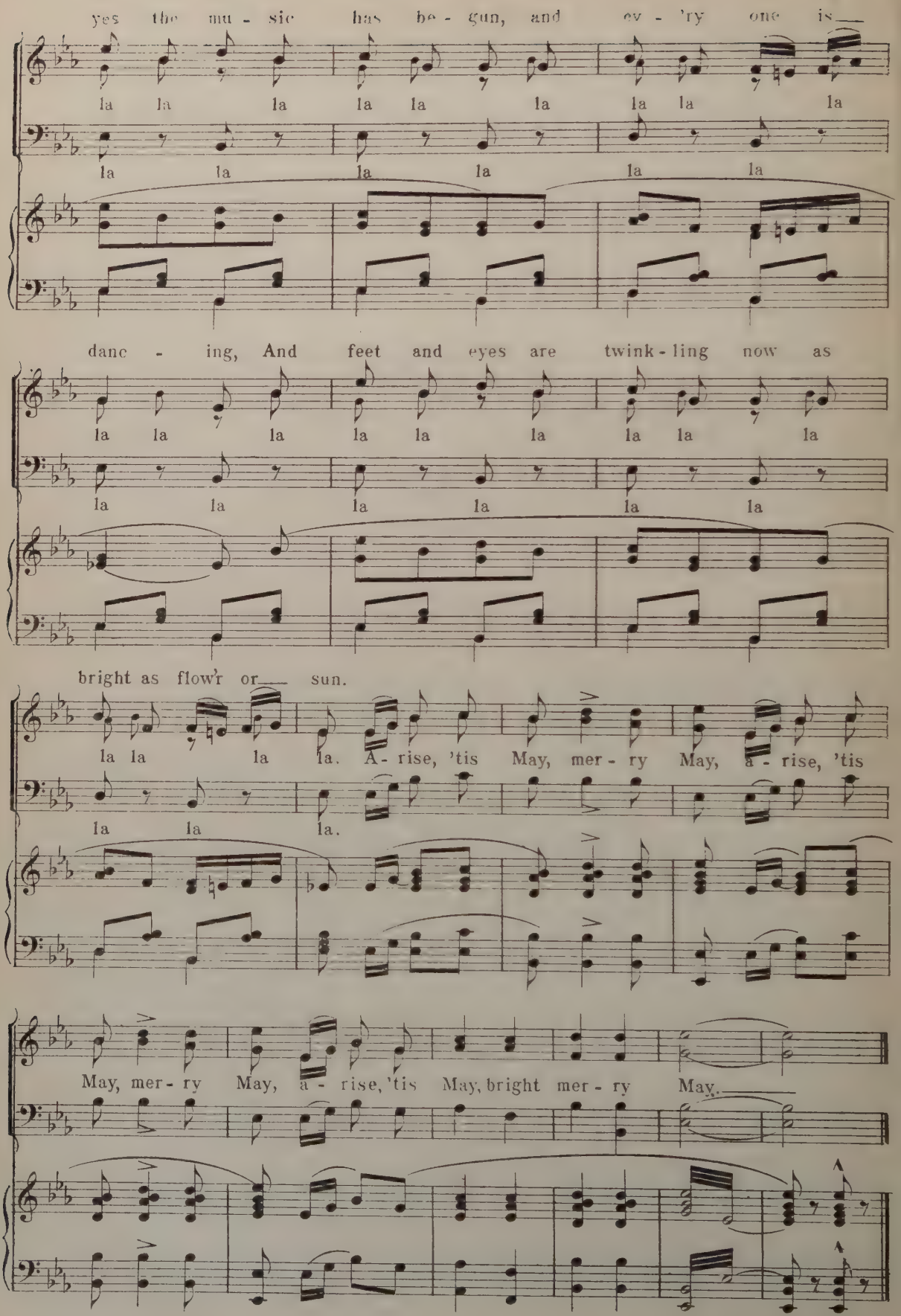

young and gay,
Ye young and gay, pre - pare for sport and play!
Hark! hark the mu - sic has be - gun, and soon there will be danc - ing, Like
In ev - 'ry street and pleasant lane the chil-dren's eyes are glanc - ing, And
La la la la la la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la
sun - lit fields when winds are strong, Our feet will glance a - long.
o'er the fields with mirth they throng A - cross the May - time flowrs.
la la la la la la la la la la la la.
la la la la la la la la.
Mer-ri - ly, hap - pi - ly, Sing-ing - ly, laugh-ing - ly, Mel - o - dy now is


ring - ing. Air - i - ly, fair - i - ly, glanc - ing - ly, danc - ing - ly,
For now the mu - sic
ev - 'ry one's play - ing and sing - ing, La la la
La la
has be - gun, and all is joy and laugh - ter, Our hearts are bright as
la la la la la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la la
flow'r or sun, in May time's gold - en hours.
la la la la la la la la la.
la la la la la la la.


p
La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
mf
Youth and joy like fair - est ros - es, Like the glo-ry
p
mf
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
of the brightest dawn that spring dis-clos - es, Soon shall fade, and
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
pass a - way, Save in the heart whose thot's are like a gladsome song of
Oh, yes, the mu-sic has be-gun, and all is joy and laugh-ter. Our
la la la. la la la la la la la la la la la la
May. la la la la la la la la


hearts are bright as flow'r or sun, in May-time's gold en hours.
la la la la la la la la la la la la.
la la la la la la la la la.
Hear the mu-sic Tra la la la, tra la la la, Sound-ly sweet-ly
tra la la la la. See the chil-dren tra la la la, tra la la la, Danc-ing neat-ly,
la la la la la la la la la Oh,
tra la la la la,

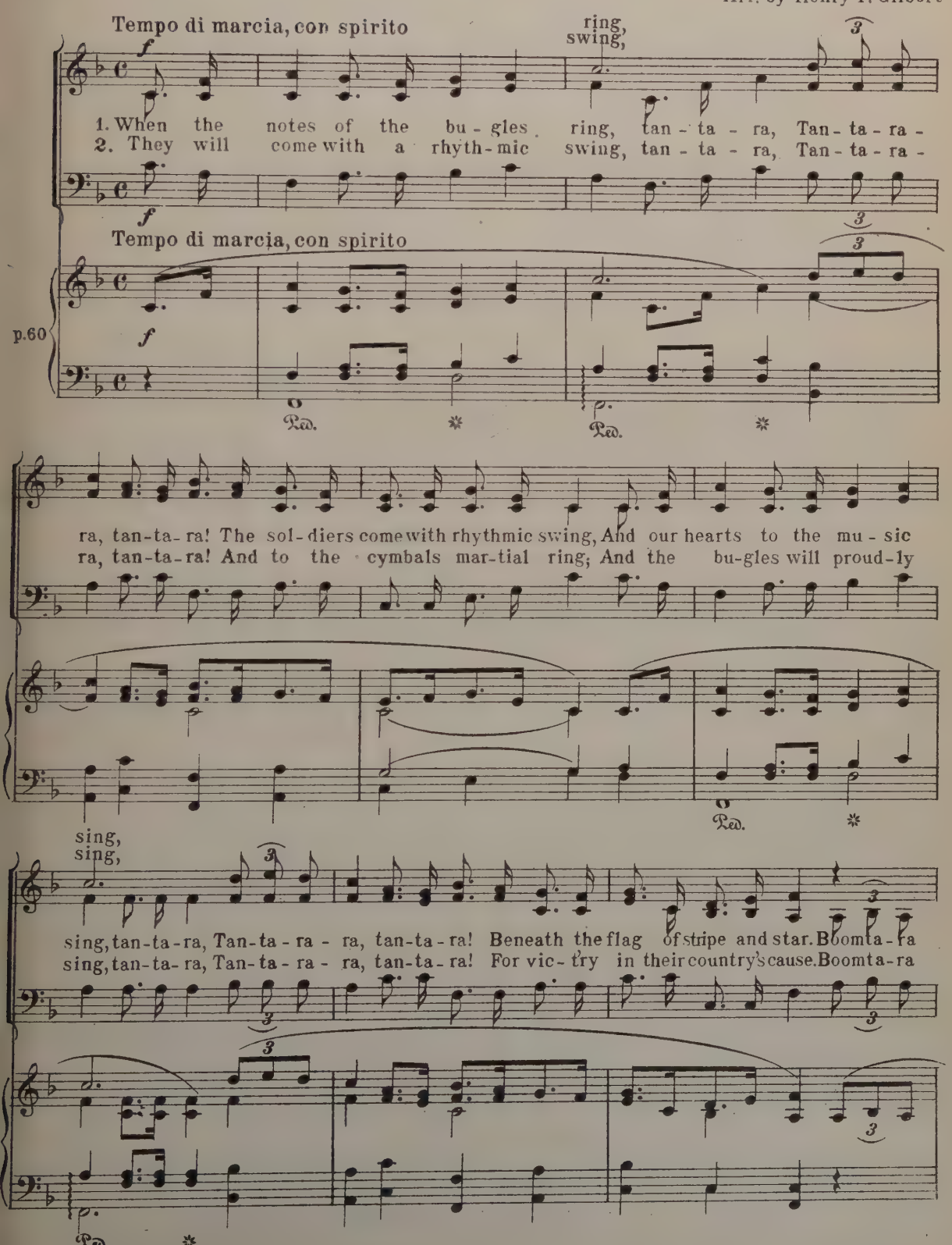

yes the mu - sic has be - gun, and ev - 'ry one is
la la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la
danc - ing, And feet and eyes are twink - ling now as
la la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la
bright as flow'r or sun.
la la la la. A - rise, 'tis May, mer - ry May, a - rise, 'tis
la la la.
May, mer - ry May, a - rise, 'tis May, bright mer - ry May.

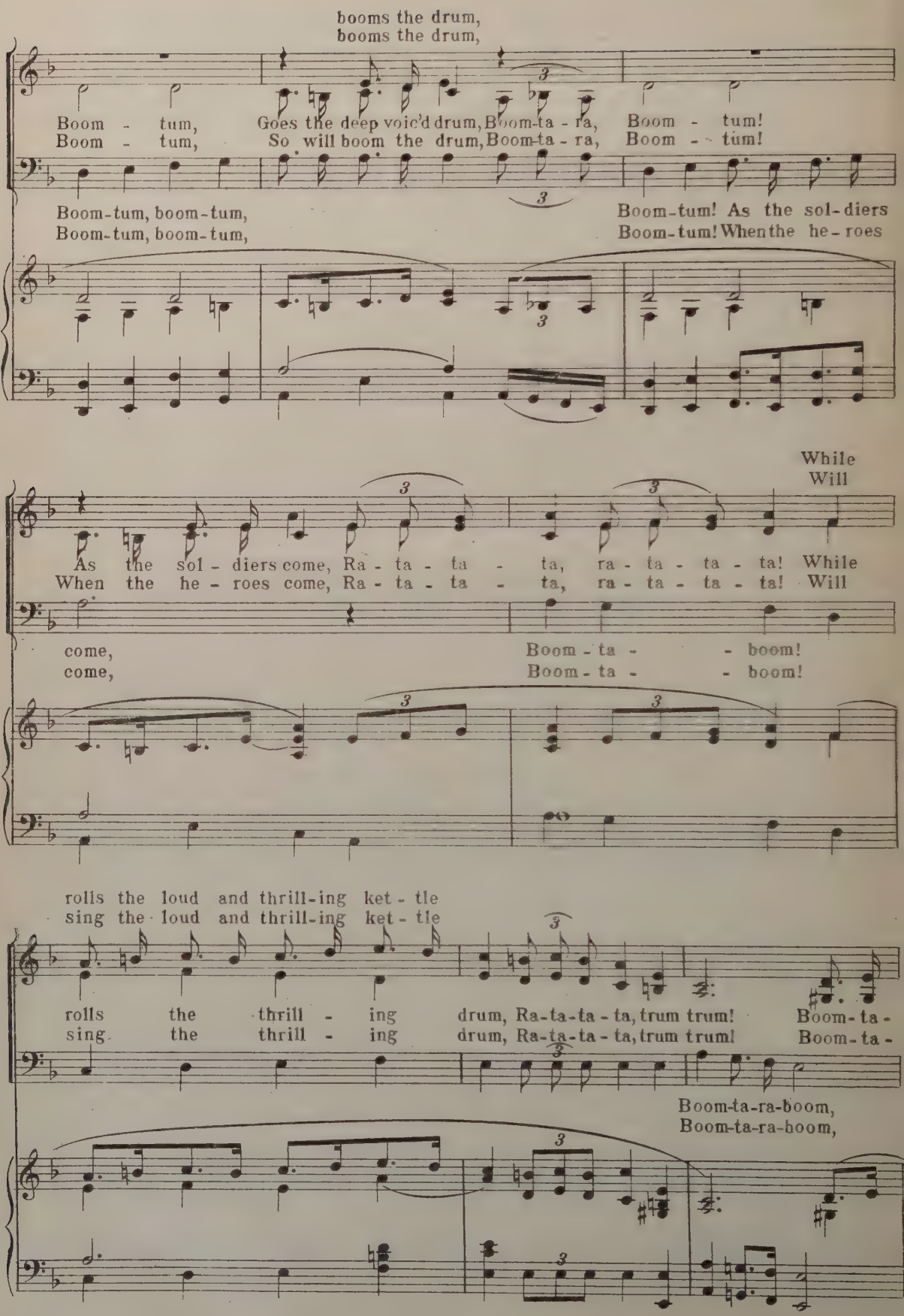
OUR SOLDIERS

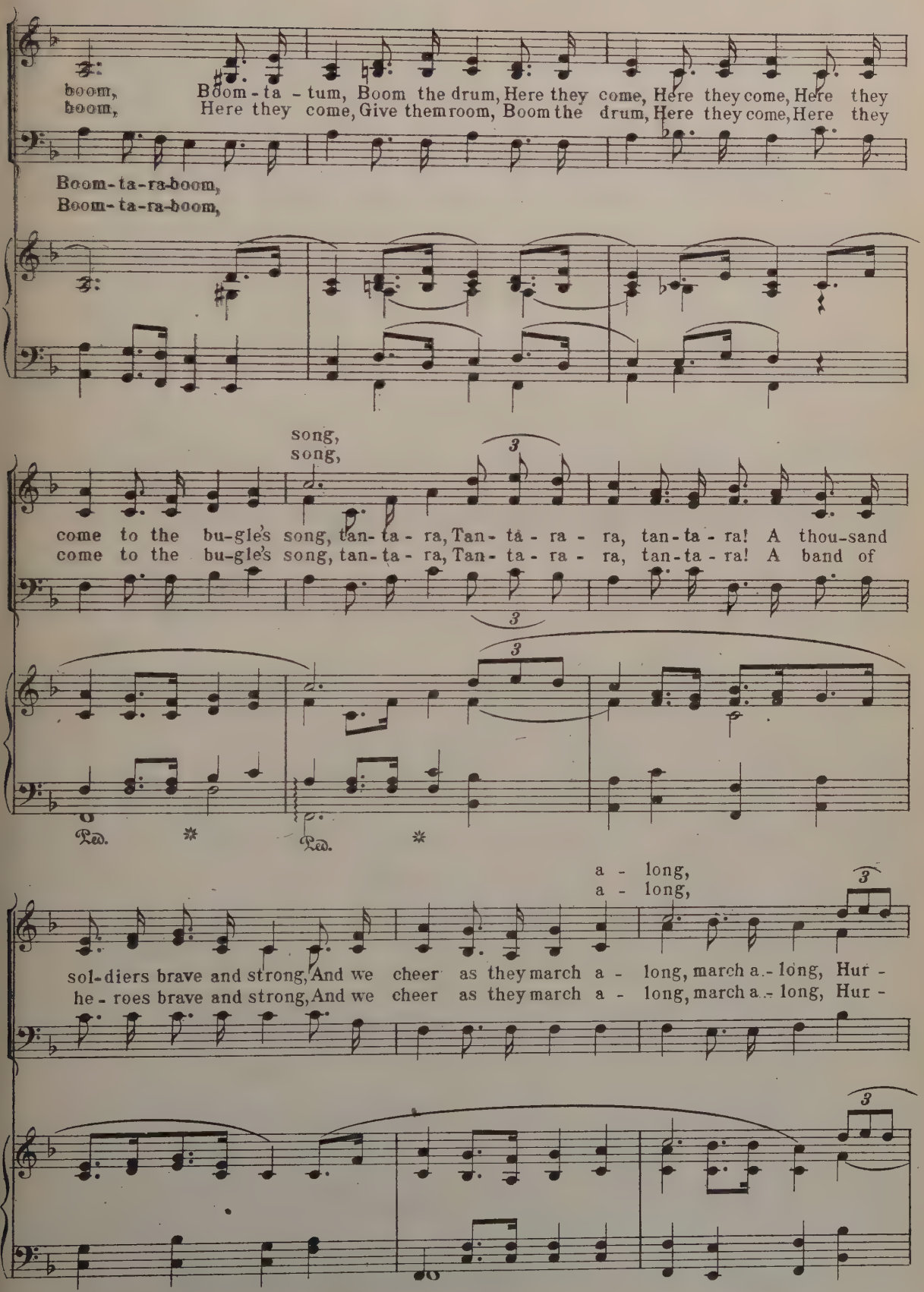
from "Leonore" Symphony

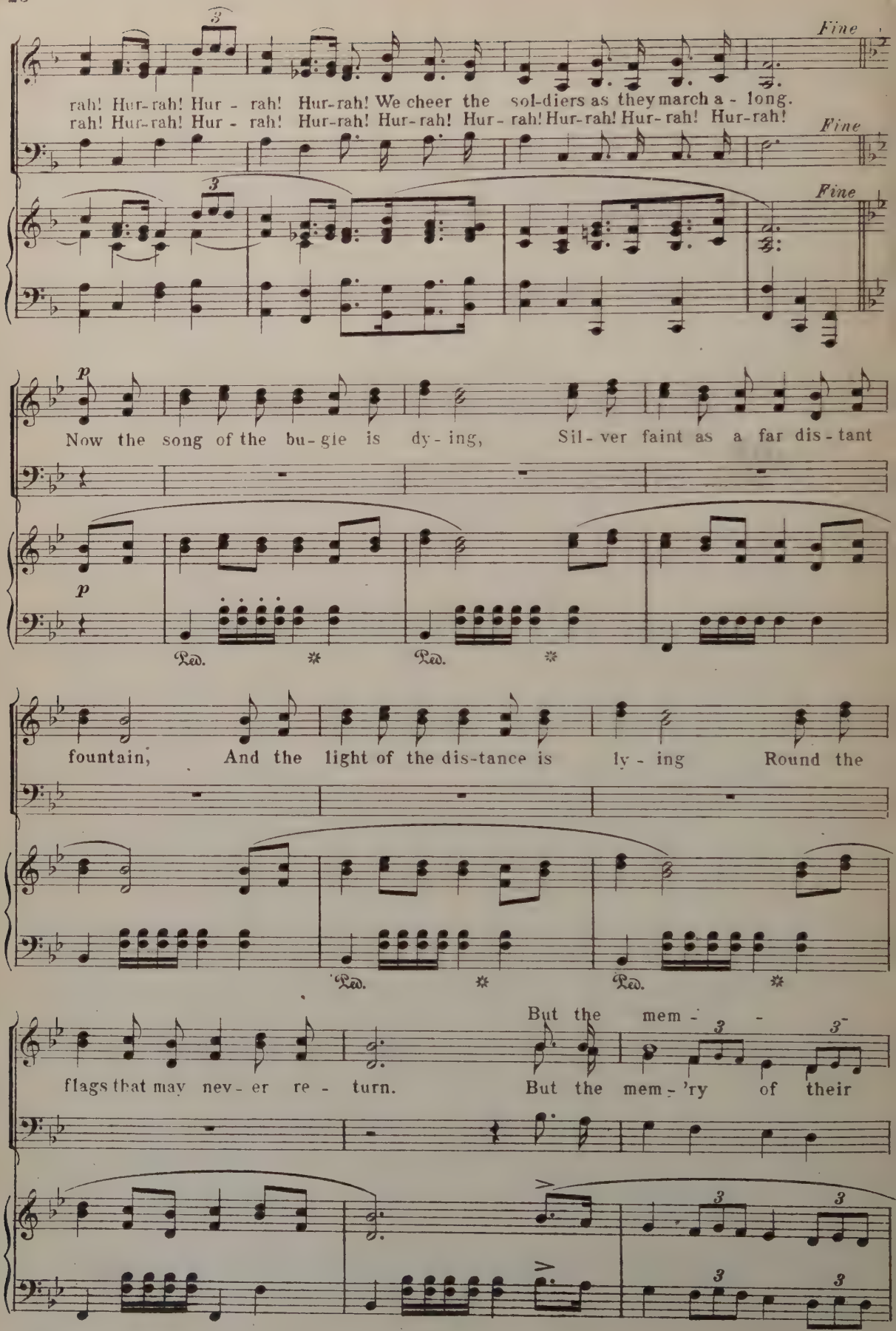
ALONZO DEWEY

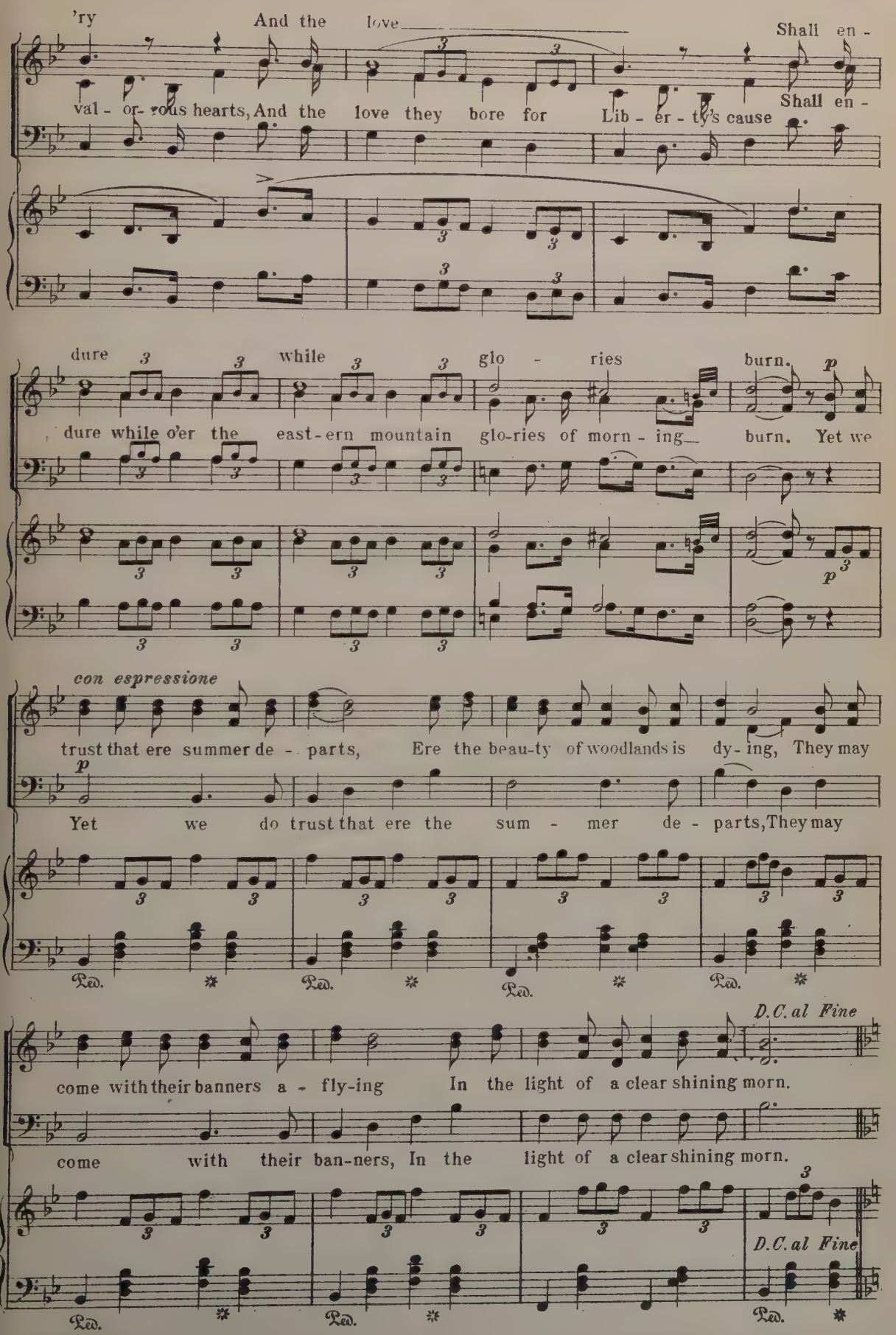
JOACHIM RAFF
Arr. by Henry F. Gilbert


Tempo di marcia, con spirito
ring,
swing,
1. When the notes of the bu - gles ring, tan - ta - ra, Tan - ta - ra -
2. They will come with a rhyth - mic swing, tan - ta - ra, Tan - ta - ra -
Tempo di marcia, con spirito
p.60
ra, tan-ta-ra! The sol-diers come with rhythmic swing, And our hearts to the mu - sic
ra, tan-ta-ra! And to the cymbals mar-tial ring; And the bu-gles will proud-ly
sing,
sing,
sing, tan-ta-ra, Tan-ta-ra - ra, tan-ta-ra! Beneath the flag of stripe and star. Boom ta-ra
sing, tan-ta-ra, Tan-ta-ra - ra, tan-ta-ra! For vic-try in their country's cause. Boom ta-ra


booms the drum,
booms the drum,
Boom - tum, Goes the deep voic'd drum, Boom-ta - ra, Boom - tum!
Boom - tum, So will boom the drum, Boom-ta - ra, Boom - tum!
Boom-tum, boom-tum, Boom-tum! As the sol-diers
Boom-tum, boom-tum, Boom-tum! When the he-roes
While
Will
As the sol - diers come, Ra - ta - ta - ta, ra - ta - ta - ta! While
When the he - roes come, Ra - ta - ta - ta, ra - ta - ta - ta! Will
come, Boom - ta - - boom!
come, Boom - ta - - boom!
rolls the loud and thrill-ing ket - tle
sing the loud and thrill-ing ket - tle
rolls the thrill - ing drum, Ra-ta-ta - ta, trum trum! Boom-ta -
sing the thrill - ing drum, Ra-ta-ta - ta, trum trum! Boom-ta -
Boom-ta-ra-boom,
Boom-ta-ra-boom,


boom, Boom-ta-tum, Boom the drum, Here they come, Here they come, Here they
boom, Here they come, Give them room, Boom the drum, Here they come, Here they
Boom-ta-ra-boom,
Boom-ta-ra-boom,
song,
song,
come to the bu-gle's song, tan-ta-ra, Tan-ta-ra-ra, tan-ta-ra! A thou-sand
come to the bu-gle's song, tan-ta-ra, Tan-ta-ra-ra, tan-ta-ra! A band of
Ped. * Ped. *
a-long,
a-long,
sol-diers brave and strong, And we cheer as they march a-long, march a-long, Hur-
he-roes brave and strong, And we cheer as they march a-long, march a-long, Hur-

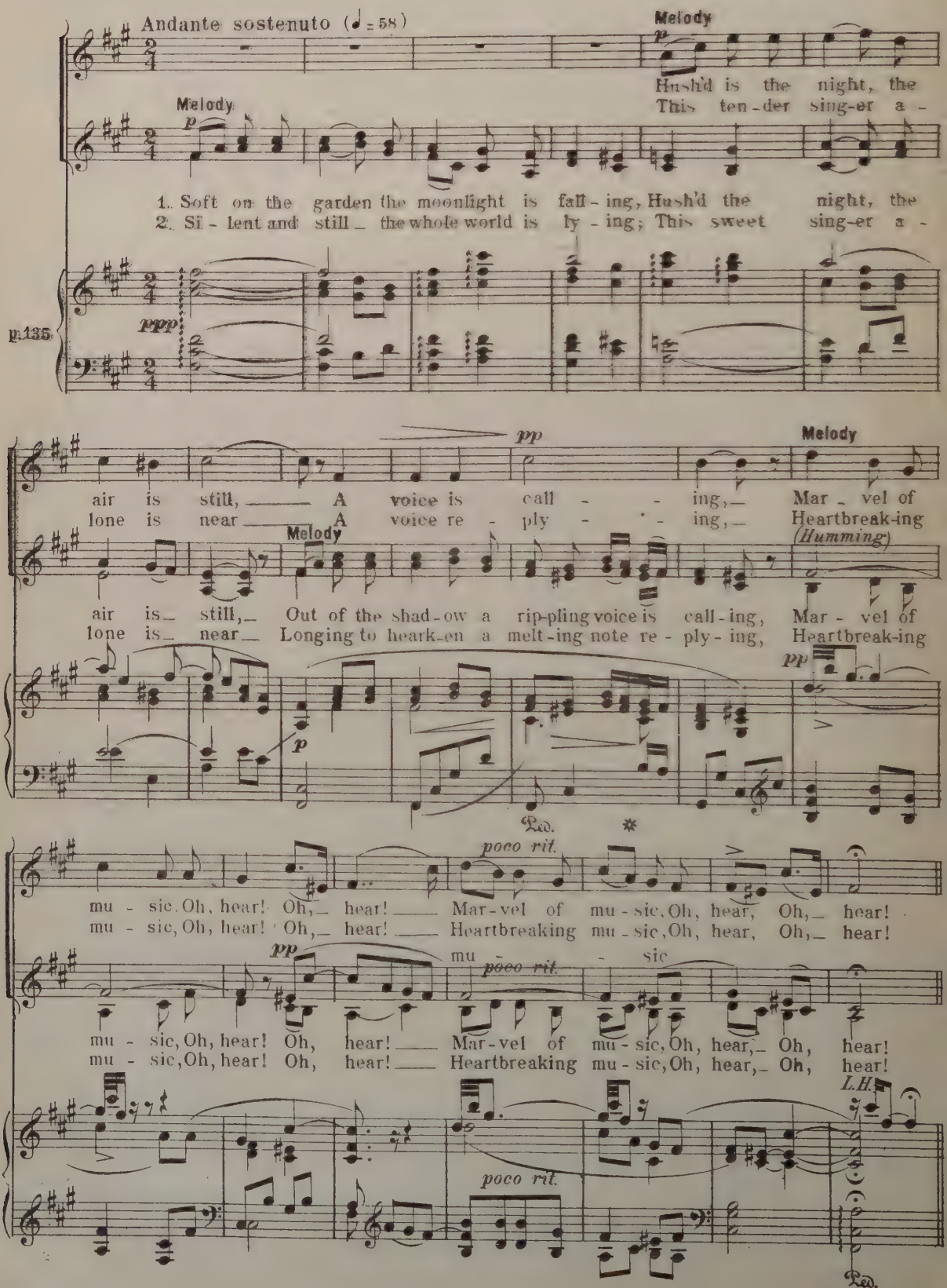

Fine
rah! Hur-rah! Hur - rah! Hur-rah! We cheer the sol-diers as they march a - long.
rah! Hur-rah! Hur - rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur - rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah!
Fine
Fine
p
Now the song of the bu-gie is dy - ing, Sil - ver faint as a far dis - tant
p
Ped. * Ped. *
fountain, And the light of the dis-tance is ly - ing Round the
Ped. * Ped. *
But the mem - - -
flags that may nev - er re - turn. But the mem - 'ry of their


'ry And the love Shall en -
val - or - ous hearts, And the love they bore for Lib - er - ty's cause Shall en -
dure while glo - ries burn.
dure while o'er the east-ern mountain glo-ries of morn - ing burn. Yet we
con espressione
trust that ere summer de - parts, Ere the beau-ty of woodlands is dy- ing, They may
Yet we do trust that ere the sum - mer de - parts, They may
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
D.C. al Fine
come with their banners a - fly-ing In the light of a clear shining morn.
come with their ban-ners, In the light of a clear shining morn.
D.C. al Fine
Ped. Ped. Ped.

THE NIGHTINGALE

Abbie Farwell Brown

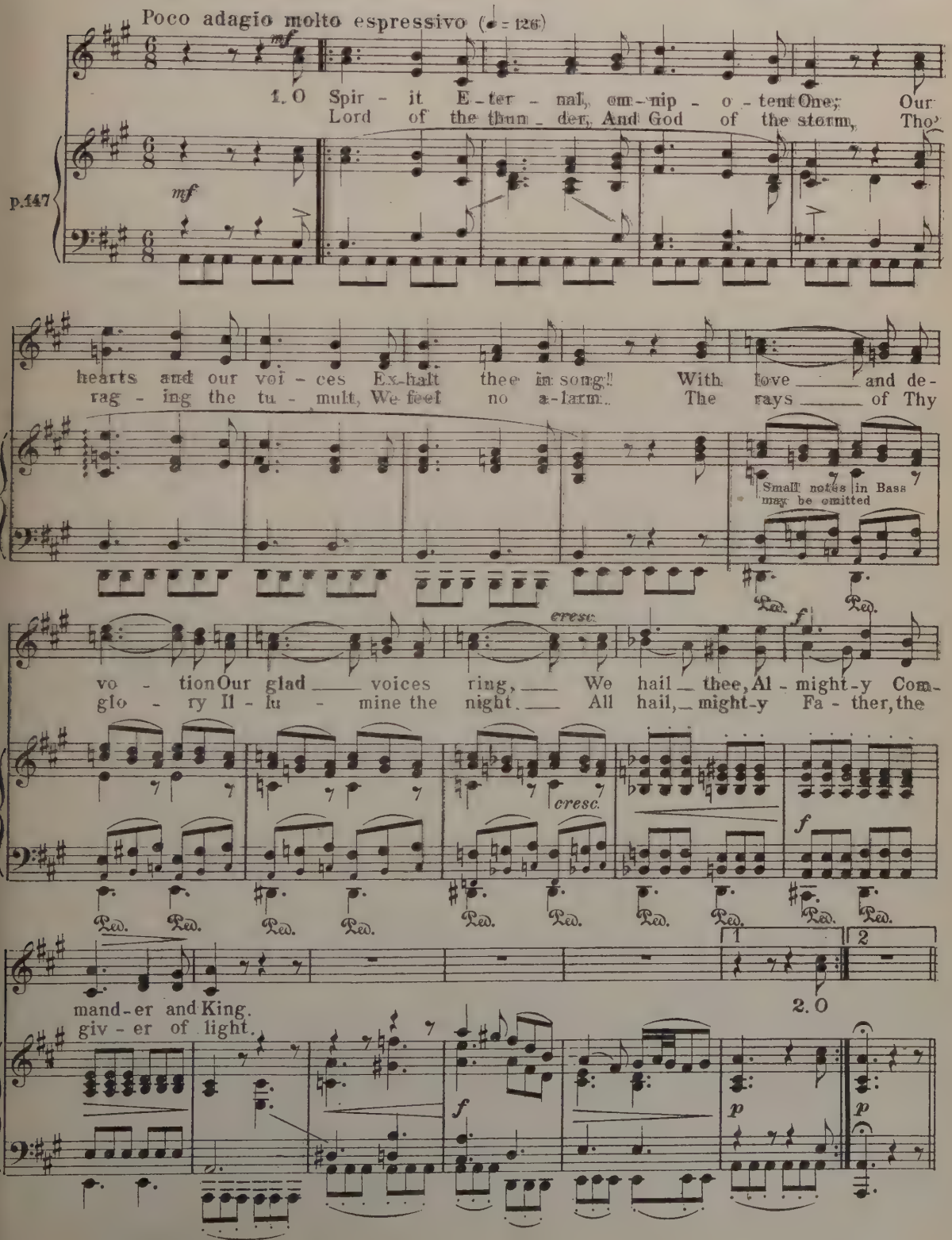
POLISH
Arr. by N. Clifford Page


Andante sostenuto (♩ = 58)
Melody
p
Hush'd is the night, the
This ten-der sing-er a-
Melody
p
1. Soft on the garden the moonlight is fall-ing, Hush'd the night, the
2. Si-lent and still the whole world is ly-ing; This sweet sing-er a-
ppp
p.135
pp
Melody
air is still, A voice is call-ing, Mar-vel of
lone is near A voice re-ply-ing, Heartbreak-ing
Melody
(Humming)
air is still, Out of the shad-ow a rip-pling voice is call-ing, Mar-vel of
lone is near Longing to hark-en a melt-ing note re-ply-ing, Heartbreak-ing
pp
p
Ped.
poco rit.
mu-sic, Oh, hear! Oh, hear! Mar-vel of mu-sic, Oh, hear, Oh, hear!
mu-sic, Oh, hear! Oh, hear! Heartbreaking mu-sic, Oh, hear, Oh, hear!
pp
poco rit.
mu-sic
mu-sic, Oh, hear! Oh, hear! Mar-vel of mu-sic, Oh, hear, Oh, hear!
mu-sic, Oh, hear! Oh, hear! Heartbreaking mu-sic, Oh, hear, Oh, hear!
L.H.
poco rit.
Ped.

O SPIRIT ETERNAL

SAMUEL DRAKE

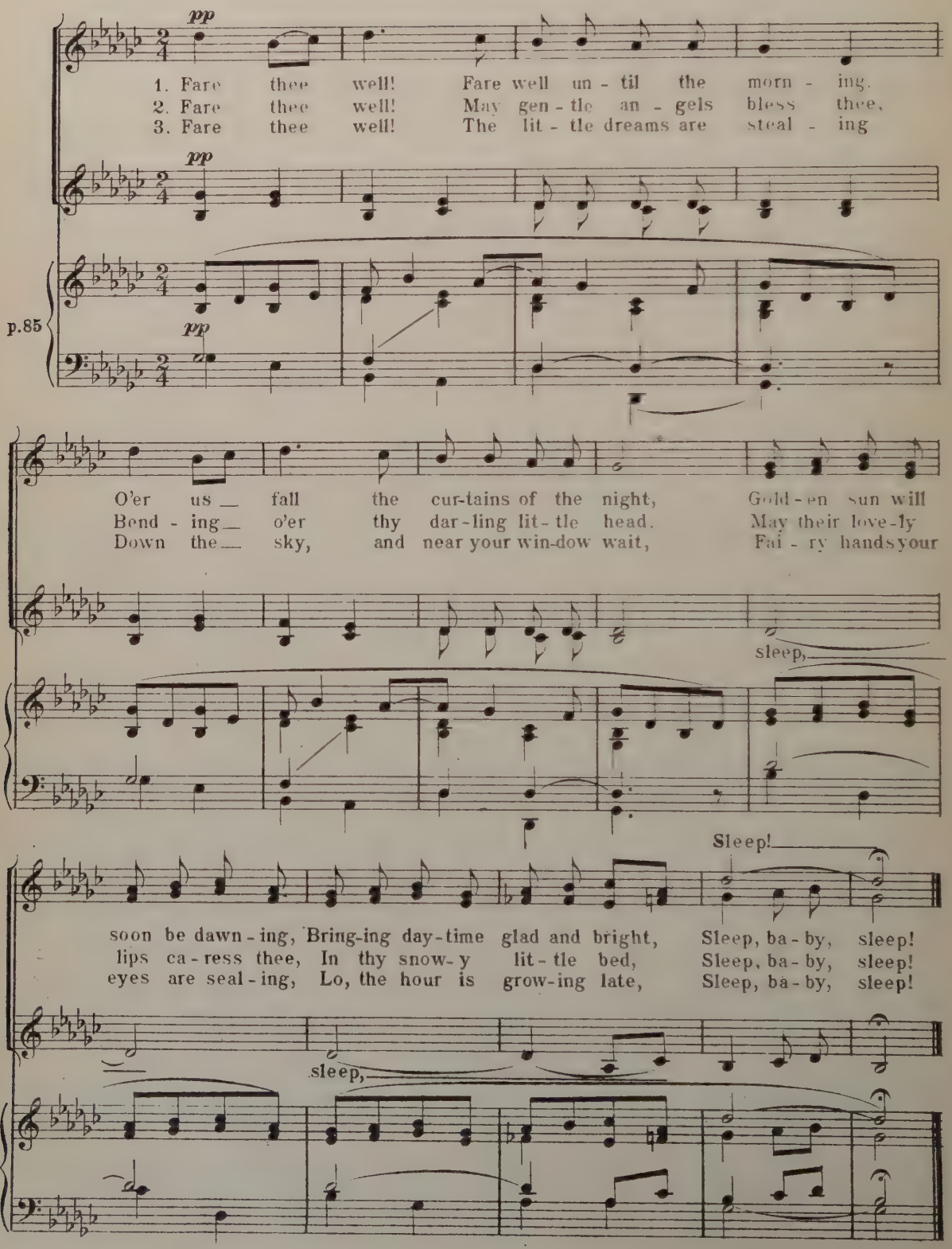
JOHANNES BRAHMS


Poco adagio molto espressivo (♩ = 126)
mf
1. O Spir - it E - ter - nal, om - nip - o - tent One; Our
Lord of the thun - der, And God of the storm, Tho'
p.147
mf
hearts and our voi - ces Ex - halt thee in song! With love and de-
rag - ing the tu - mult, We feel no a - larm. The rays of Thy
Small notes in Bass may be omitted
Ped. Ped.
cresc.
f
vo - tion Our glad voices ring, We hail thee, Al - might - y Com-
glo - ry Il - lu - mine the night. All hail, might - y Fa - ther, the
cresc.
f
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
1
2
mand - er and King.
giv - er of light.
2. O
f
p
p

SLUMBER SONG

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

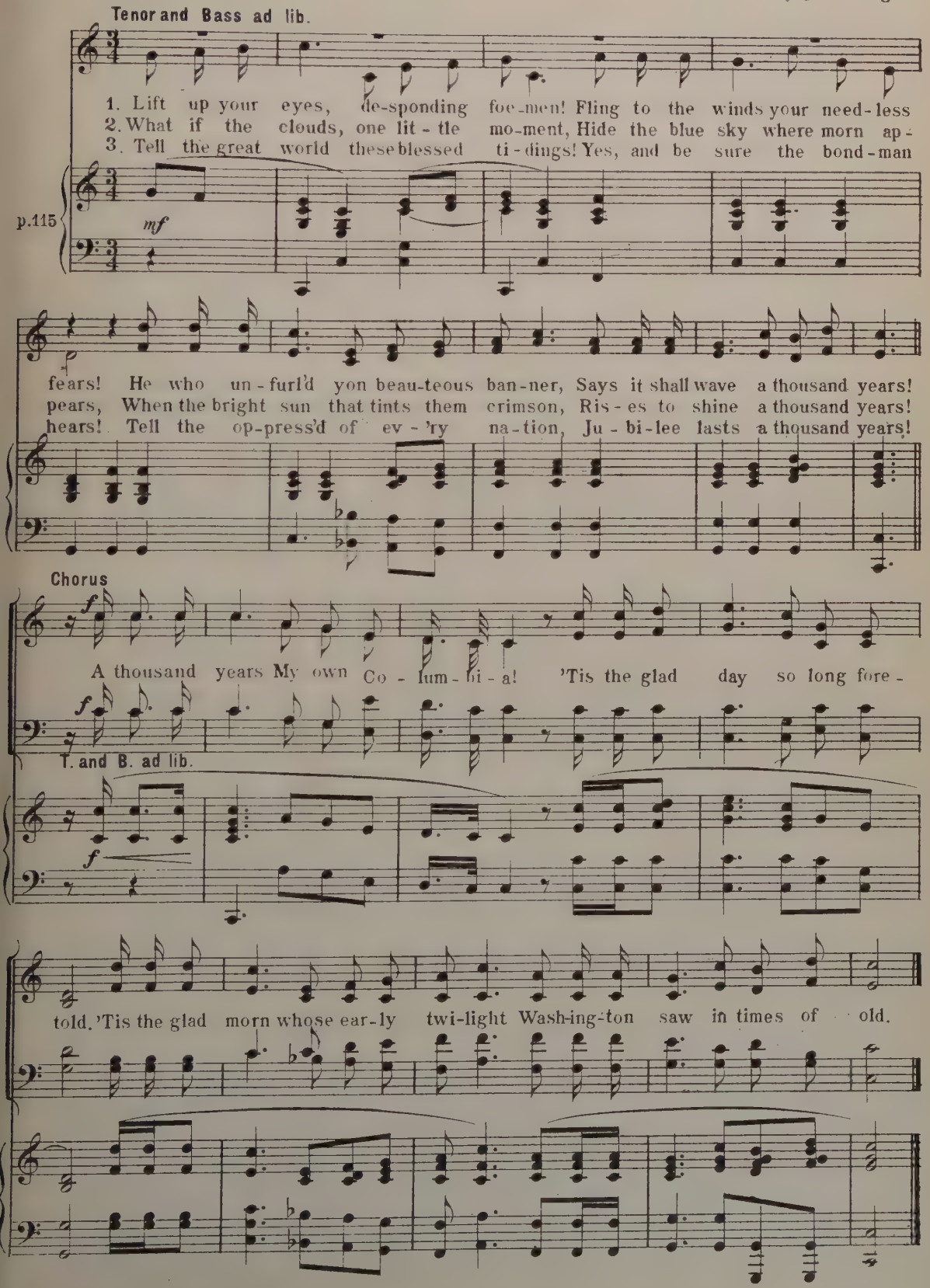
LITHUANIAN AIR
Adapted and arranged by W. L. T.


pp
1. Fare thee well! Fare well un - til the morn - ing.
2. Fare thee well! May gen - tle an - gels bless thee,
3. Fare thee well! The lit - tle dreams are steal - ing
pp
p.85
pp
O'er us fall the cur-tains of the night, Gold - en sun will
Bend - ing o'er thy dar - ling lit - tle head. May their love - ly
Down the sky, and near your win-dow wait, Fai - ry hands your
sleep,
Sleep!
soon be dawn - ing, Bring-ing day-time glad and bright, Sleep, ba - by, sleep!
lips ca - ress thee, In thy snow - y lit - tle bed, Sleep, ba - by, sleep!
eyes are seal - ing, Lo, the hour is grow-ing late, Sleep, ba - by, sleep!
sleep,

SONG OF A THOUSAND YEARS

HENRY CLAY WORK

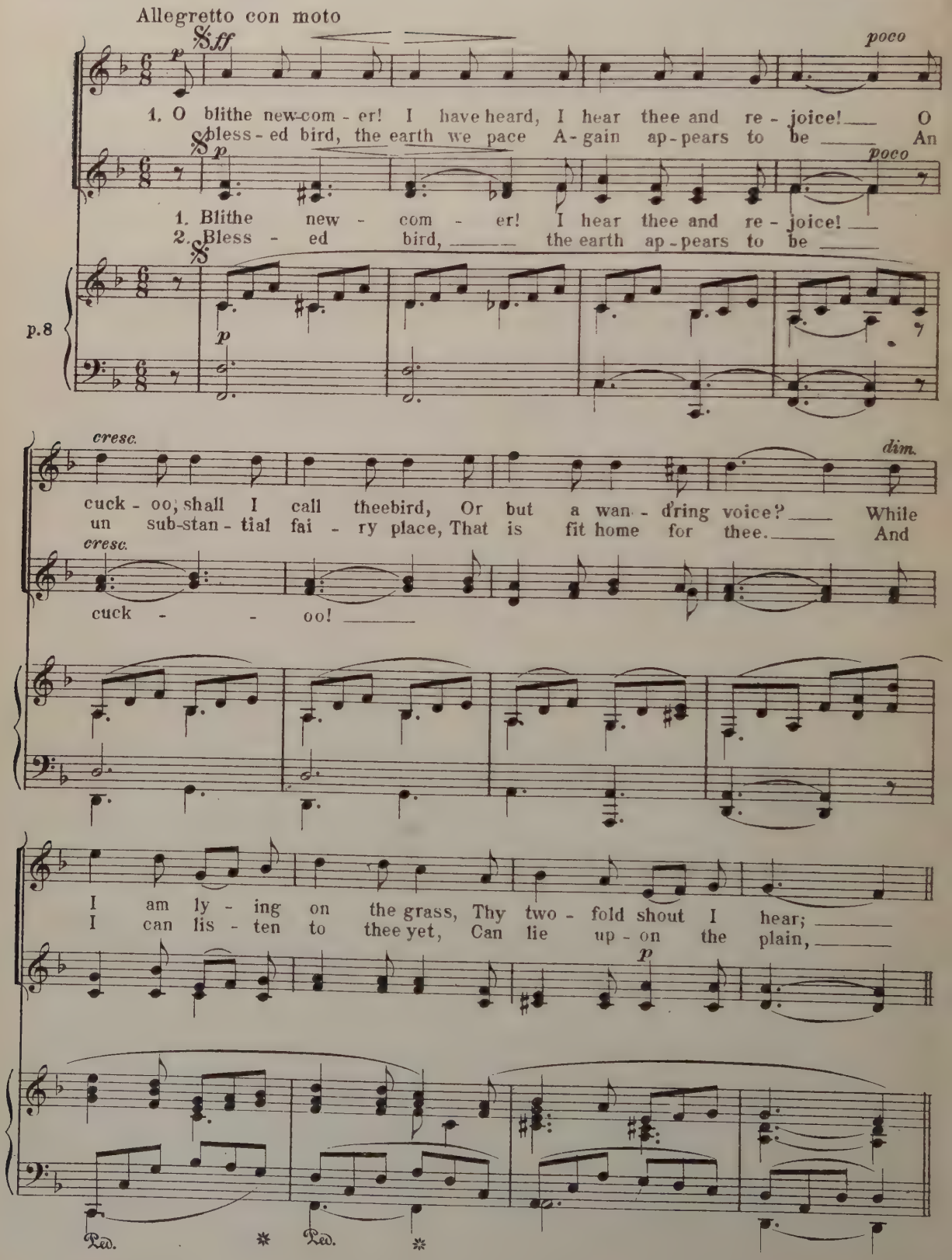
HENRY CLAY WORK
Arr. by J. Remington

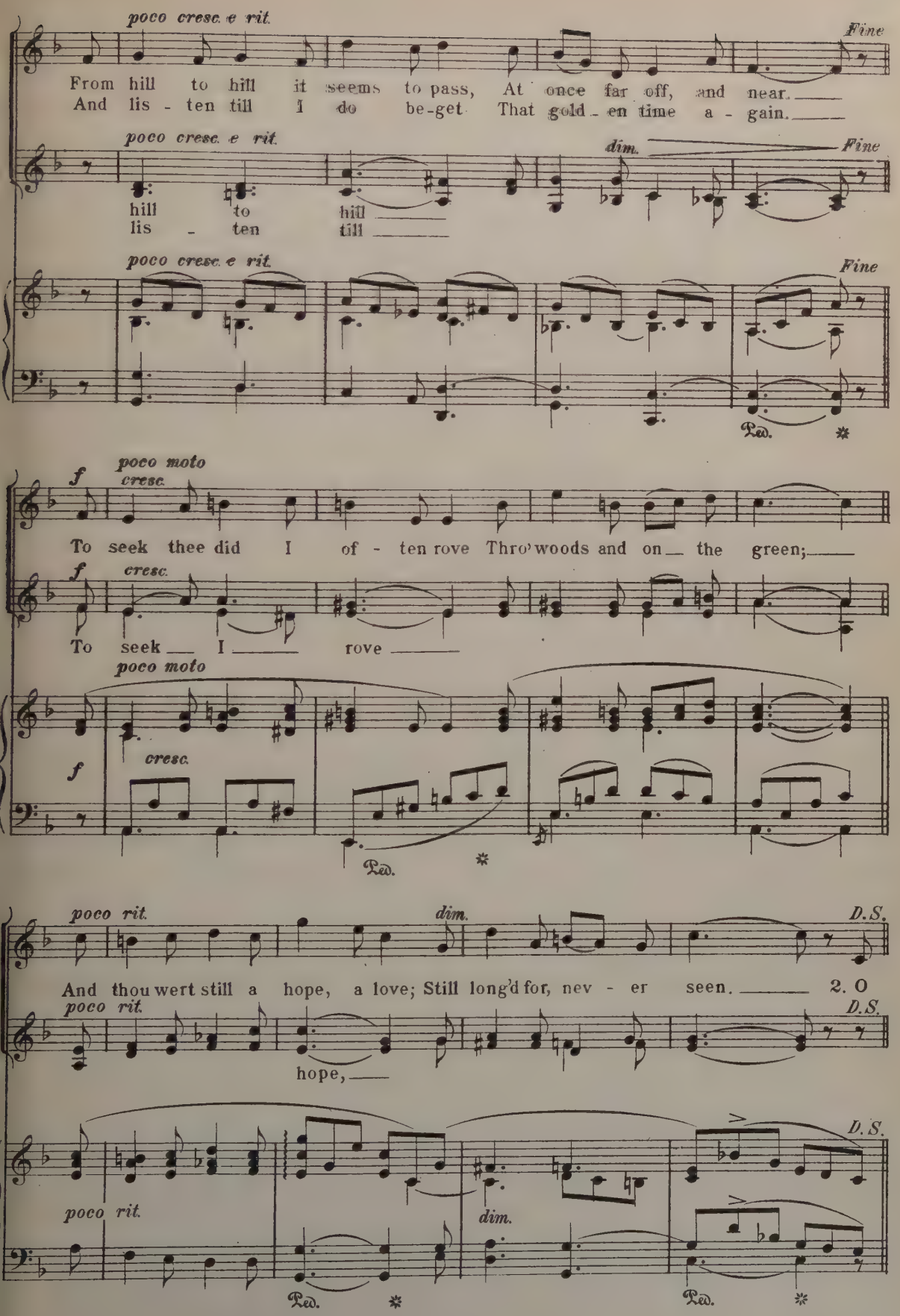

Tenor and Bass ad lib.
1. Lift up your eyes, de-sponding foe-men! Fling to the winds your need-less
2. What if the clouds, one lit-tle mo-ment, Hide the blue sky where morn ap-
3. Tell the great world these blessed ti-dings! Yes, and be sure the bond-man
p.115
mf
fears! He who un-furl'd yon beau-teous ban-ner, Says it shall wave a thousand years!
pears, When the bright sun that tints them crimson, Ris-es to shine a thousand years!
hears! Tell the op-press'd of ev-'ry na-tion, Ju-bi-lee lasts a thousand years!
Chorus
f
A thousand years My own Co-lum-bi-a! 'Tis the glad day so long fore-
T. and B. ad lib.
told. 'Tis the glad morn whose ear-ly twi-light Wash-ing-ton saw in times of old.

TO THE CUCKOO

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

HENRY WALLER

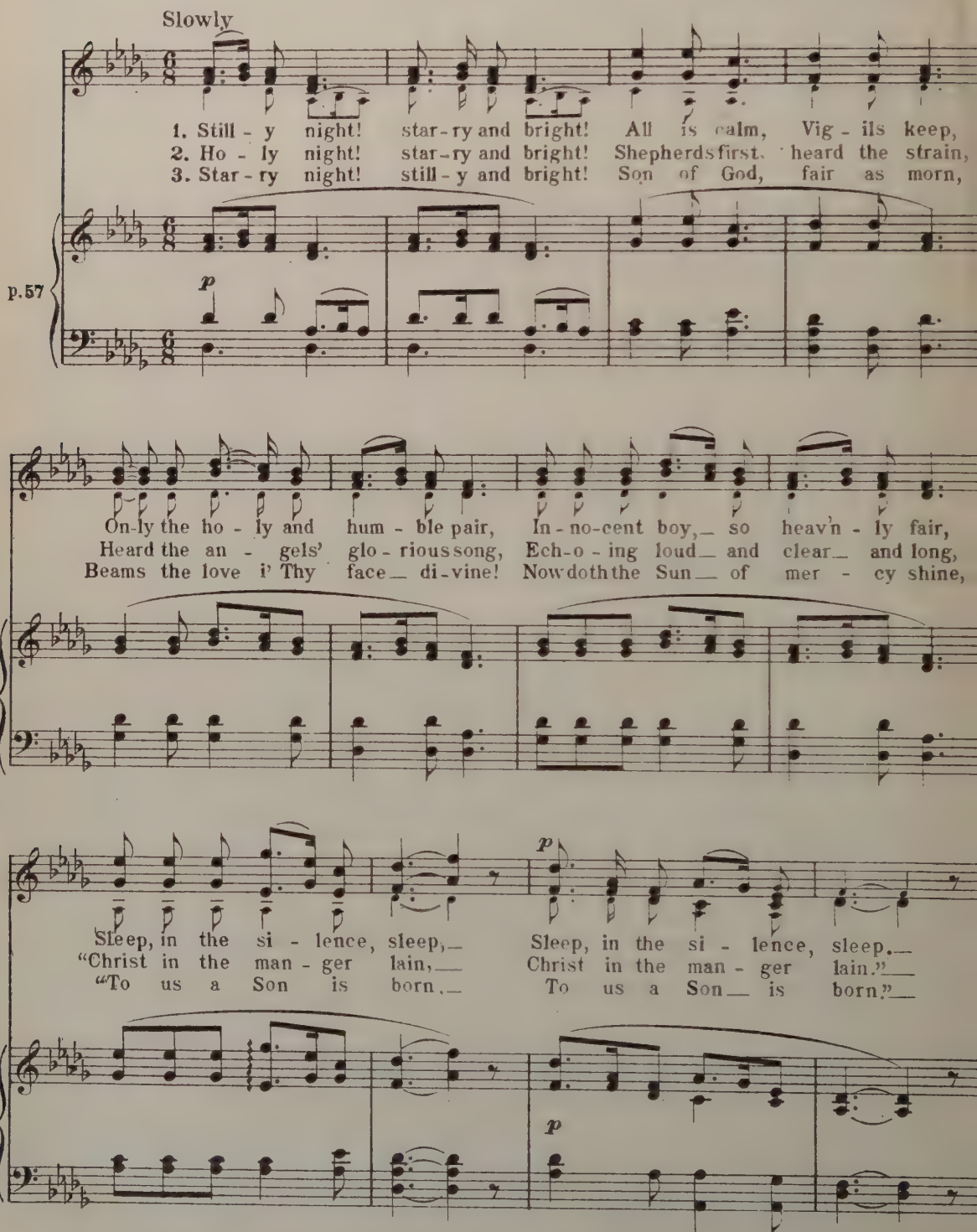

Allegretto con moto
1. O blithe new-com - er! I have heard, I hear thee and re - joice! O
bless - ed bird, the earth we pace A - gain ap - pears to be An
1. Blithe new - com - er! I hear thee and re - joice!
2. Bless - ed bird, the earth ap - pears to be
p.8
cuck - oo; shall I call theebird, Or but a wan - dring voice? While
un sub-stan - tial fai - ry place, That is fit home for thee. And
cuck - - oo!
I am ly - ing on the grass, Thy two - fold shout I hear;
I can lis - ten to thee yet, Can lie up - on the plain,


poco cresc. e rit.
Fine
From hill to hill it seems to pass, At once far off, and near.
And lis - ten till I do be-get That gold - en time a - gain.
poco cresc. e rit.
dim.
Fine
hill to hill
lis - ten till
poco cresc. e rit.
Fine
Ped.
f
poco moto
cresc.
To seek thee did I of - ten rove Thro' woods and on the green;
f
cresc.
To seek I rove
poco moto
f
cresc.
Ped.
poco rit.
dim.
D.S.
And thou wert still a hope, a love; Still long'd for, nev - er seen. 2. O
poco rit.
D.S.
hope,
D.S.
poco rit.
dim.
Ped.
Ped.

STILLY NIGHT

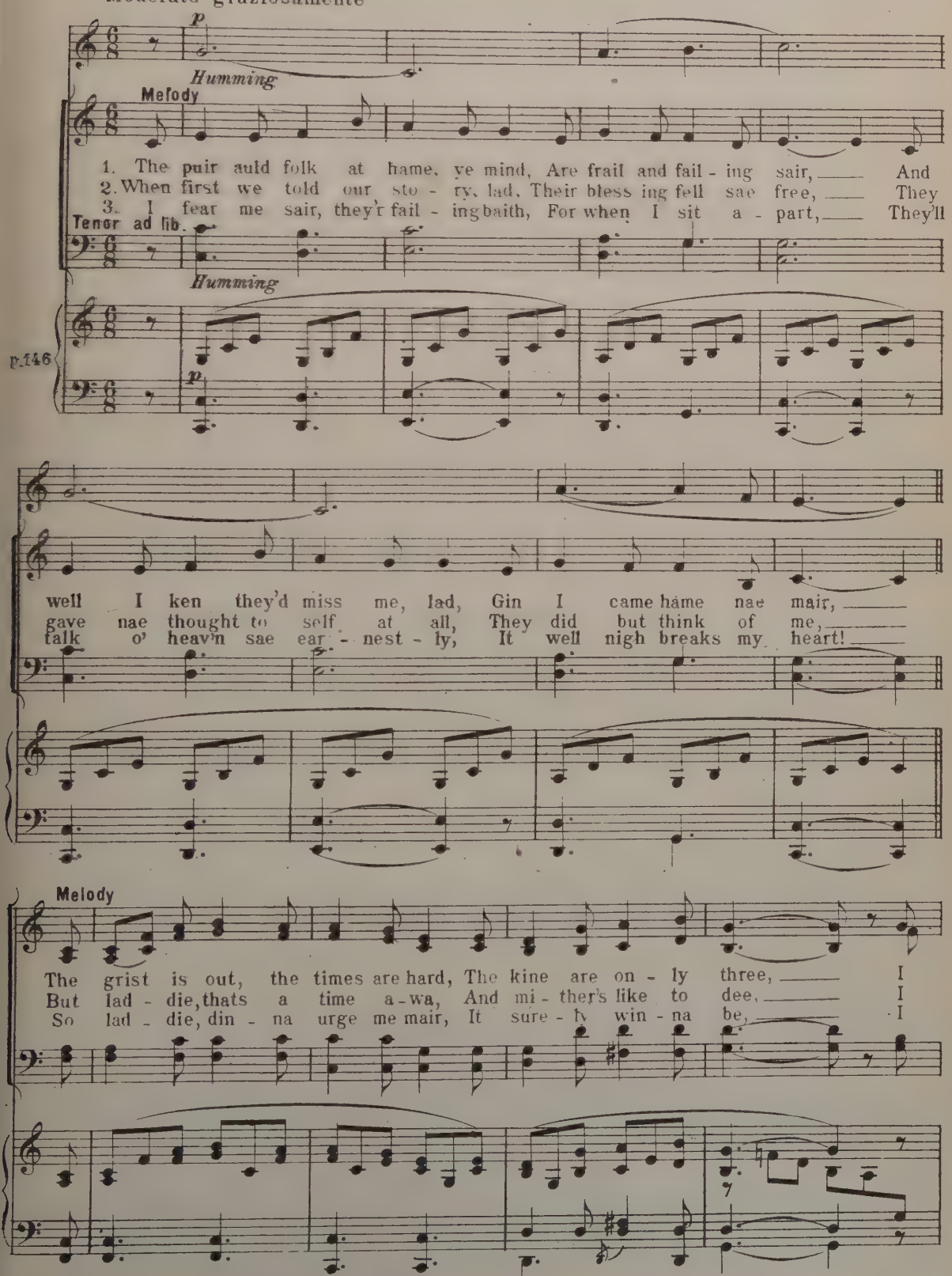
English version by DEAN FARRAR

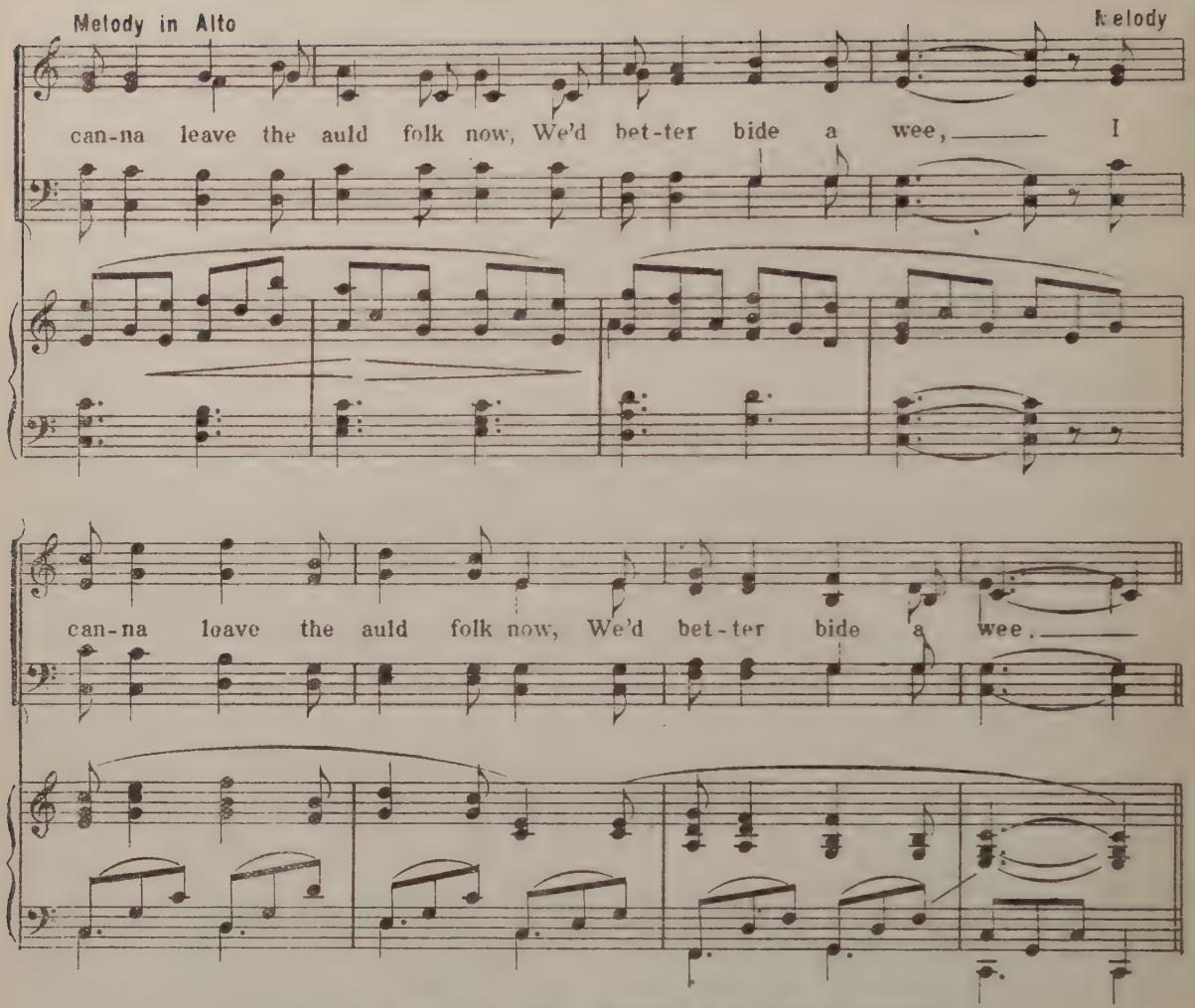
FRANZ GRUBER


Slowly
1. Still - y night! star - ry and bright! All is calm, Vig - ils keep,
2. Ho - ly night! star - ry and bright! Shepherds first heard the strain,
3. Star - ry night! still - y and bright! Son of God, fair as morn,
p.57
p
On - ly the ho - ly and hum - ble pair, In - no - cent boy, so heav'n - ly fair,
Heard the an - gels' glo - rious song, Ech - o - ing loud and clear and long,
Beams the love i' Thy face di - vine! Now doth the Sun of mer - cy shine,
p
Sleep, in the si - lence, sleep, Sleep, in the si - lence, sleep.
"Christ in the man - ger lain, Christ in the man - ger lain."
"To us a Son is born, To us a Son is born."
p

WE'D BETTER BIDE A WEE

Words and Music by CLARIBEL
Arr. by Bertha Remick


Moderato graziosamente
p
Humming
Melody
1. The puir auld folk at hame, ye mind, Are frail and fail - ing sair, And
2. When first we told our sto - ry, lad, Their bless ing fell sae free, They
3. I fear me sair, they'r fail - ing baith, For when I sit a - part, They'll
Tenor ad lib.
Humming
p.146
p
well I ken they'd miss me, lad, Gin I came hame nae mair,
gave nae thought to self at all, They did but think of me,
talk o' heav'n sae ear - nest - ly, It well nigh breaks my heart!
Melody
The grist is out, the times are hard, The kine are on - ly three, I
But lad - die, thats a time a - wa, And mi - ther's like to dee, I
So lad - die, din - na urge me mair, It sure - ly win - na be, I

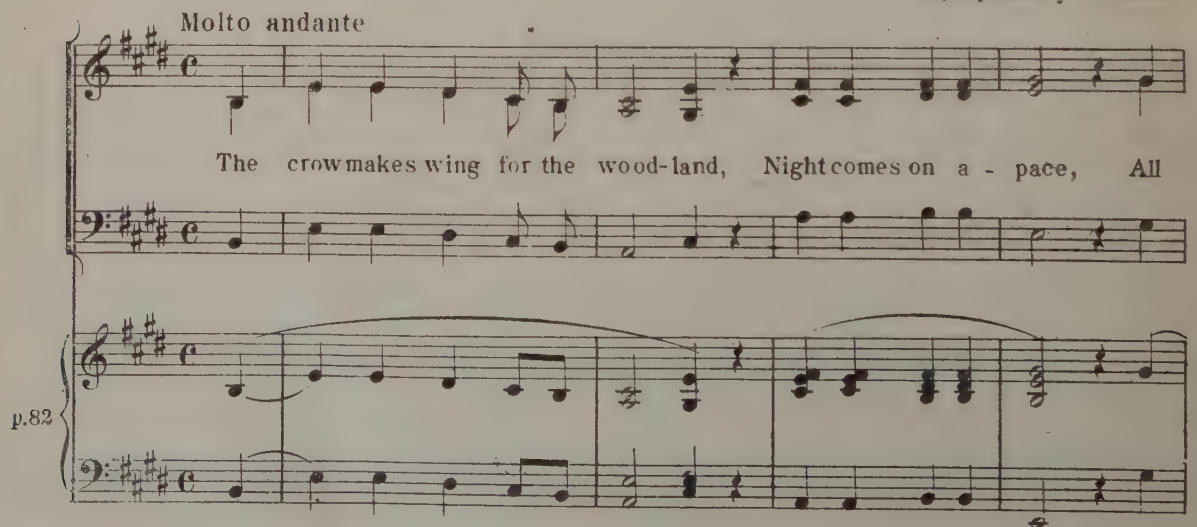

Melody in Alto
Melody
can-na leave the auld folk now, We'd bet-ter bide a wee, I
can-na leave the auld folk now, We'd bet-ter bide a wee.

SONG OF THE NIGHT WATCH

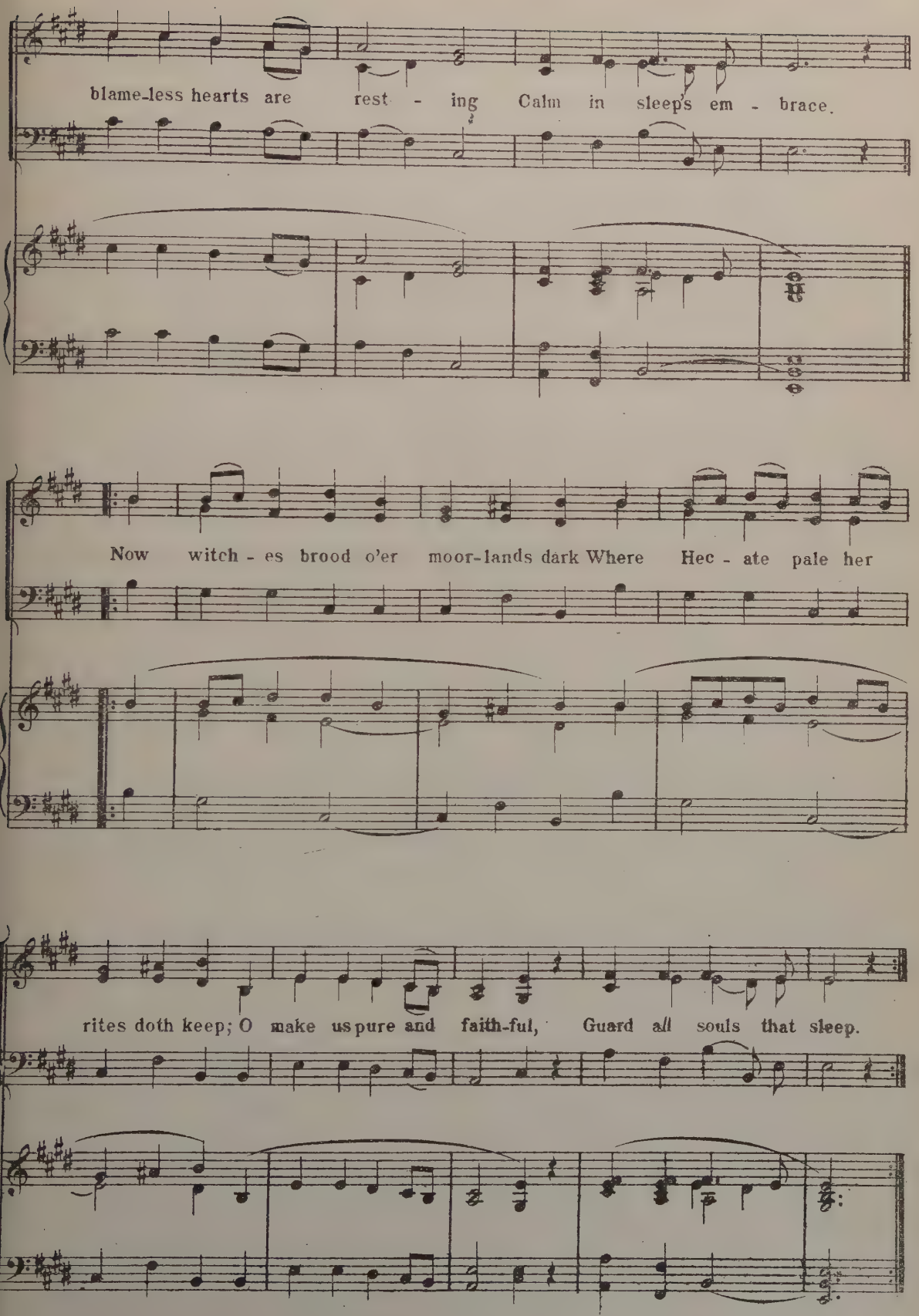
Words and Music suggested by Shakespear's "Macbeth"

FREDERIC MANLEY

EDV. GRIEG. Op. 12, No 3
Arr. by Henry F. Gilbert

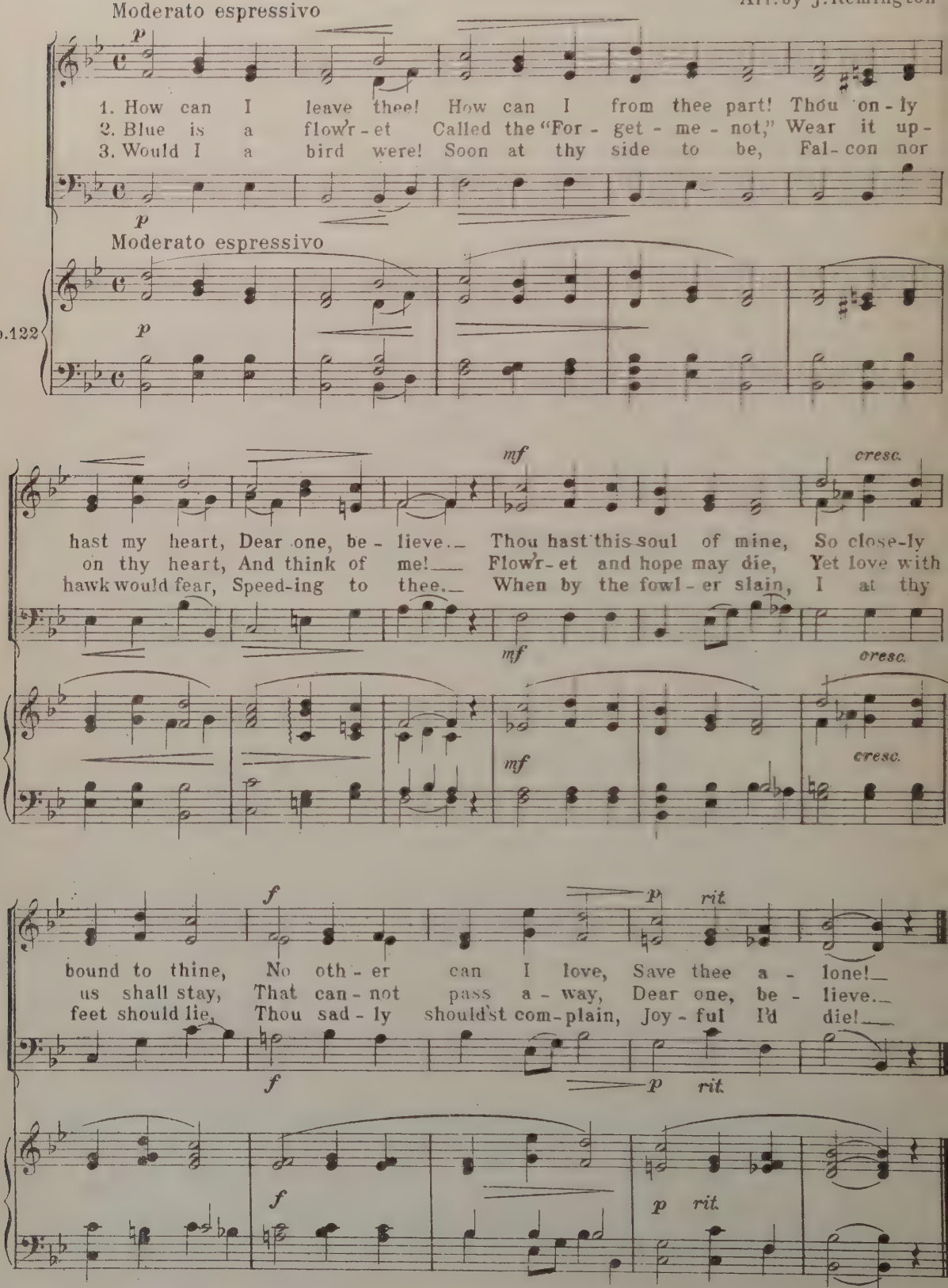


p.82


blame-less hearts are rest - ing Calm in sleep's em - brace.
Now witch - es brood o'er moor-lands dark Where Hec - ate pale her
rites doth keep; O make us pure and faith-ful, Guard all souls that sleep.

HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE

Thuringian Folk-Song
Arr. by J. Remington


Moderato espressivo
p
1. How can I leave thee! How can I from thee part! Thou on-ly
2. Blue is a flow'r-et Called the "For-get-me-not," Wear it up-
3. Would I a bird were! Soon at thy side to be, Fal-con nor
p
Moderato espressivo
p.122
p
hast my heart, Dear one, be-lieve. Thou hast this soul of mine, So close-ly
on thy heart, And think of me! Flow'r-et and hope may die, Yet love with
hawk would fear, Speed-ing to thee. When by the fowl-er slain, I at thy
mf
cresc.
mf
cresc.
mf
cresc.
bound to thine, No oth-er can I love, Save thee a-lone!
us shall stay, That can-not pass a-way, Dear one, be-lieve.
feet should lie, Thou sad-ly should'st com-plain, Joy-ful I'd die!
f
p
rit.
f
p
rit.
f
p
rit.

WHEN THE BLOOM IS ON THE RYE

(My Pretty Jane)

EDWARD FITZBALL

HENRY R. BISHOP
Arr. Geo. Oscar Bowen

Andantino espress. non troppo lento

1. My pret - ty Jane, my pret-ty Jane! Ah! never, never look so shy, But
2. But name the day, the wedding day, And I will buy the ring, The

p.134

p

meet me, meet me in the eve - ning When the bloom is on the rye. The
lads and maids in fa - vors white, And the vil - lage bells shall ring. The

rit.

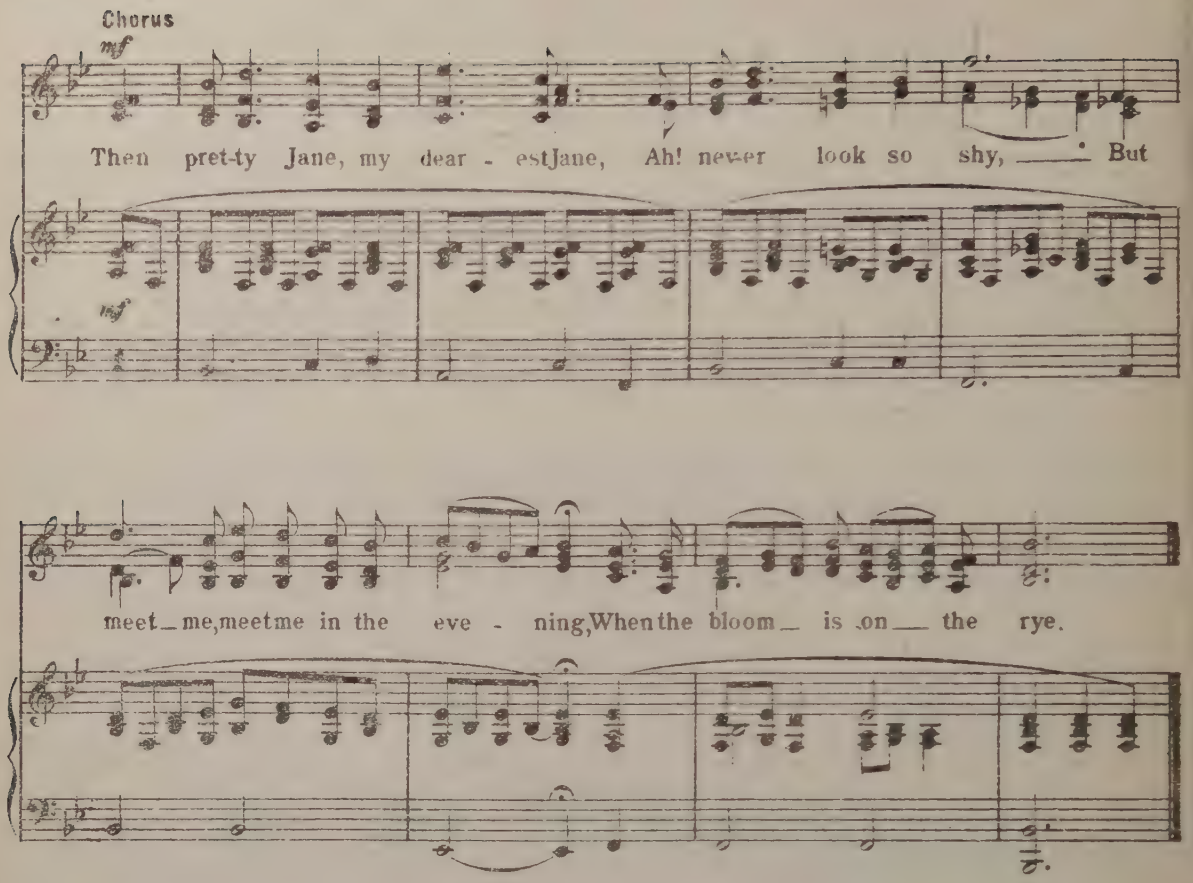
Spring is wan - ing fast, my love, The corn is in the ear, The

rit.

a tempo

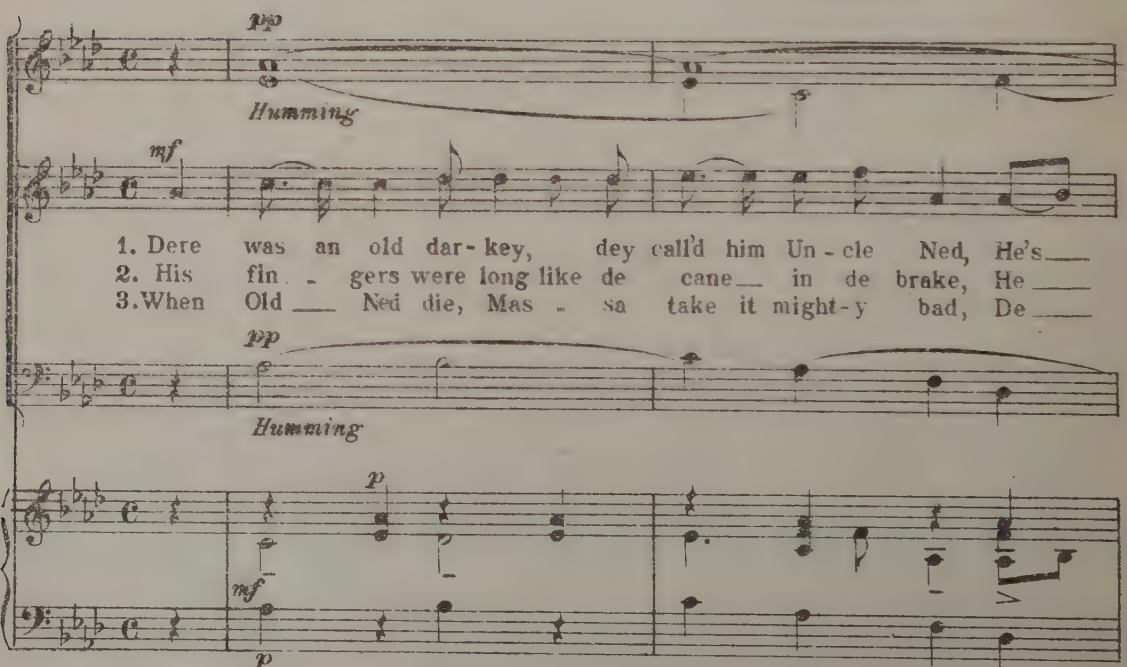
sum-mer nights are com - ing, love, The moon shines bright and clear;

a tempo

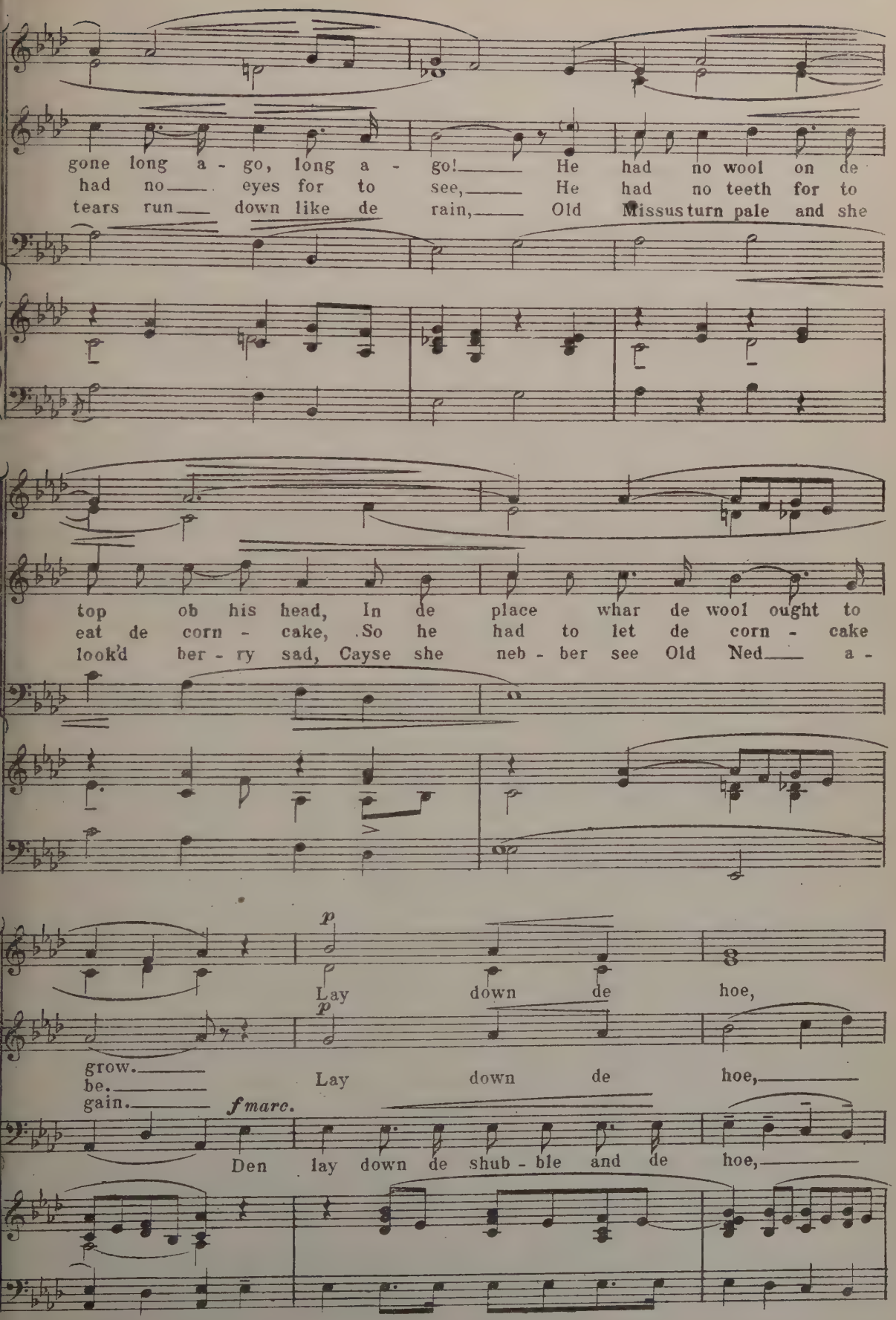

Chorus
mf
Then pret-ty Jane, my dear - est Jane, Ah! never look so shy, But
mf
meet me, meet me in the eve - ning, When the bloom is on the rye.

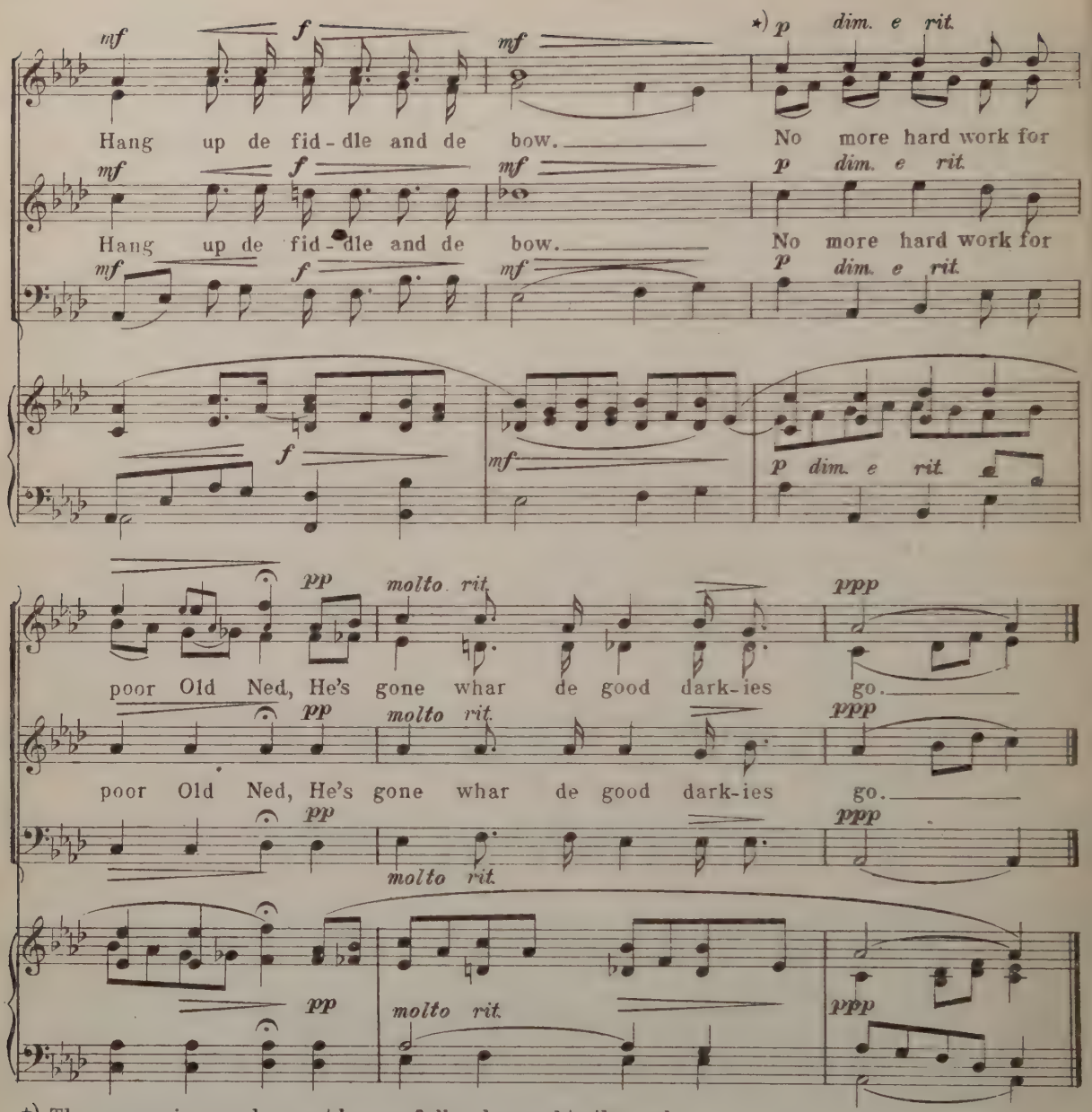
UNCLE NED

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER
Arranged by N. Clifford Page



p.33


gone long a - go, long a - go! He had no wool on de
had no eyes for to see, He had no teeth for to
tears run down like de rain, Old Missus turn pale and she
top ob his head, In de place whar de wool ought to
eat de corn - cake, So he had to let de corn - cake
look'd ber - ry sad, Cayse she neb - ber see Old Ned a -
p
Lay down de hoe,
p
grow.
be.
gain.
Lay down de hoe,
f marc.
Den lay down de shub - ble and de hoe,


mf f mf *) p dim. e rit.
Hang up de fid-dle and de bow. No more hard work for
mf f mf p dim. e rit.
Hang up de fid-dle and de bow. No more hard work for
mf f mf p dim. e rit.
f mf p dim. e rit.
pp molto rit. ppp
poor Old Ned, He's gone whar de good dark-ies go.
pp molto rit. ppp
poor Old Ned, He's gone whar de good dark-ies go.
pp ppp
molto rit.
pp molto rit. ppp

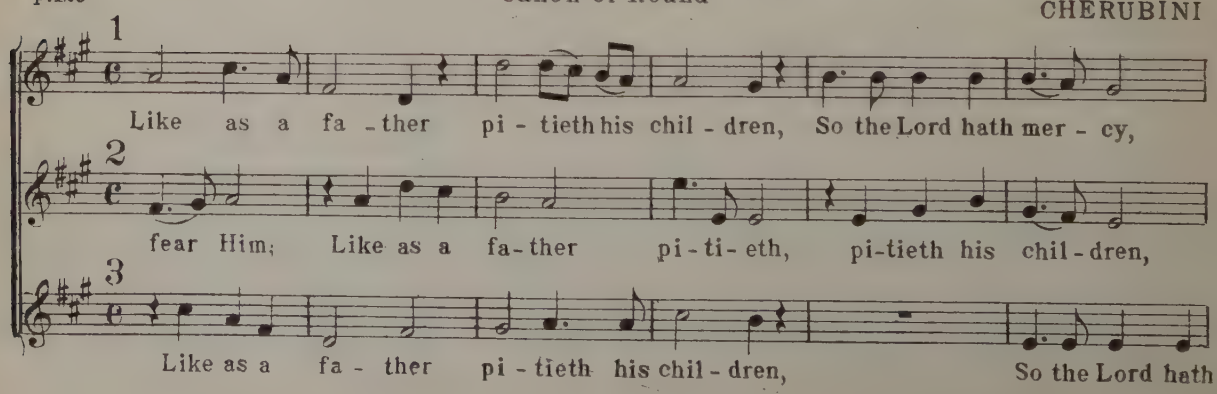
*) The expression marks must be carefully observed to the end

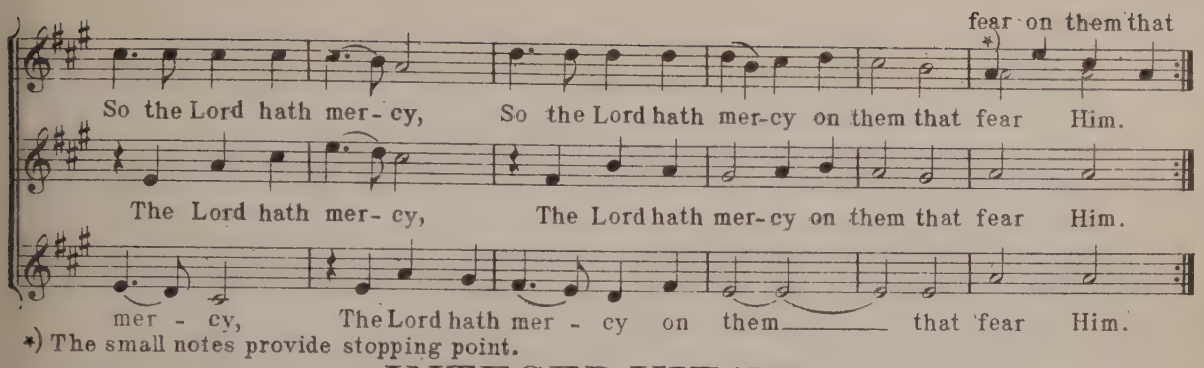
LIKE AS A FATHER

p.129

Canon or Round

CHERUBINI

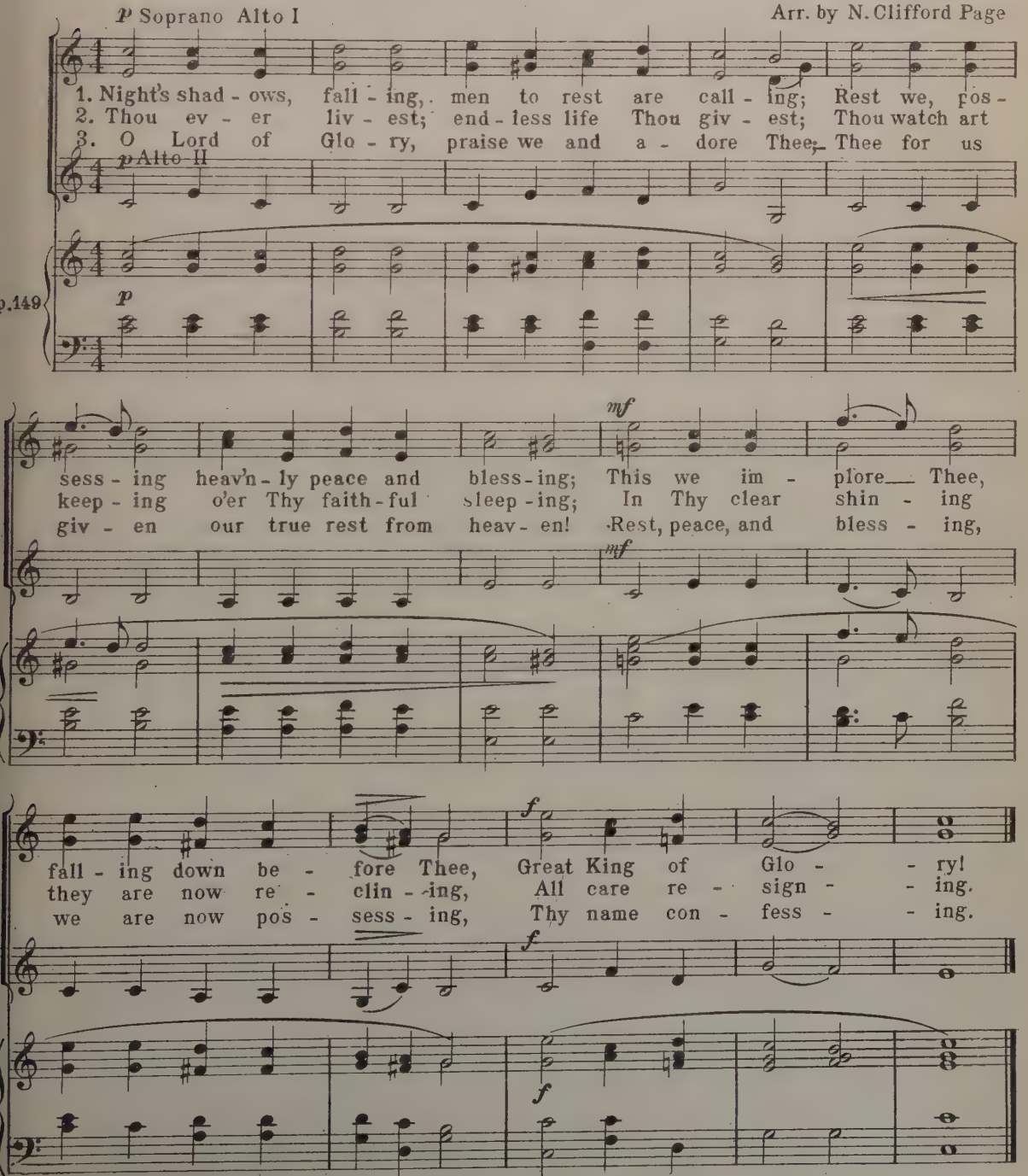

1
Like as a fa-ther pi-tieth his chil-dren, So the Lord hath mer-cy,
2
fear Him; Like as a fa-ther pi-ti-eth, pi-tieth his chil-dren,
3
Like as a fa-ther pi-tieth his chil-dren, So the Lord hath


fear on them that
So the Lord hath mer - cy, So the Lord hath mer-cy on them that fear Him.
The Lord hath mer - cy, The Lord hath mer-cy on them that fear Him.
mer - cy, The Lord hath mer - cy on them that fear Him.

*) The small notes provide stopping point.

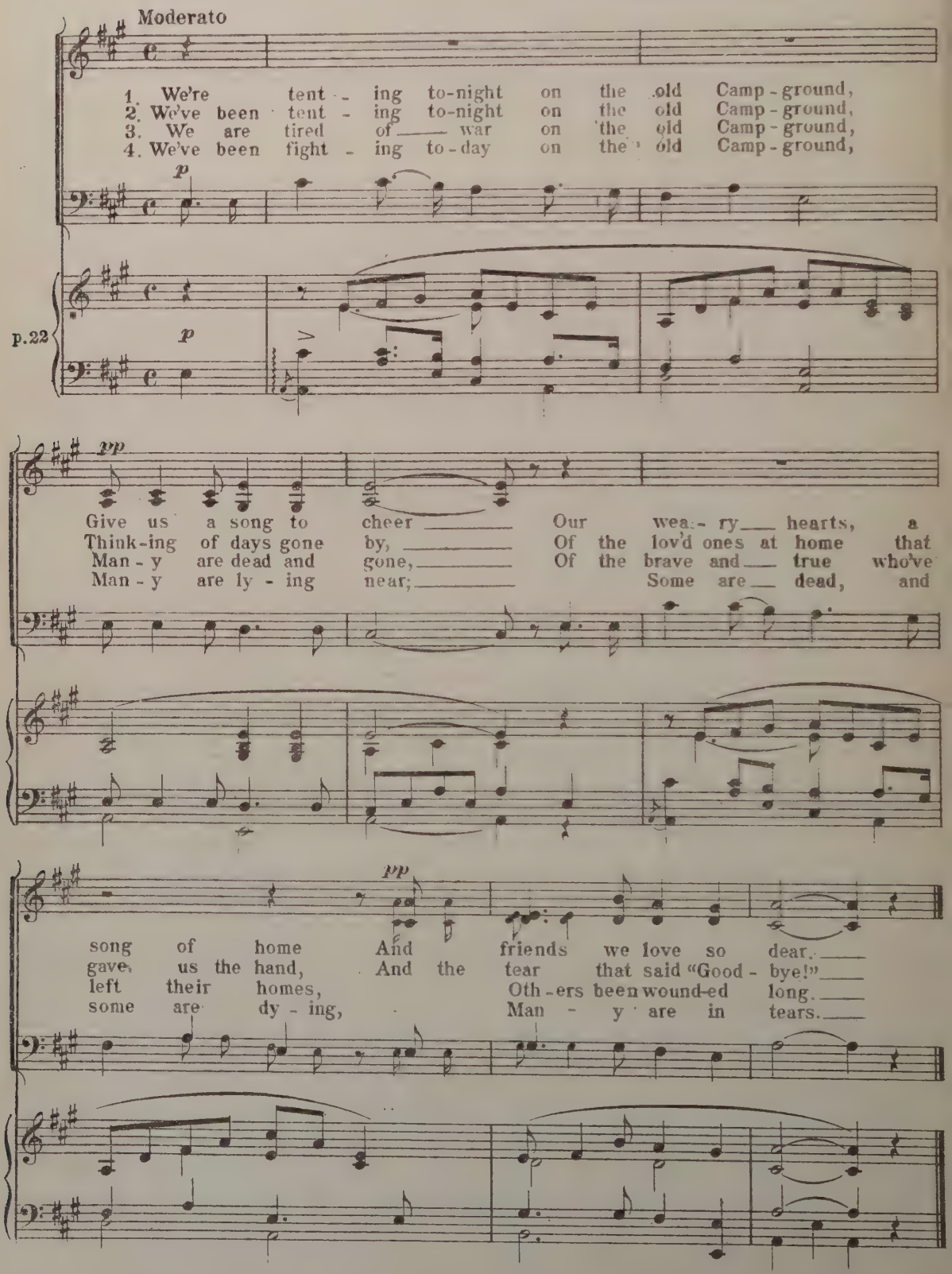
INTEGER VITAE

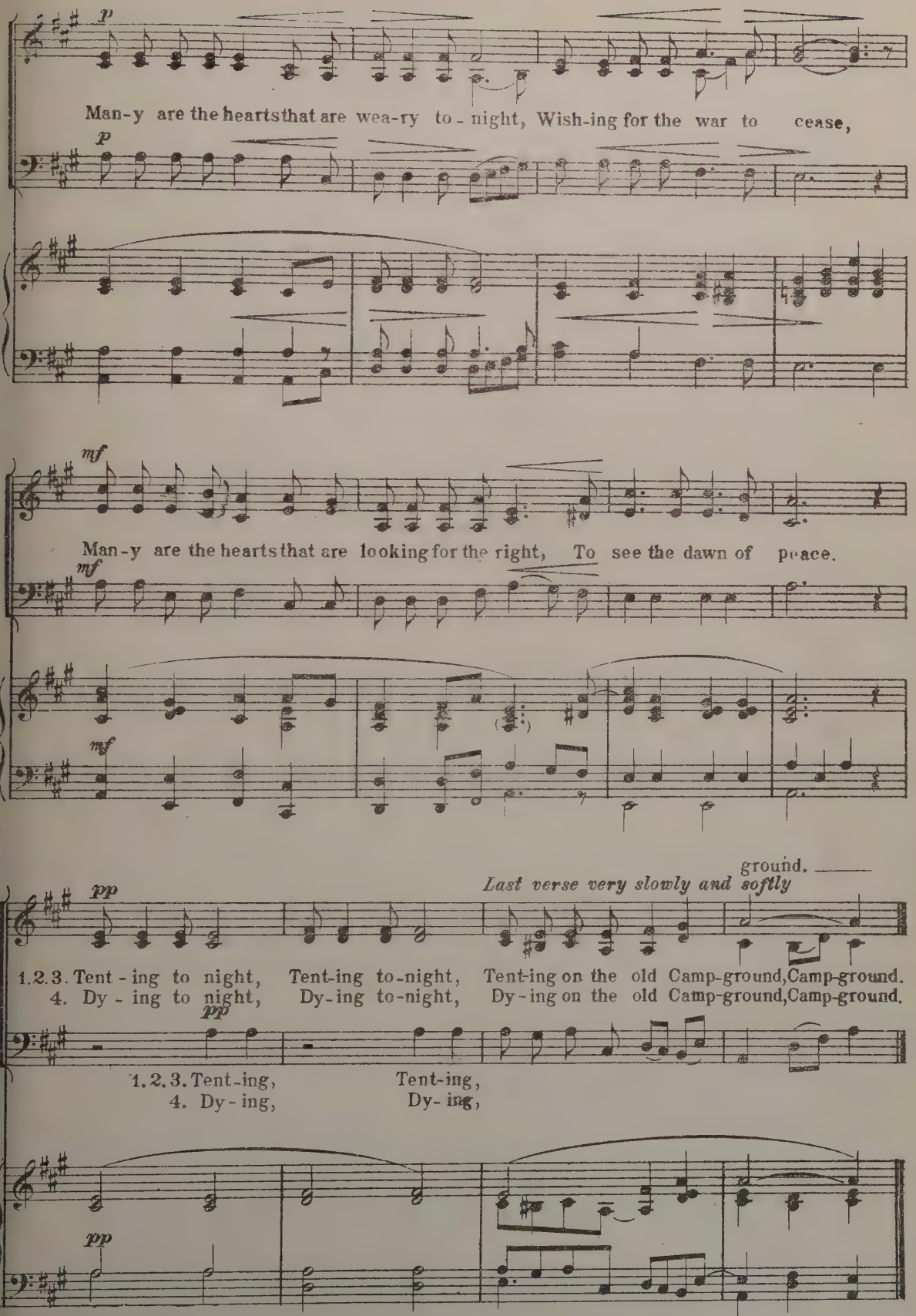
F.F. FLEMMING
Arr. by N. Clifford Page


p Soprano Alto I
1. Night's shad - ows, fall - ing, men to rest are call - ing; Rest we, pos -
2. Thou ev - er liv - est; end - less life Thou giv - est; Thou watch art
3. O Lord of Glo - ry, praise we and a - dore Thee; Thee for us
p Alto II
p.149
p
mf
sess - ing heav'n - ly peace and bless - ing; This we im - plore Thee,
keep - ing o'er Thy faith - ful sleep - ing; In Thy clear shin - ing
giv - en our true rest from heav - en! Rest, peace, and bless - ing,
mf
f
fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Great King of Glo - ry!
they are now re - clin - ing, All care re - sign - ing.
we are now pos - sess - ing, Thy name con - fess - ing.
f
f
f

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND

Words and Music by WALTER KITTREDGE
Arranged by J. Remington

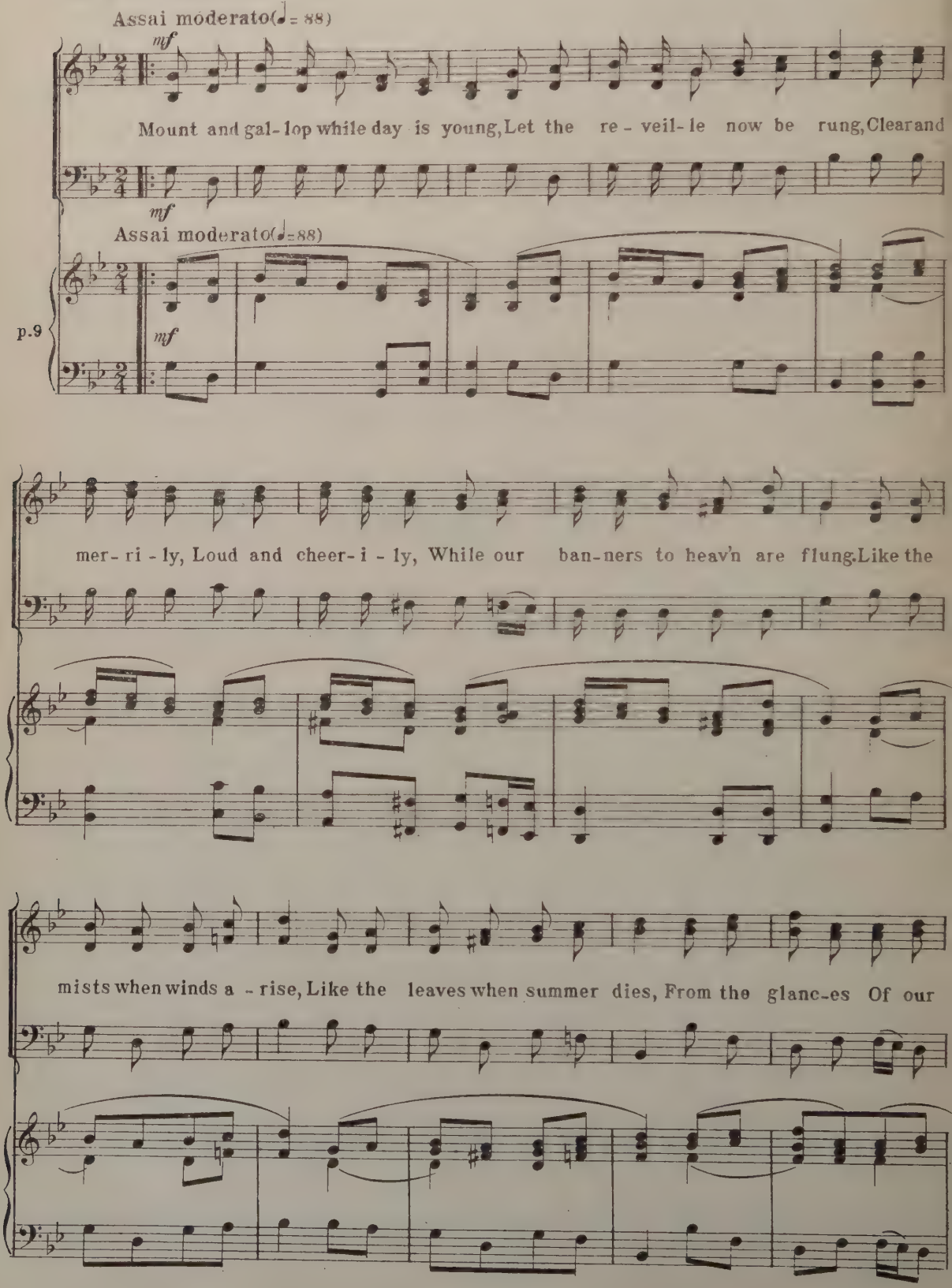

Moderato
1. We're tent - ing to-night on the old Camp - ground,
2. We've been tent - ing to-night on the old Camp - ground,
3. We are tired of war on the old Camp - ground,
4. We've been fight - ing to - day on the old Camp - ground,
p
p
p.22
pp
Give us a song to cheer Our wea - ry hearts, a
Think-ing of days gone by, Of the lov'd ones at home that
Man - y are dead and gone, Of the brave and true who've
Man - y are ly - ing near; Some are dead, and
pp
song of home And friends we love so dear.
gave us the hand, And the tear that said "Good - bye!"
left their homes, Oth - ers been wound-ed long.
some are dy - ing, Man - y are in tears.

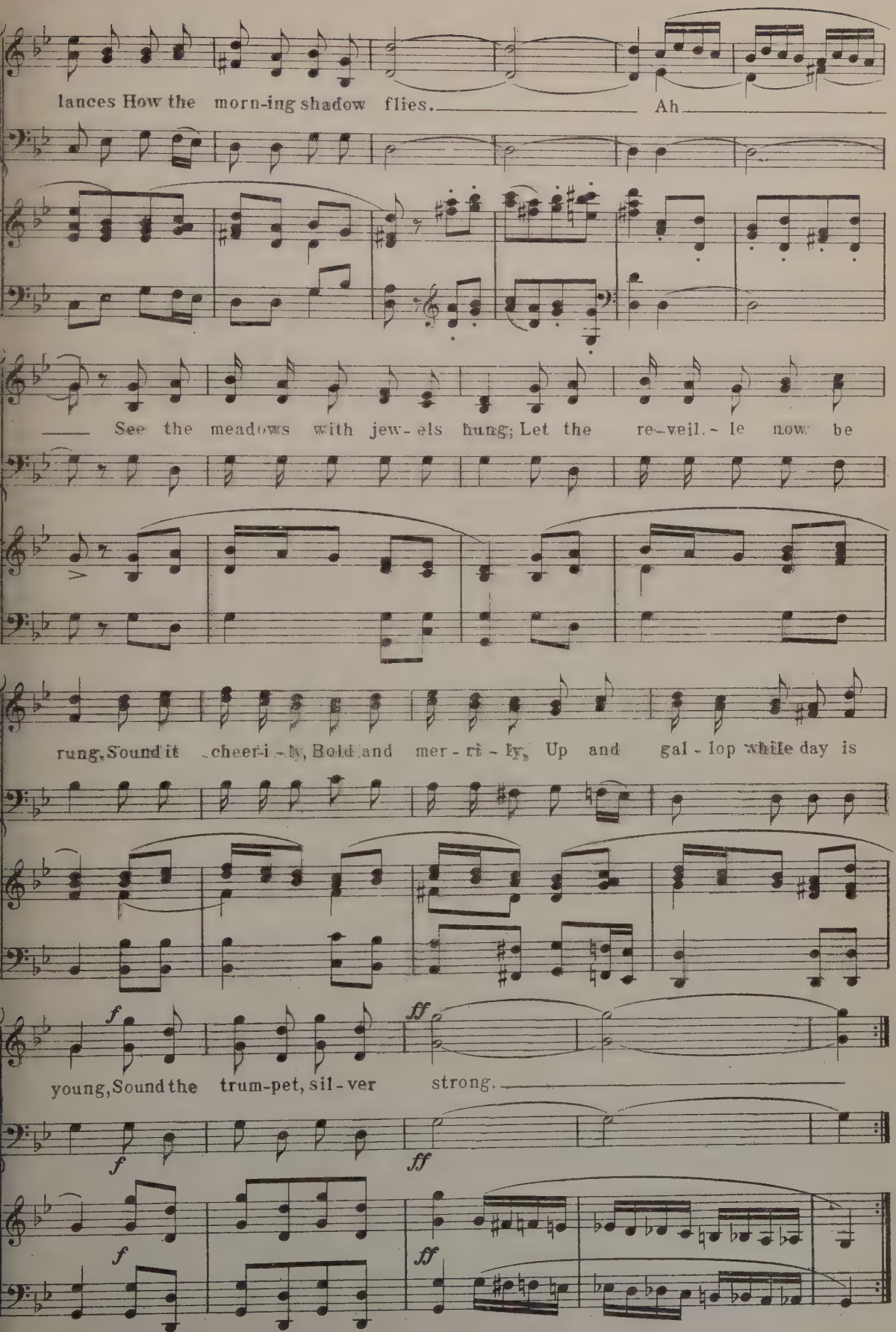

p
Man-y are the hearts that are wea-ry to-night, Wish-ing for the war to cease,
p
mf
Man-y are the hearts that are looking for the right, To see the dawn of peace.
mf
mf
ground.
Last verse very slowly and softly
pp
1.2.3. Tent-ing to night, Tent-ing to-night, Tent-ing on the old Camp-ground, Camp-ground.
4. Dy-ing to night, Dy-ing to-night, Dy-ing on the old Camp-ground, Camp-ground.
pp
1.2.3. Tent-ing, Tent-ing,
4. Dy-ing, Dy-ing,
pp

A MORNING GALLOP

VICTOR HUGO
English by William Chandler

ST. SAENS
Arr. by James Ford


Assai moderato(♩= 88)
mf
Mount and gal-lop while day is young, Let the re-veil-le now be rung, Clear and
mf
Assai moderato(♩=88)
p.9
mf
mer-ri-ly, Loud and cheer-i-ly, While our ban-ners to heav'n are flung. Like the
mists when winds a-rise, Like the leaves when summer dies, From the glanc-es Of our

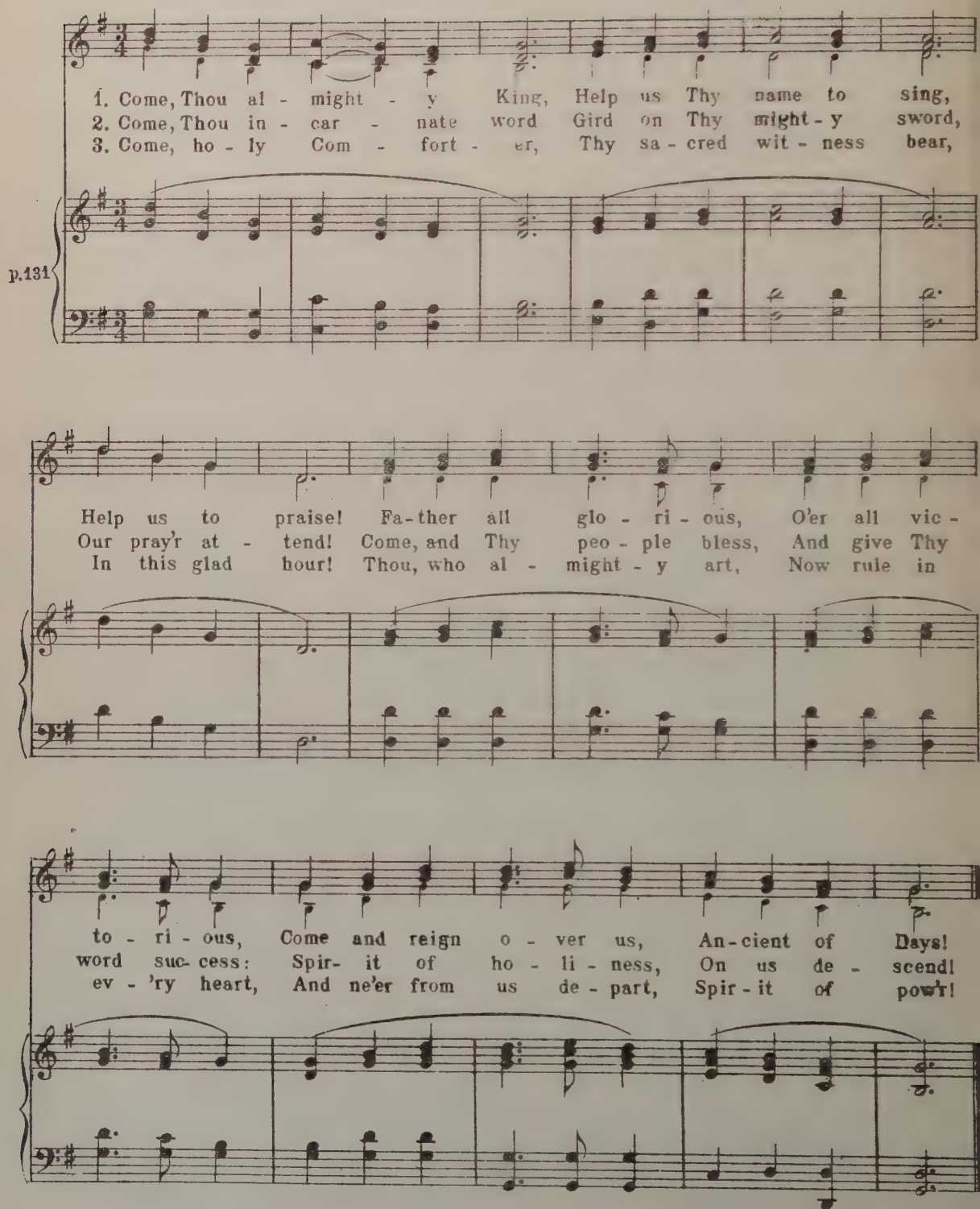

lances How the morn-ing shadow flies. Ah
See the meadows with jew-els hung; Let the re-veil-le now be
rung, Sound it cheer-i-ly, Bold and mer-ri-ly, Up and gal-lop while day is
young, Sound the trum-pet, sil-ver strong.
f
ff

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING

Italian Hymn

C. WESLEY. 1757

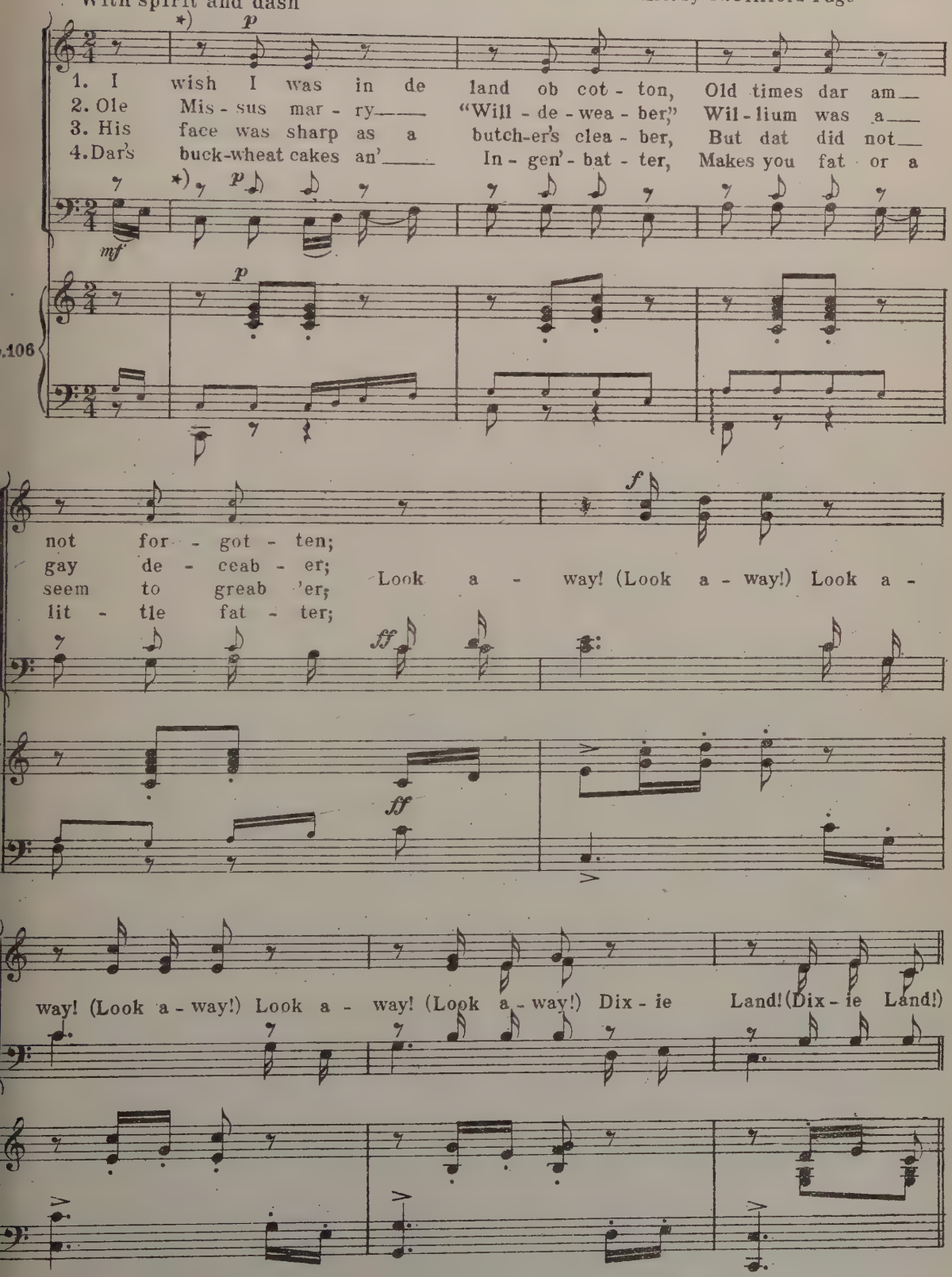
T. D. GIARDINI. 1769
Arr. by Bertha Remick


1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
2. Come, Thou in - car - nate word Gird on Thy might - y sword,
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,
p.131
Help us to praise! Fa-ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
Our pray'r at - tend! Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
In this glad hour! Thou, who al - might - y art, Now rule in
to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An-cient of Days!
word suc-cess: Spir- it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend!
ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!

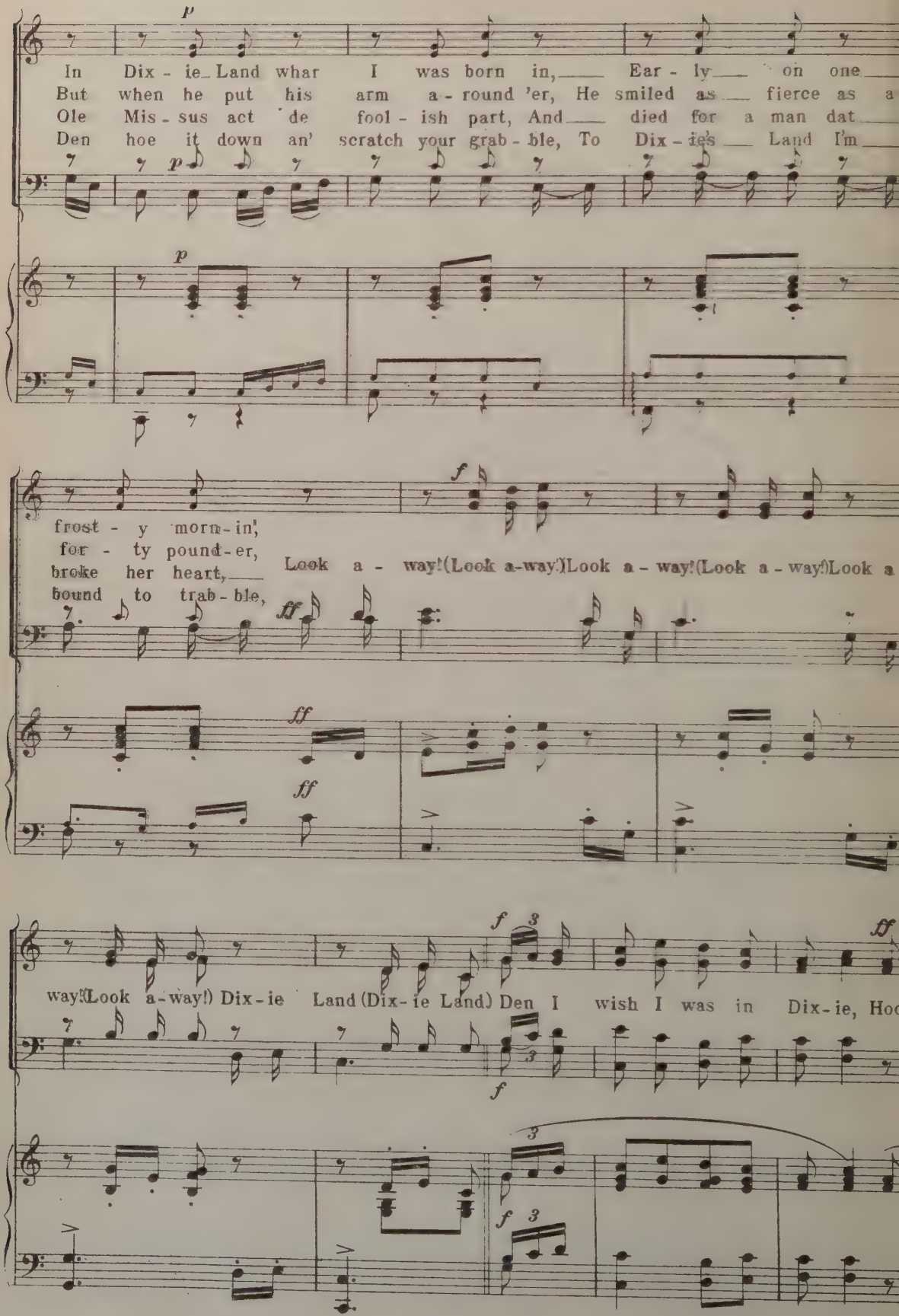
DIXIE LAND

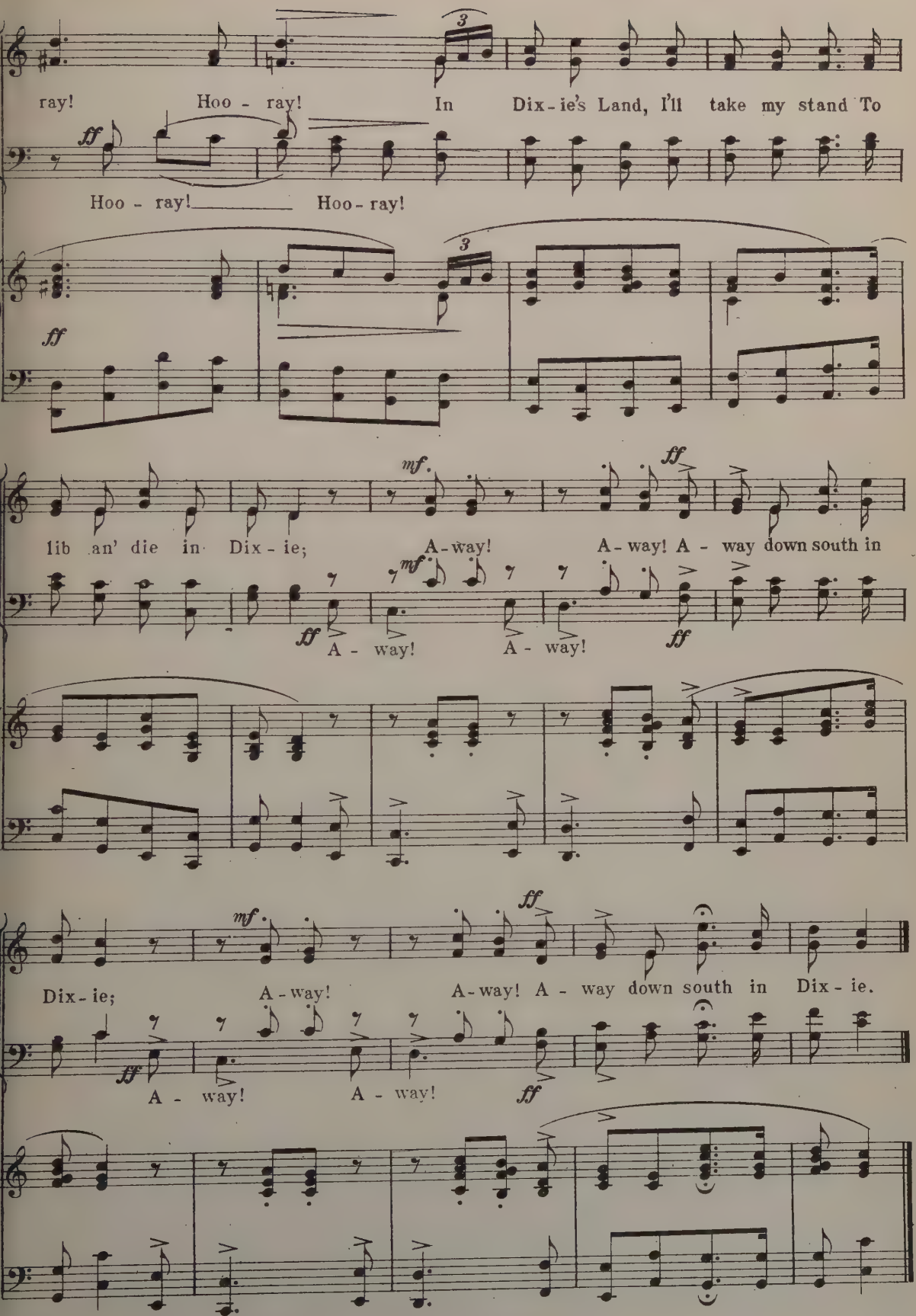
Words and Music by DAN. D. EMMETT
Arr. by N. Clifford Page

With spirit and dash


1. I wish I was in de land ob cot - ton, Old times dar am
2. Ole Mis - sus mar - ry "Will - de - wea - ber," Wil - lium was a
3. His face was sharp as a butch-er's clea - ber, But dat did not
4. Dar's buck-wheat cakes an' In - gen' - bat - ter, Makes you fat or a
mf
p
106
not for - got - ten;
gay de - ceab - er;
seem to greab 'er;
lit - tle fat - ter;
Look a - way! (Look a - way!) Look a -
f
ff
ff
way! (Look a - way!) Look a - way! (Look a - way!) Dix - ie Land! (Dix - ie Land!)

*) The small notes may be sung if desired, using the words *Pling, Pling* in imitation of the banjo

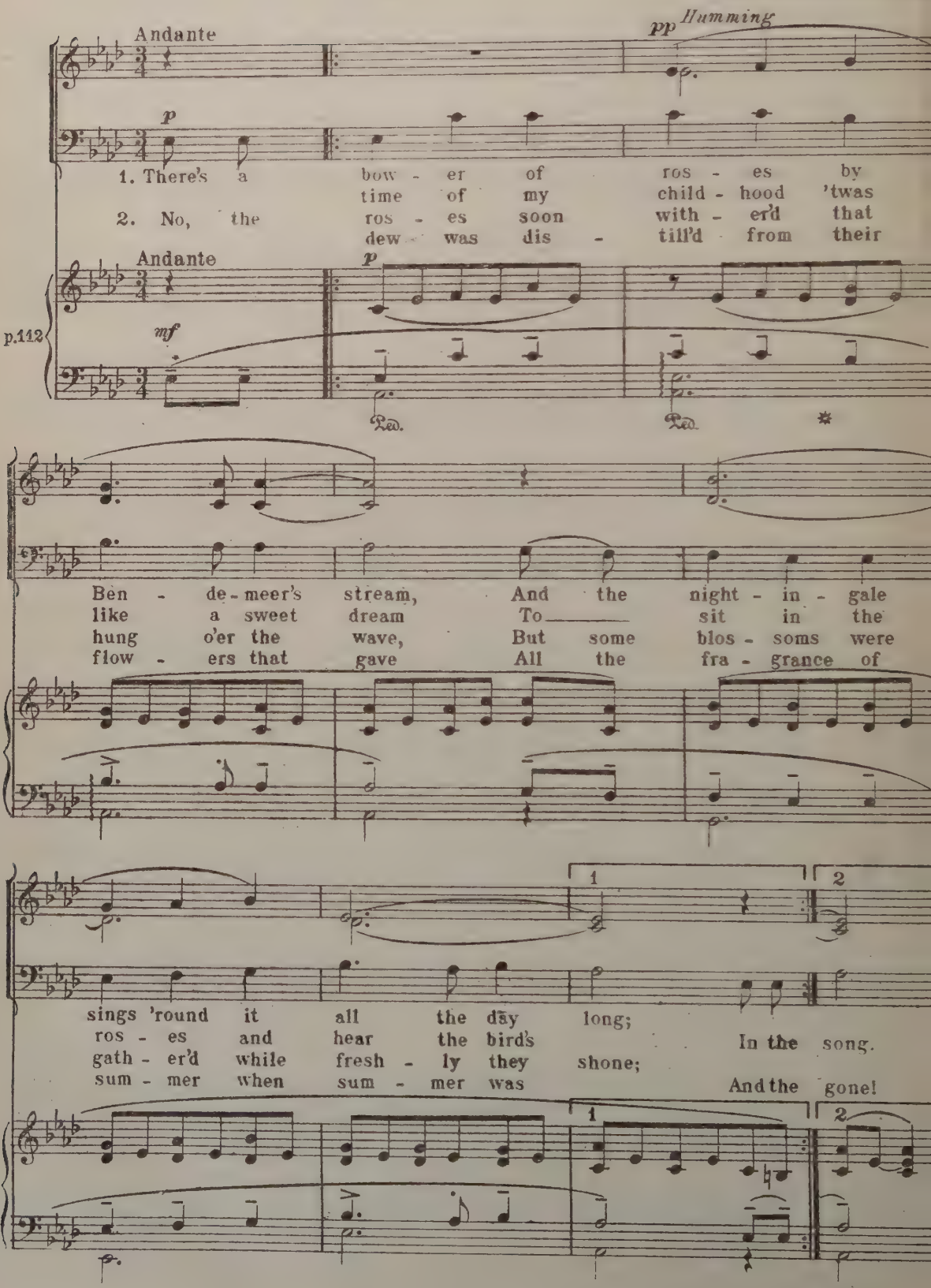

In Dix - ie Land whar I was born in, Ear - ly on one
But when he put his arm a - round 'er, He smiled as fierce as a
Ole Mis - sus act de fool - ish part, And died for a man dat
Den hoe it down an' scratch your grab - ble, To Dix - ie's Land I'm
frost - y morn - in',
for - ty pound - er,
broke her heart,
bound to trab - ble,
Look a - way! (Look a-way!) Look a - way! (Look a - way!) Look a
way! (Look a - way!) Dix - ie Land (Dix - ie Land) Den I wish I was in Dix - ie, Hoo

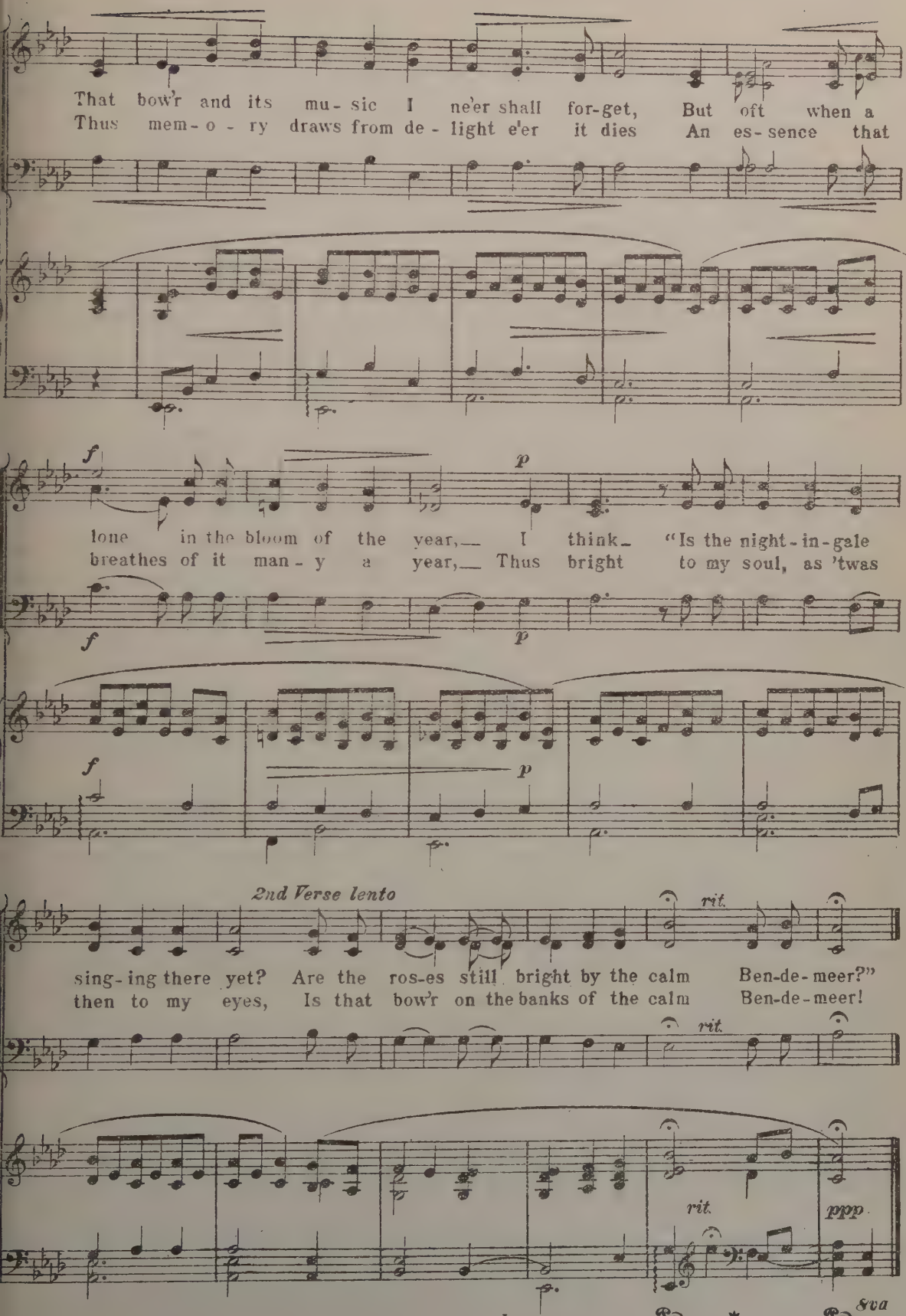

ray! Hoo - ray! In Dix-ie's Land, I'll take my stand To
ff
Hoo - ray! Hoo-ray!
ff
lib an' die in Dix - ie; A-way! A-way! A - way down south in
mf
ff
A - way! A - way!
Dix-ie; A-way! A-way! A - way down south in Dix - ie.
mf
ff
A - way! A - way!
ff

BENDEMEER'S STREAM

THOMAS MOORE

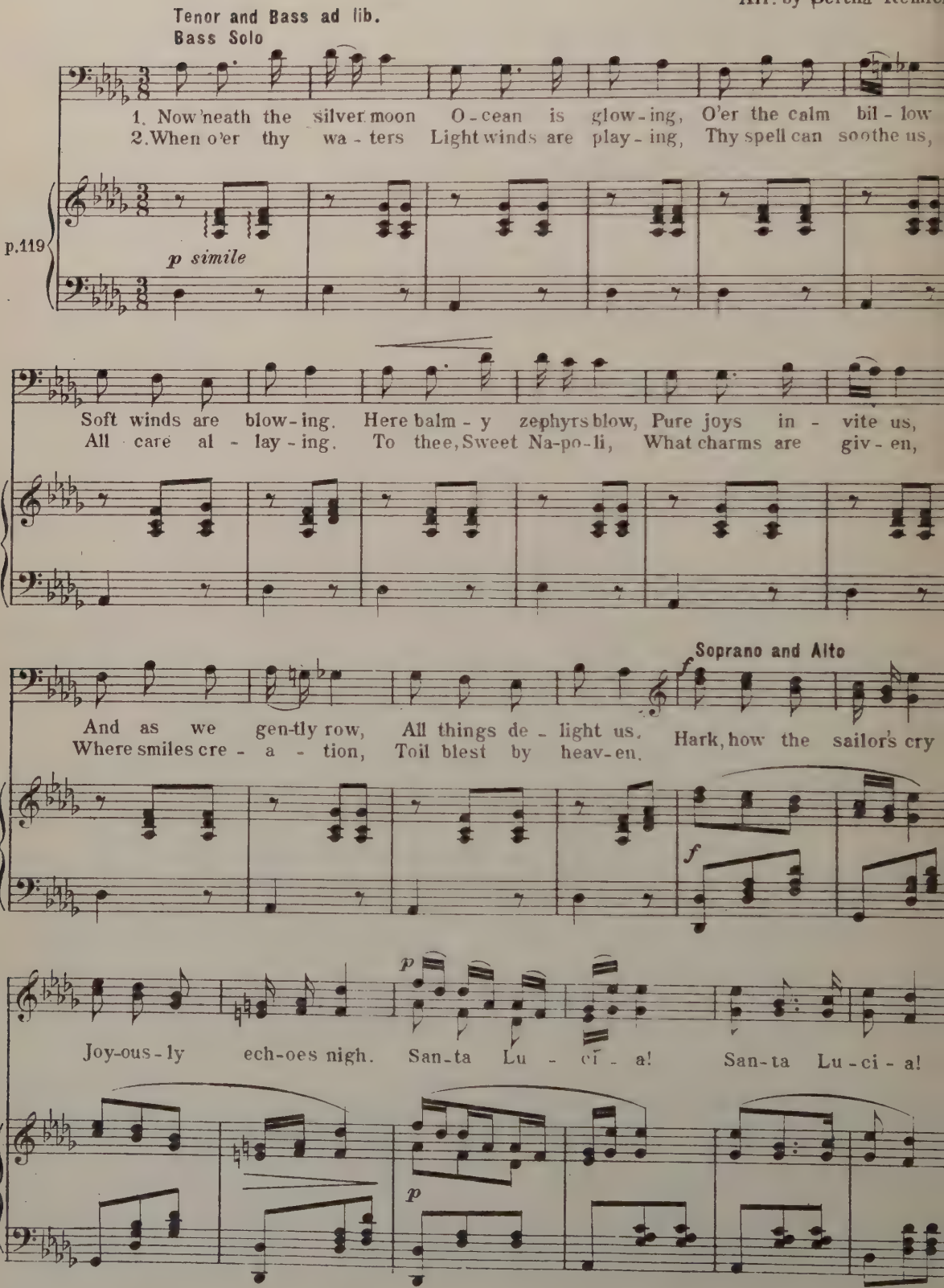
IRISH
Arr. by Bertha Remick

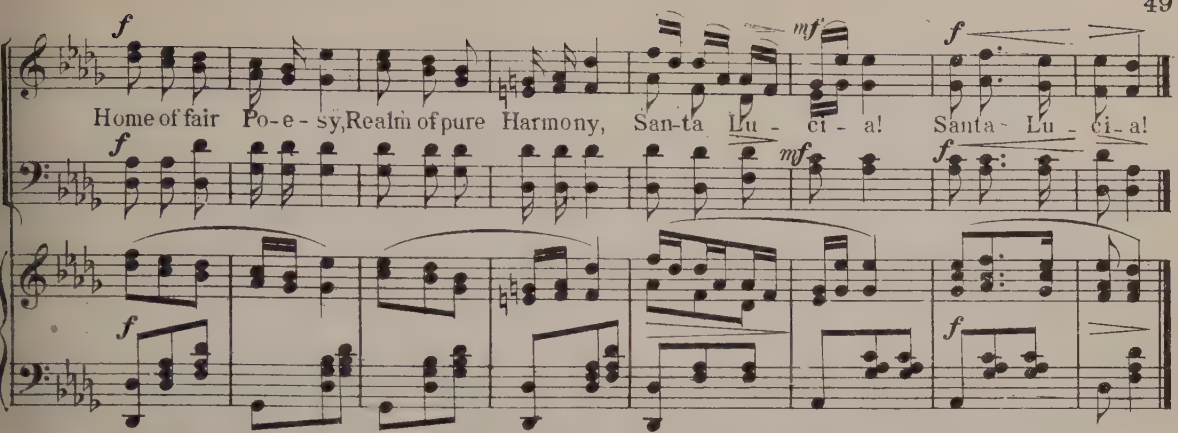

Andante
pp Humming
p
1. There's a bow - er of ros - es by
time of my child - hood 'twas
2. No, the ros - es soon with - er'd that
dew was dis - till'd from their
Andante
p
mf
p.112
Ped.
Ped.
Ben - de - meer's stream, And the night - in - gale
like a sweet dream To sit in the
hung o'er the wave, But some blos - soms were
flow - ers that gave All the fra - grance of
1
2
sings 'round it all the day long;
ros - es and hear the bird's In the song.
gath - er'd while fresh - ly they shone;
sum - mer when sum - mer was And the gone!
1
2


That bow'r and its mu - sic I ne'er shall for-get, But oft when a
Thus mem - o - ry draws from de - light e'er it dies An es - sence that
f
p
lone in the bloom of the year,— I think— "Is the night - in - gale
breathes of it man - y a year,— Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas
f
p
f
p
2nd Verse lento
rit.
sing - ing there yet? Are the ros-es still bright by the calm Ben-de-meer?"
then to my eyes, Is that bow'r on the banks of the calm Ben-de-meer!
rit.
rit.
ppp
Ped.
Ped.
8va

SANTA LUCIA

ITALIAN FOLKSONG
Arr. by Bertha Remick

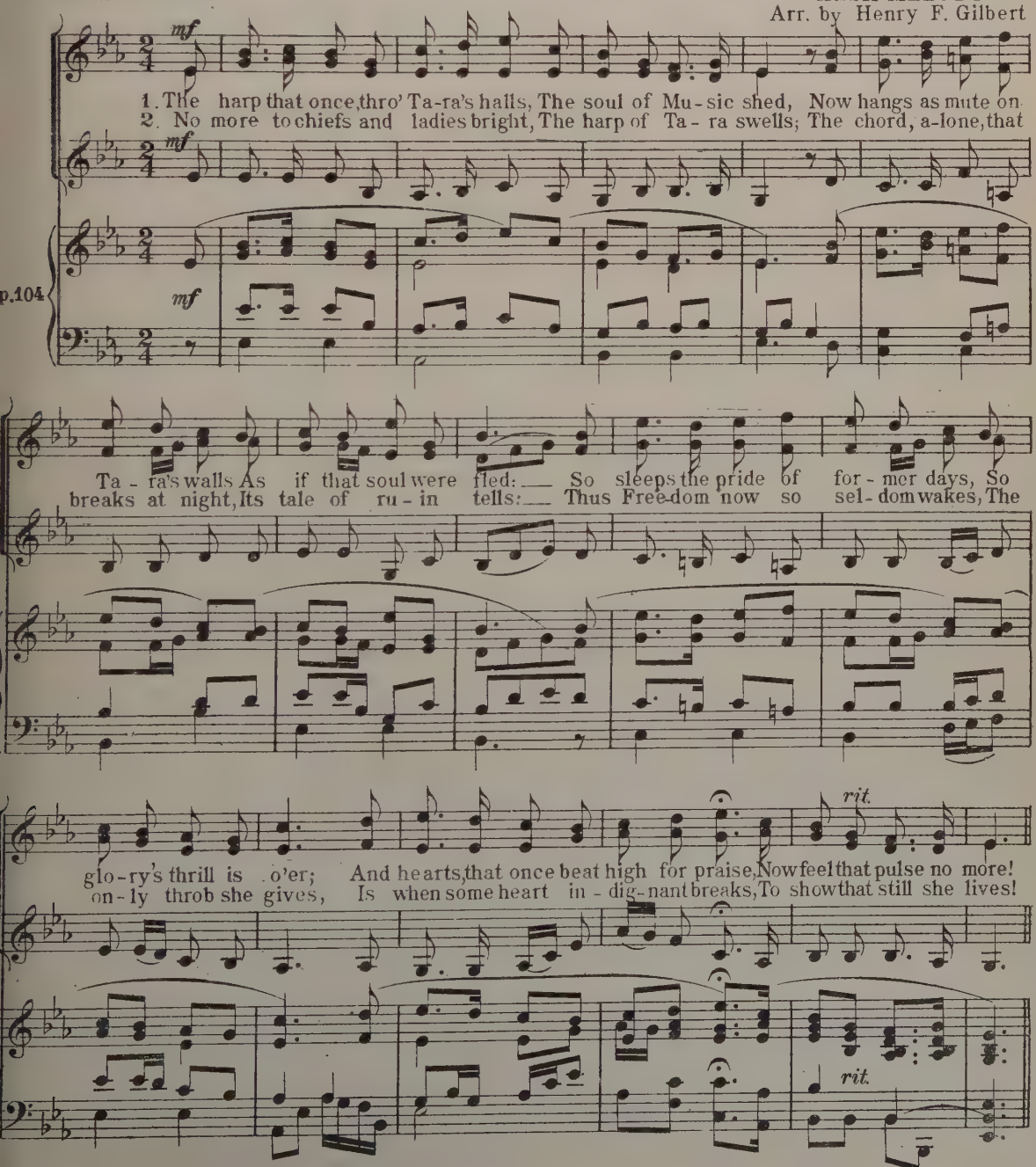

Tenor and Bass ad lib.
Bass Solo
1. Now 'neath the silver moon O - cean is glow - ing, O'er the calm bil - low
2. When o'er thy wa - ters Light winds are play - ing, Thy spell can soothe us,
p.119
p simile
Soft winds are blow - ing. Here balm - y zephyrs blow, Pure joys in - vite us,
All care al - lay - ing. To thee, Sweet Na-po-li, What charms are giv - en,
Soprano and Alto
f
And as we gen-tly row, All things de - light us. Hark, how the sailor's cry
Where smiles cre - a - tion, Toil blest by heav-en.
f
p
Joy-ous - ly ech-oes nigh. San-ta Lu - ci - a! San-ta Lu - ci - a!
p



THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS

THOMAS MOORE

IRISH MELODY
Arr. by Henry F. Gilbert


1. The harp that once, thro' Ta-ra's halls, The soul of Mu-sic shed, Now hangs as mute on
2. No more to chiefs and ladies bright, The harp of Ta-ra swells; The chord, a-lone, that
Ta-ra's walls As if that soul were fled: So sleeps the pride of for-mer days, So
breaks at night, Its tale of ru-in tells: Thus Free-dom now so sel-dom wakes, The
glo-ry's thrill is o'er; And hearts, that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more!
on-ly throb she gives, Is when some heart in-dig-nant breaks, To show that still she lives!
rit.
rit.

CANOE SONG

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

Italian
Arr. by N.Clifford Page

Allegretto grazioso

mf 𝄋 *Twice through from beginning to end, then repeat 2d verse to Fine.*

1. A soft wind is blow-ing, The riv-er is flow-ing,
pad-dle is dip-ping, The bright drops are drip-ping,

p

La la la la la la la la, White
As

* TENOR ad lib.

p

Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la.

Allegretto grazioso

𝄋

p.111

mf

Fine *p*

La la la la la la la la Ah

p

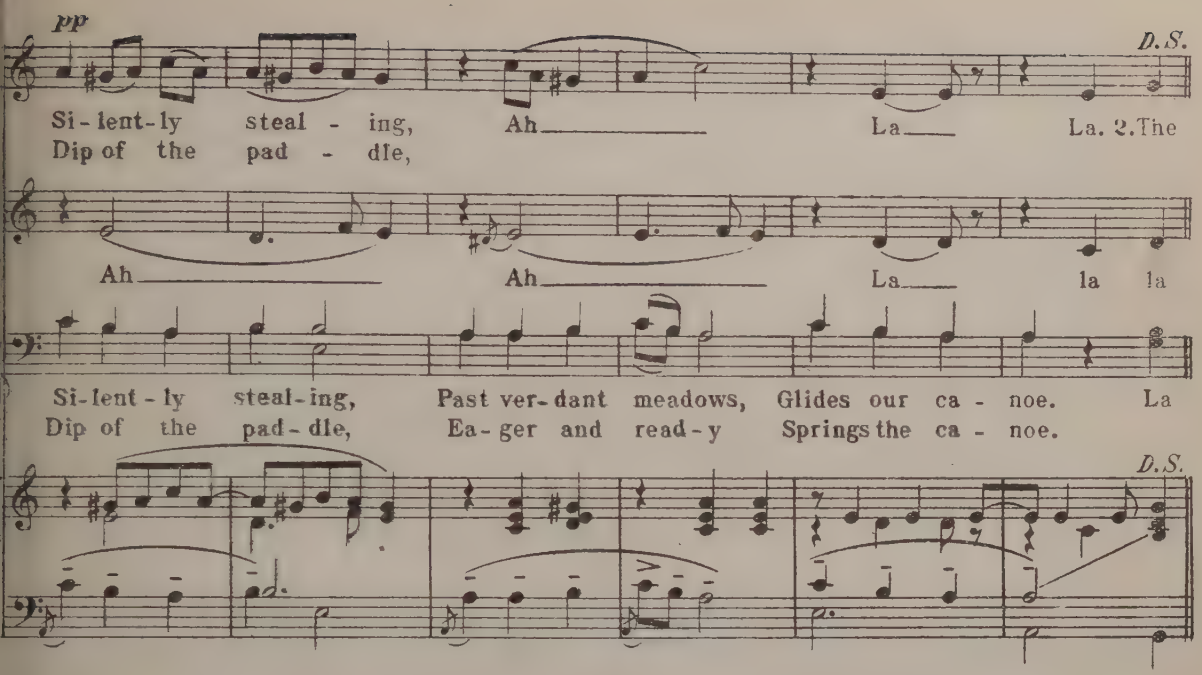
blos-soms are snow-ing Up-on our ca-noe. Ah
gen-tly goes slip-ping Our lit-tle ca-noe.

mf

Tra la la la la la Tra la la la la. Qui-et as shadows
E-ven and steady,

Fine

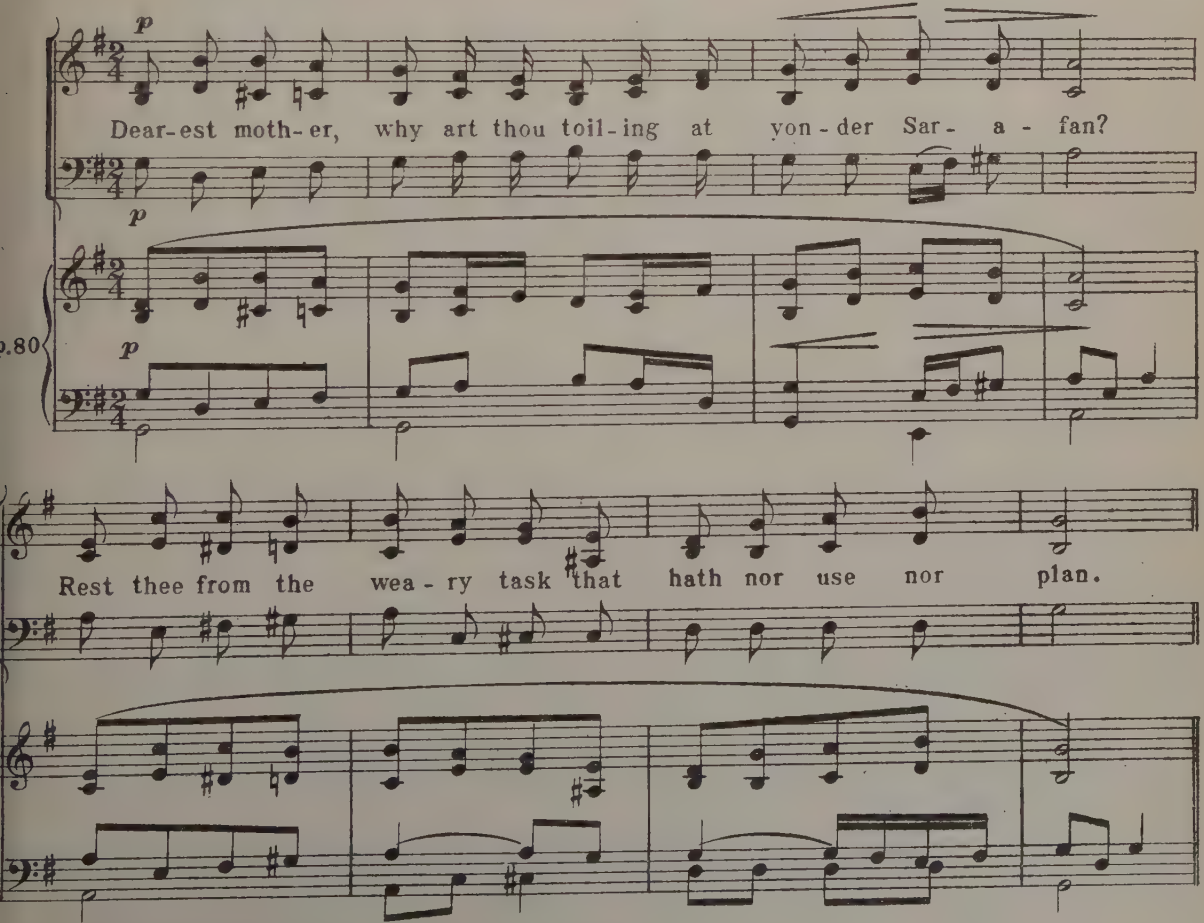
*) Tenor can be sung by Alto 2nd

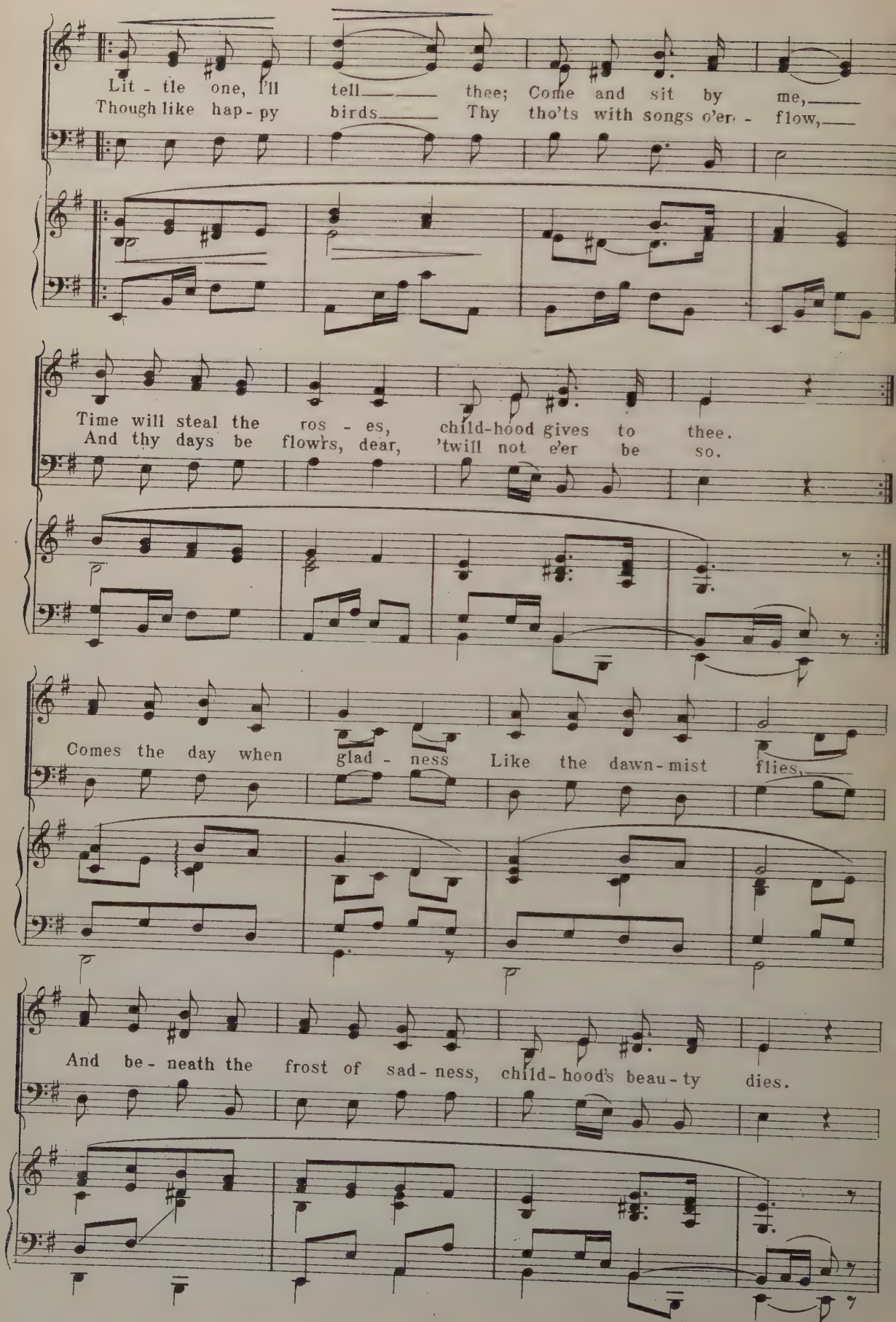

pp
D.S.
Si-lent-ly steal - ing, Ah La La. 2.The
Dip of the pad - dle,
Ah Ah La la la
Si-lent-ly steal-ing, Past ver-dant meadows, Glides our ca - noe. La
Dip of the pad-dle, Ea-ger and read-y Springs the ca - noe.
D.S.

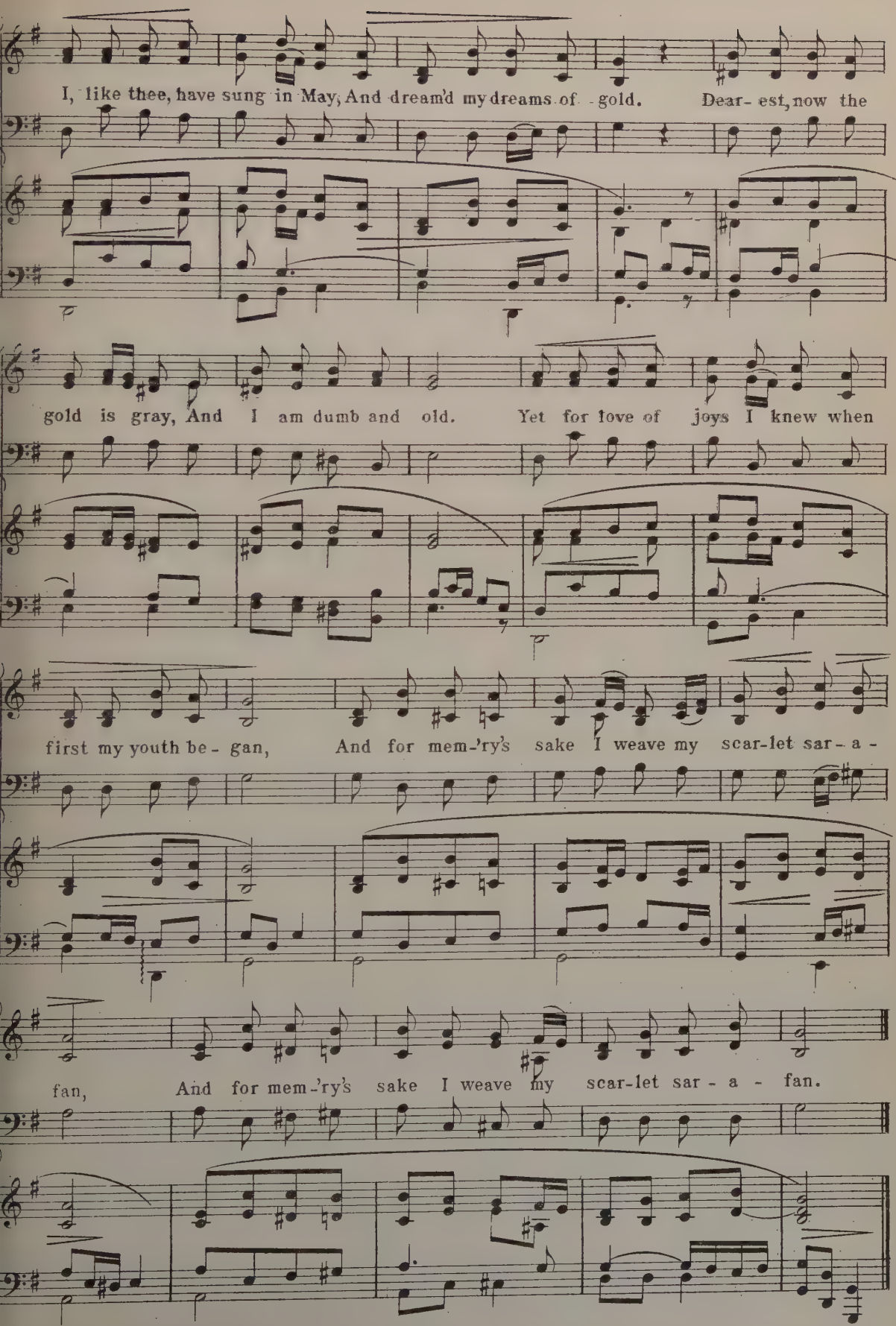
THE SCARLET SARAFAN

ZIGANON
English by Alonzo Dewey

N. A. TITOFF
Arr. by Henry F. Gilbert




Lit - tle one, I'll tell thee; Come and sit by me,
Though like hap - py birds Thy tho'ts with songs o'er - flow,
Time will steal the ros - es, child-hood gives to thee.
And thy days be flowrs, dear, 'twill not e'er be so.
Comes the day when glad - ness Like the dawn-mist flies,
And be - neath the frost of sad - ness, child-hood's beau - ty dies.


I, like thee, have sung in May, And dream'd my dreams of gold. Dear- est, now the
gold is gray, And I am dumb and old. Yet for love of joys I knew when
first my youth be- gan, And for mem-'ry's sake I weave my scar-let sar- a -
fan, And for mem-'ry's sake I weave my scar-let sar - a - fan.

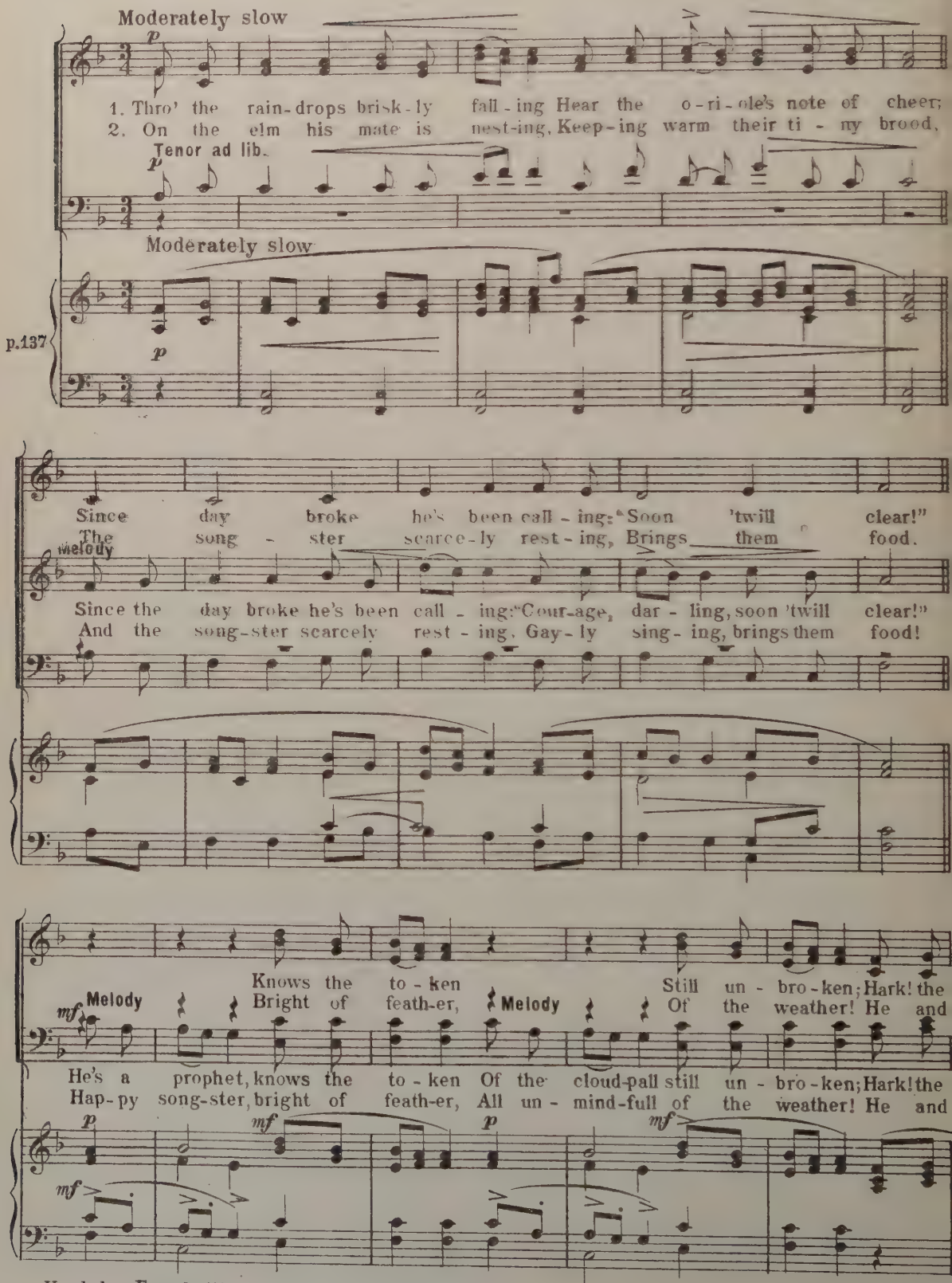
SINGING IN THE RAIN

(Gott weiss es)

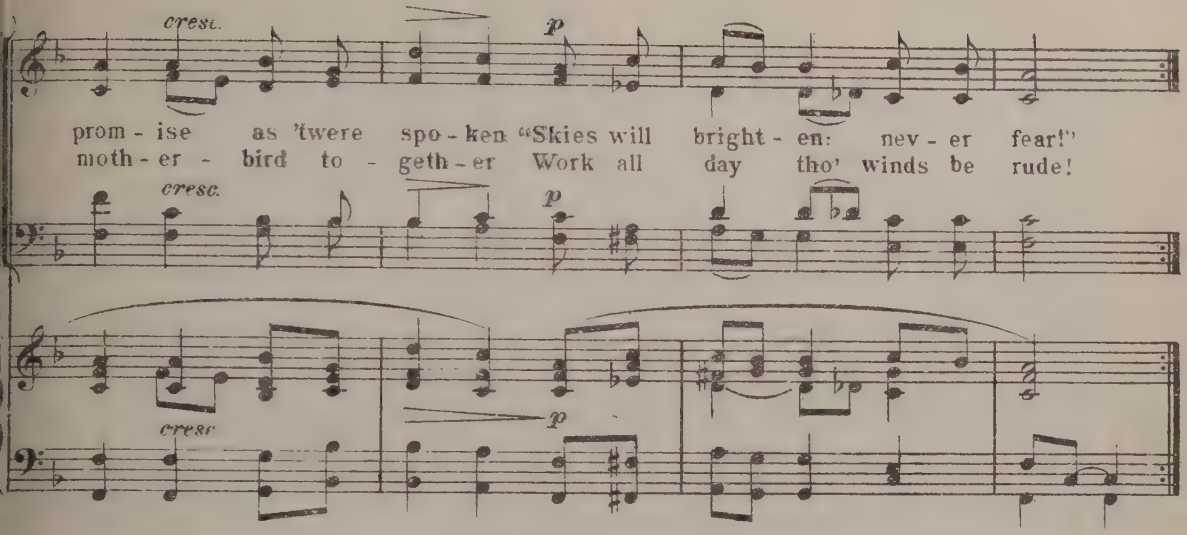
NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

GERMAN FOLK-SONG

★ Arr. by N. Clifford Page


Moderately slow
p
1. Thro' the rain-drops brisk-ly fall-ing Hear the o-ri-ole's note of cheer;
2. On the elm his mate is nest-ing, Keep-ing warm their ti-ny brood,
Tenor ad lib.
Moderately slow
p.137
Since day broke he's been call-ing: "Soon 'twill clear!"
The song-ster scarce-ly rest-ing, Brings them food.
Melody
Since the day broke he's been call-ing: "Cour-age, dar-ling, soon 'twill clear!"
And the song-ster scarcely rest-ing. Gay-ly sing-ing, brings them food!
Knows the to-ken Still un-bro-ken; Hark! the
Melody
Bright of feath-er, Melody Of the weather! He and
He's a prophet, knows the to-ken Of the cloud-pall still un-bro-ken; Hark! the
Hap-py song-ster, bright of feath-er, All un-mind-full of the weather! He and

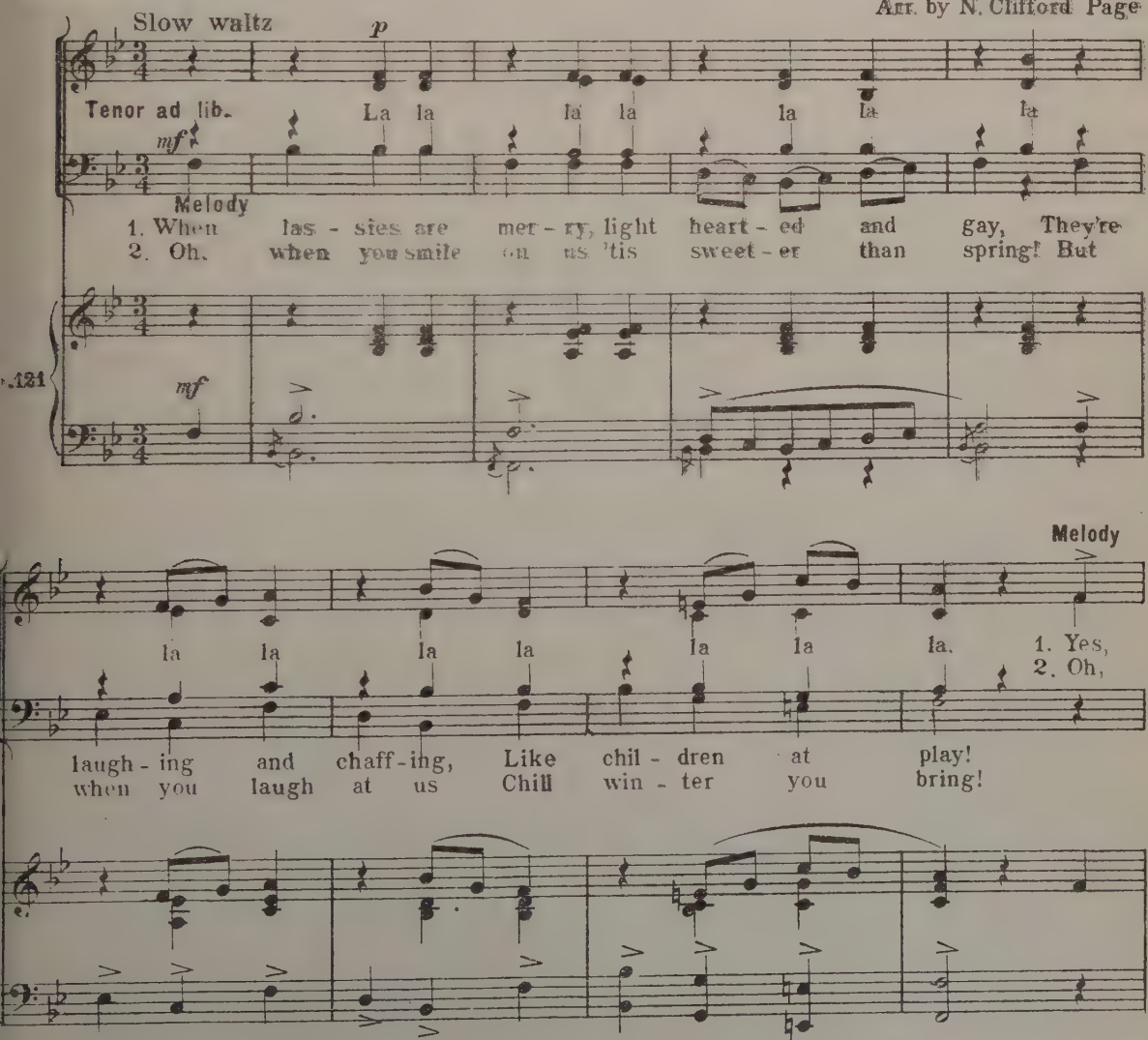
★ Used by Franchetti in his opera "Germania"

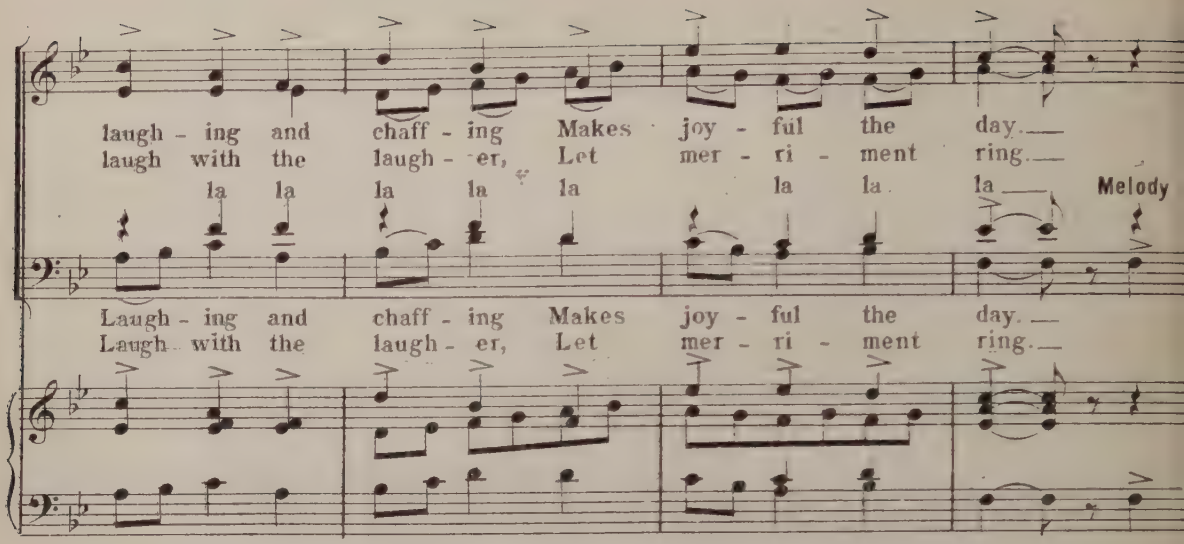

cresc.
p
prom - ise as 'twere spo - ken "Skies will bright - en: nev - er fear!"
moth - er - bird to - geth - er Work all day tho' winds be rude!
cresc.
p
cresc.
p

LAUGHING SONG

FRANCES GRANDIN

GERMAN
Arr. by N. Clifford Page


Slow waltz
p
Tenor ad lib.
La la la la la la la
mf
Melody
1. When las - sies are mer - ry, light heart - ed and gay, They're
2. Oh, when you smile on us 'tis sweet - er than spring! But
mf
Melody
la la la la la la la.
1. Yes,
2. Oh,
laugh - ing and chaff - ing, Like chil - dren at play!
when you laugh at us Chill win - ter you bring!

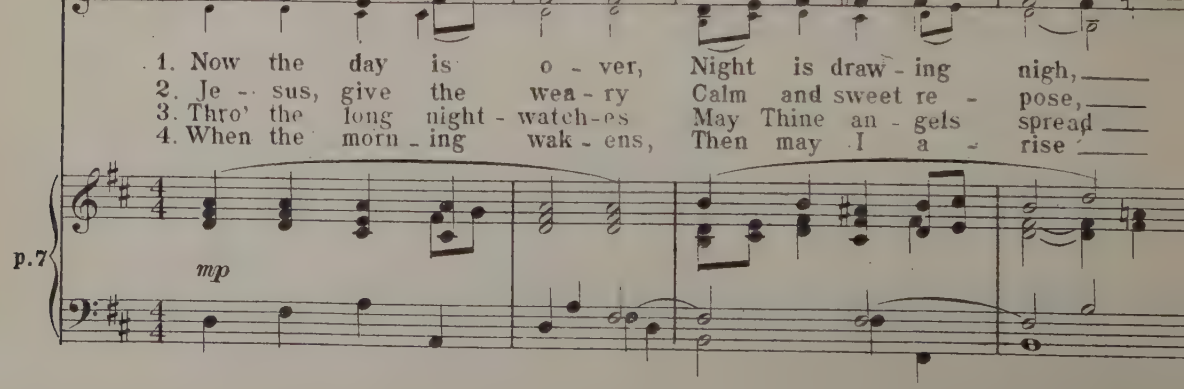

laugh - ing and chaff - ing Makes joy - ful the day.
laugh with the laugh - er, Let mer - ri - ment ring.
la la la la la la la la
Melody
Laugh - ing and chaff - ing Makes joy - ful the day.
Laugh with the laugh - er, Let mer - ri - ment ring.

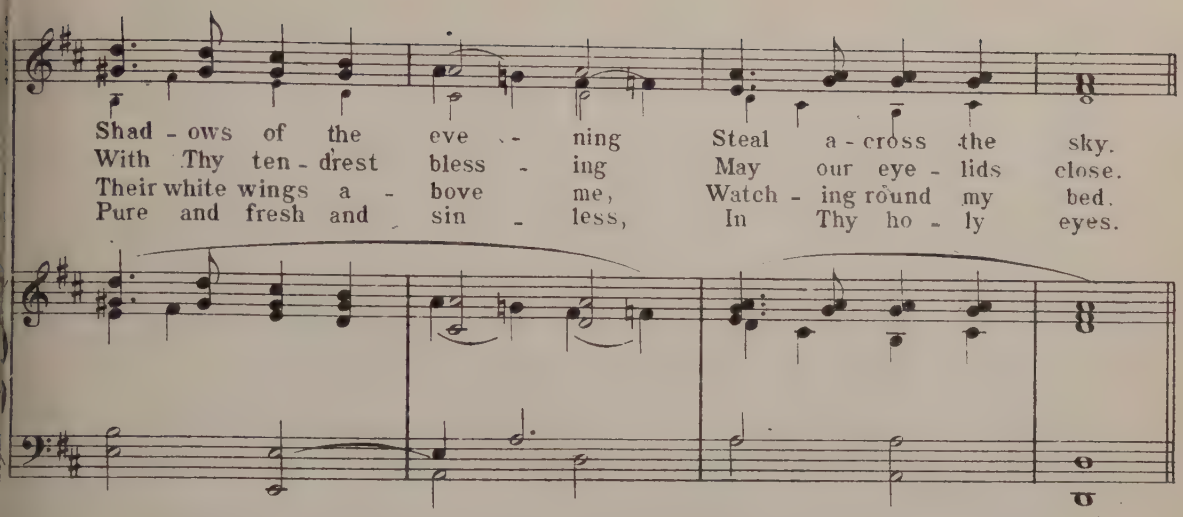
Lightly
Ha ha ha ha ha ha
Ha ha ha ha ha ha
ha ha ha!
Yes, chaff - ing,
laugh - ing and chaff - ing makes joy - ful the day.
ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!

NOW THE DAY IS OVER

S. BARING GOULD, 1865

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1868
Arr. by N. Clifford Page


1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose,
3. Thro' the long night - watch - es May Thine an - gels spread
4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise
mp
p.7

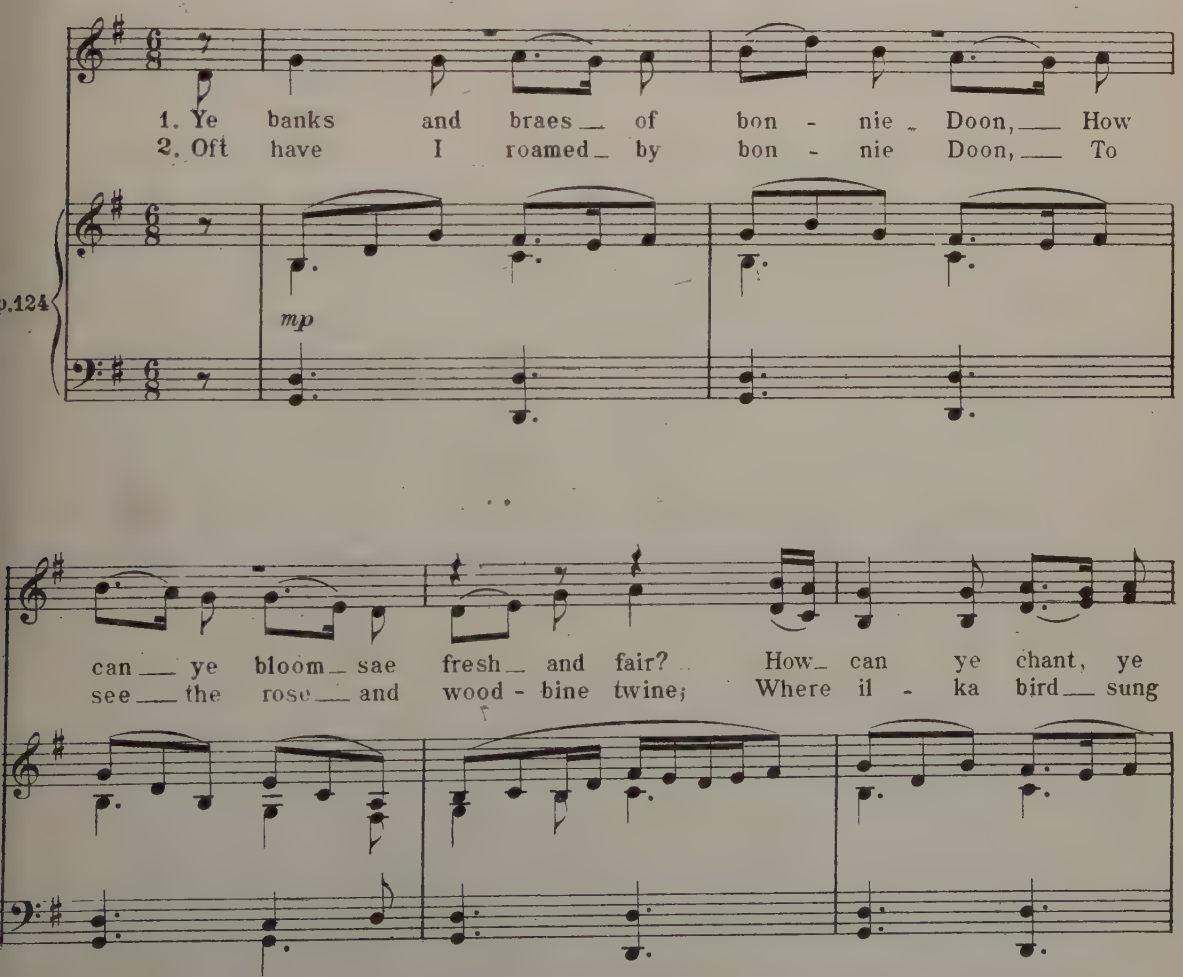

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten - drest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
Pure and fresh and sin - less, In Thy ho - ly eyes.

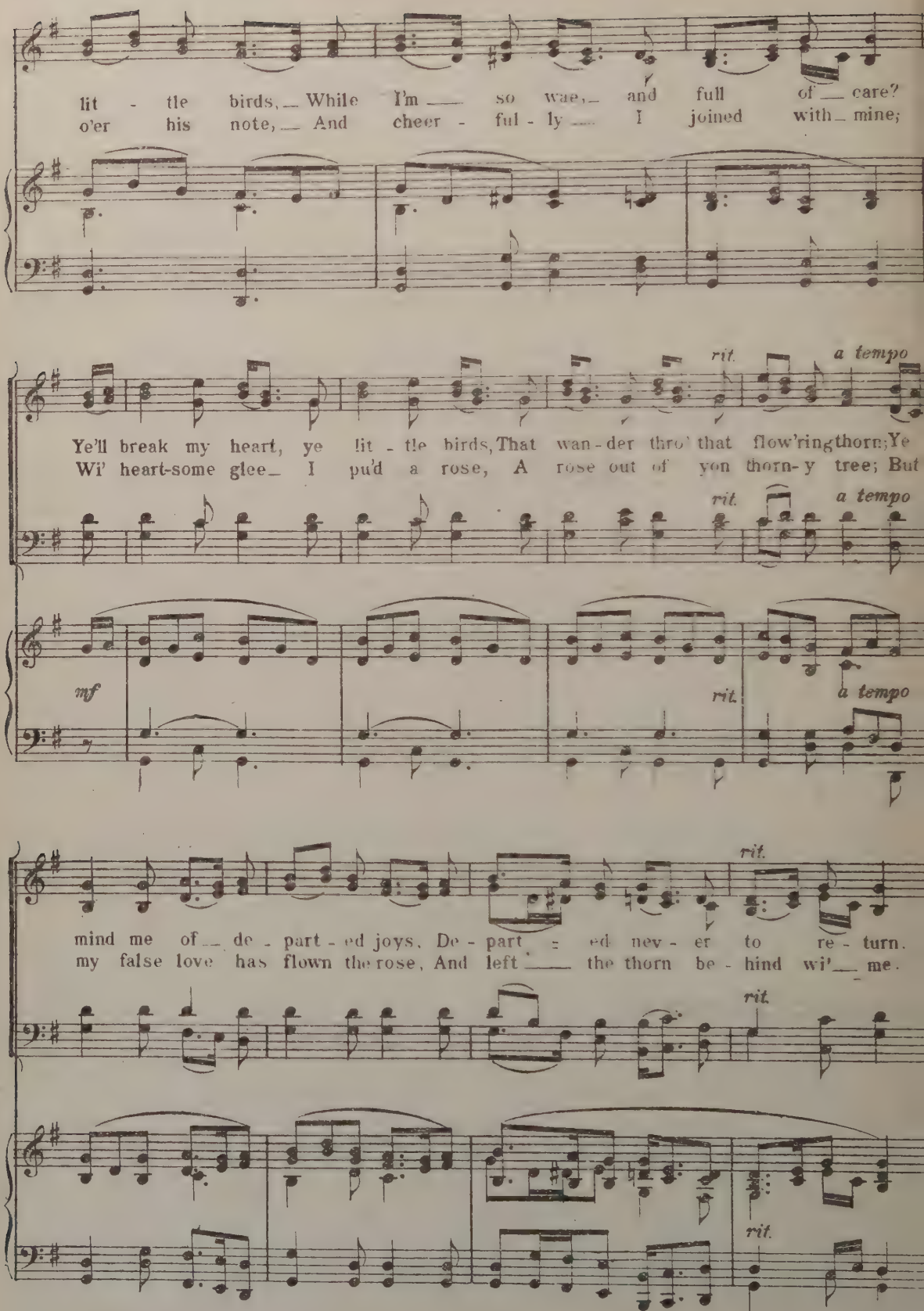
BONNIE DOON

(Tenor and Bass ad lib.)

ROBERT BURNS

JAMES MILLAR
Arr. by J. Remington

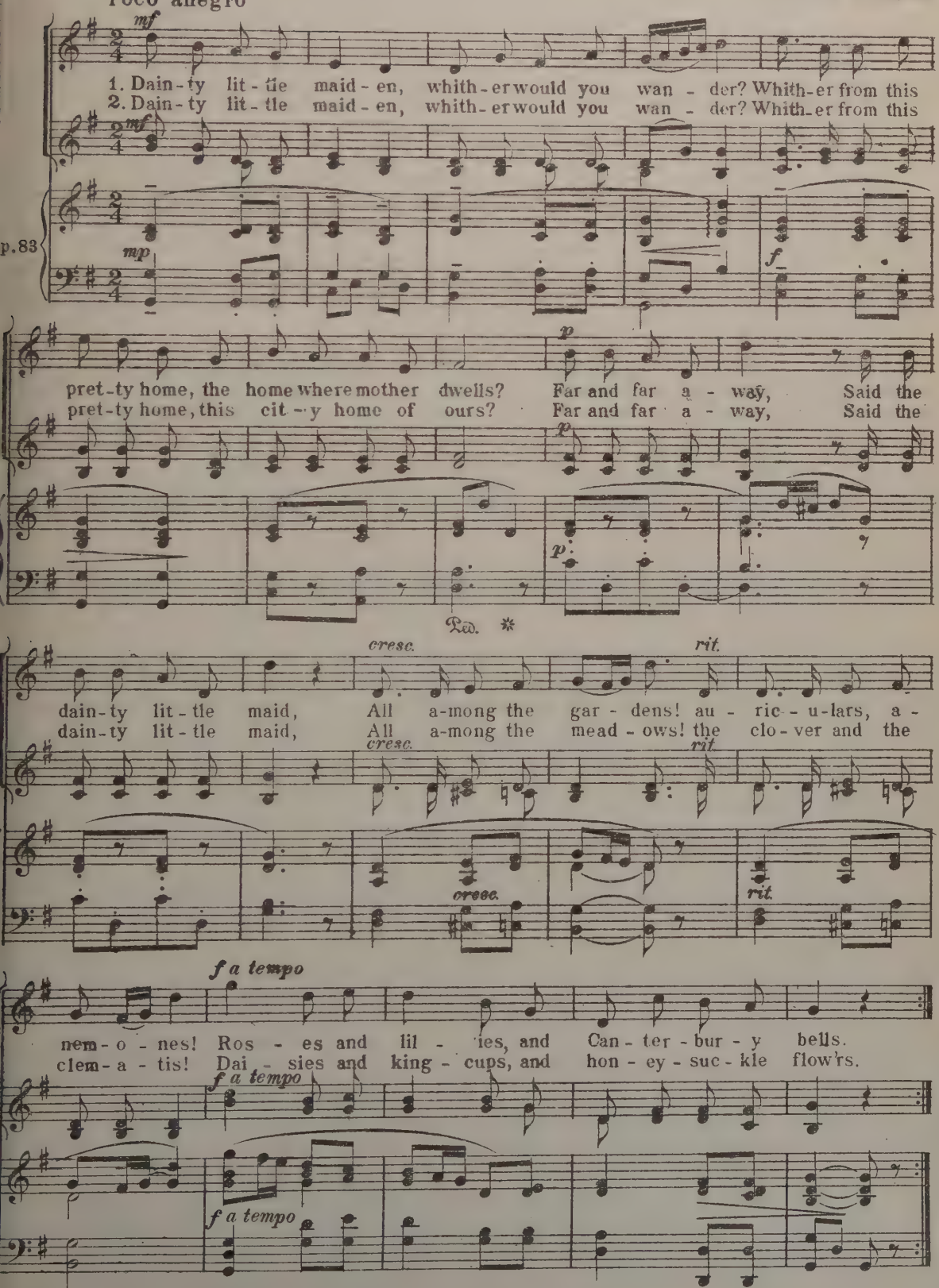

1. Ye banks and braes of bon - nie Doon, How
2. Oft have I roamed by bon - nie Doon, To
mp
can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How can ye chant, ye
see the rose and wood - bine twine; Where il - ka bird sung


lit - tle birds, While I'm so wae, and full of care?
o'er his note, And cheer - ful - ly I joined with mine;
rit.
a tempo
Ye'll break my heart, ye lit - tle birds, That wan - der thro' that flow'ring thorn; Ye
Wi' heart-some glee I pu'd a rose, A rose out of yon thorn - y tree; But
rit.
a tempo
mf
rit.
a tempo
mind me of de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed nev - er to re - turn.
my false love has flown the rose, And left the thorn be - hind wi' me.
rit.
rit.

DAINTY LITTLE MAIDEN

ALFRED TENNYSON

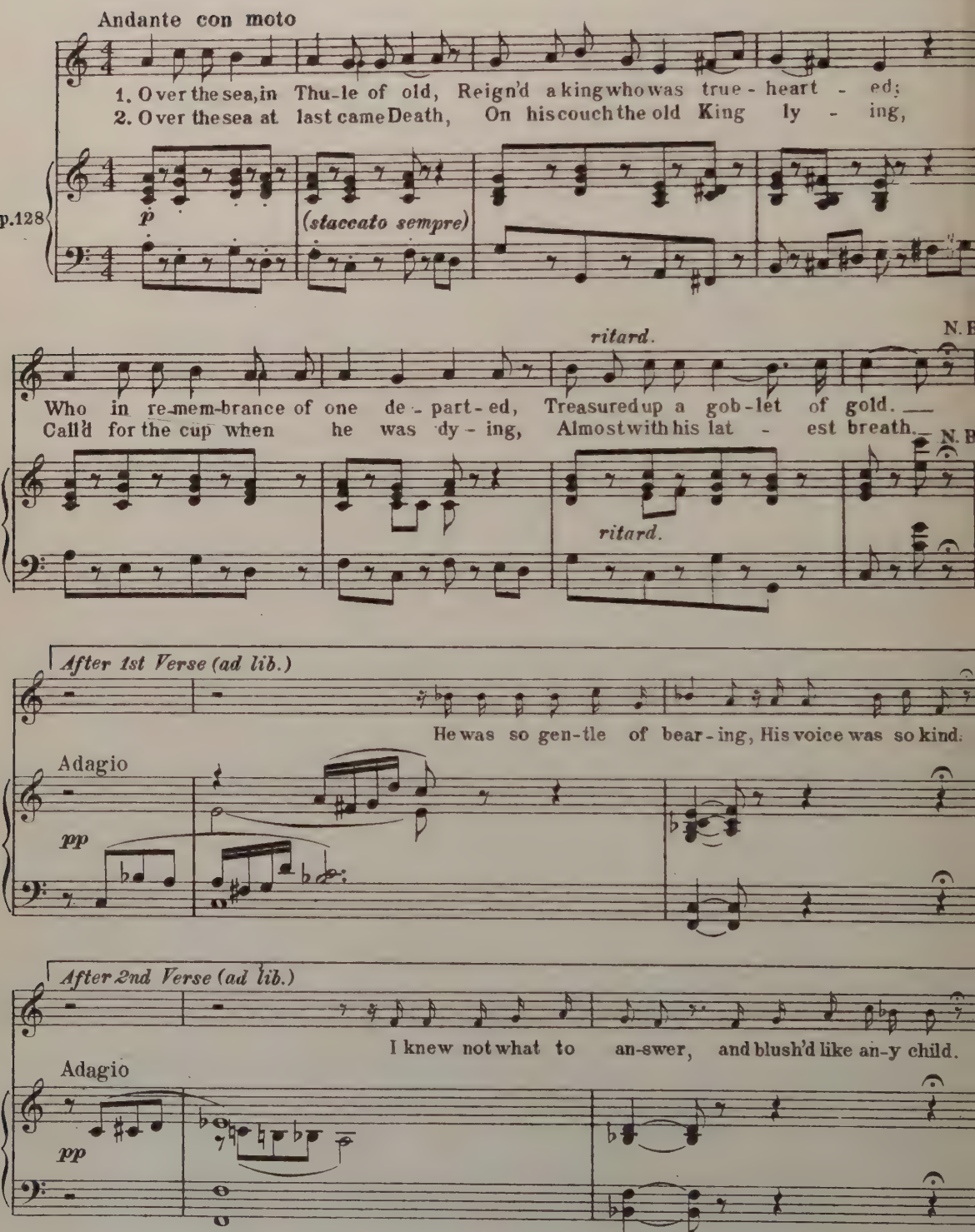
LAURA WICKES


Poco allegro
mf
1. Dain-ty lit-tle maid-en, whith-er would you wan-der? Whith-er from this
2. Dain-ty lit-tle maid-en, whith-er would you wan-der? Whith-er from this
mp
f
p
pret-ty home, the home where mother dwells? Far and far a-way, Said the
pret-ty home, this cit-y home of ours? Far and far a-way, Said the
Ped. *
cresc.
rit.
dain-ty lit-tle maid, All a-mong the gar-dens! au-ric-u-lars, a-
dain-ty lit-tle maid, All a-mong the mead-ows! the clo-ver and the
f a tempo
nem-o-nes! Ros-es and lil-ies, and Can-ter-bur-y bells.
clem-a-tis! Dai-sies and king-cups, and hon-ey-suc-kle flow'rs.

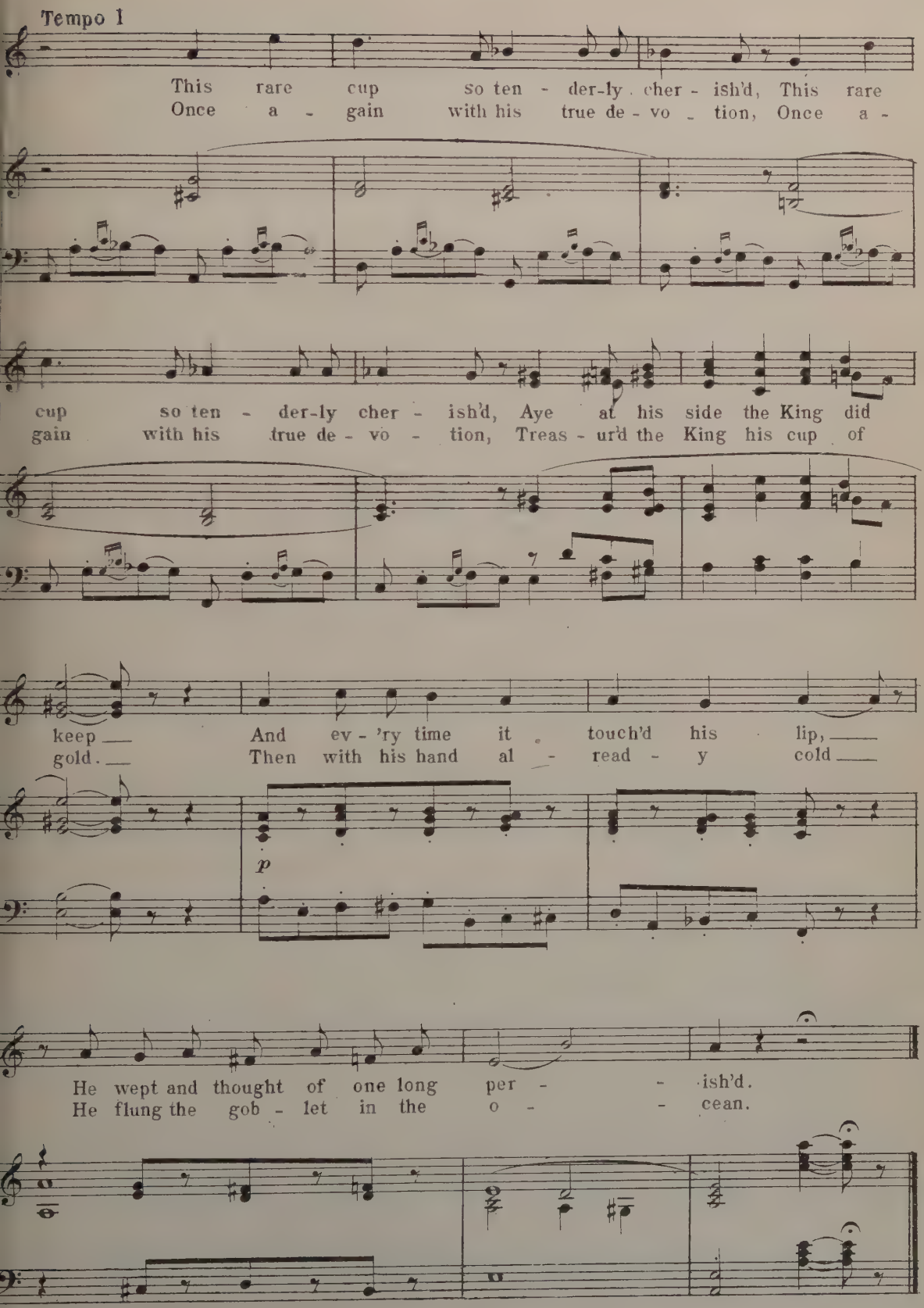
THE KING OF THULE

(From "Faust")

CHARLES GOUNOD


Andante con moto
1. Over the sea, in Thu-le of old, Reign'd a king who was true - heart - ed;
2. Over the sea at last came Death, On his couch the old King ly - ing,
p.128
p
(staccato sempre)
ritard.
N. B.
Who in re-mem-brance of one de - part - ed, Treasured up a gob-let of gold.
Call'd for the cup when he was dy - ing, Almost with his lat - est breath.
N. B.
ritard.
After 1st Verse (ad lib.)
He was so gen-tle of bear-ing, His voice was so kind.
Adagio
pp
After 2nd Verse (ad lib.)
I knew not what to an-swer, and blush'd like an-y child.
Adagio
pp

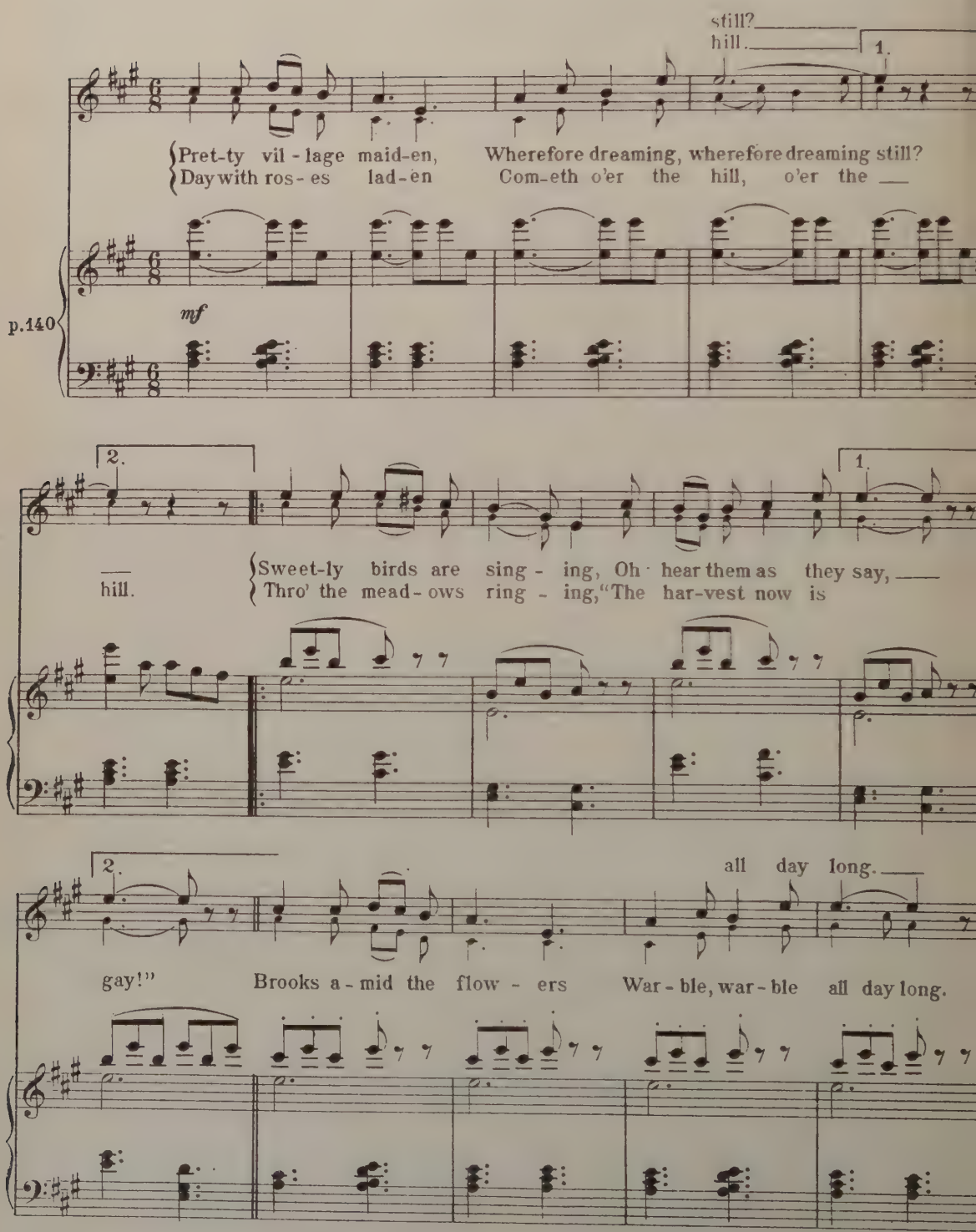
N. B. The measures following, marked 1st and 2nd Verse *(ad lib.)* have no meaning except in relation to the story of the opera, and may be omitted; in which case, after the hold at N. B. go directly to Tempo I. next page.

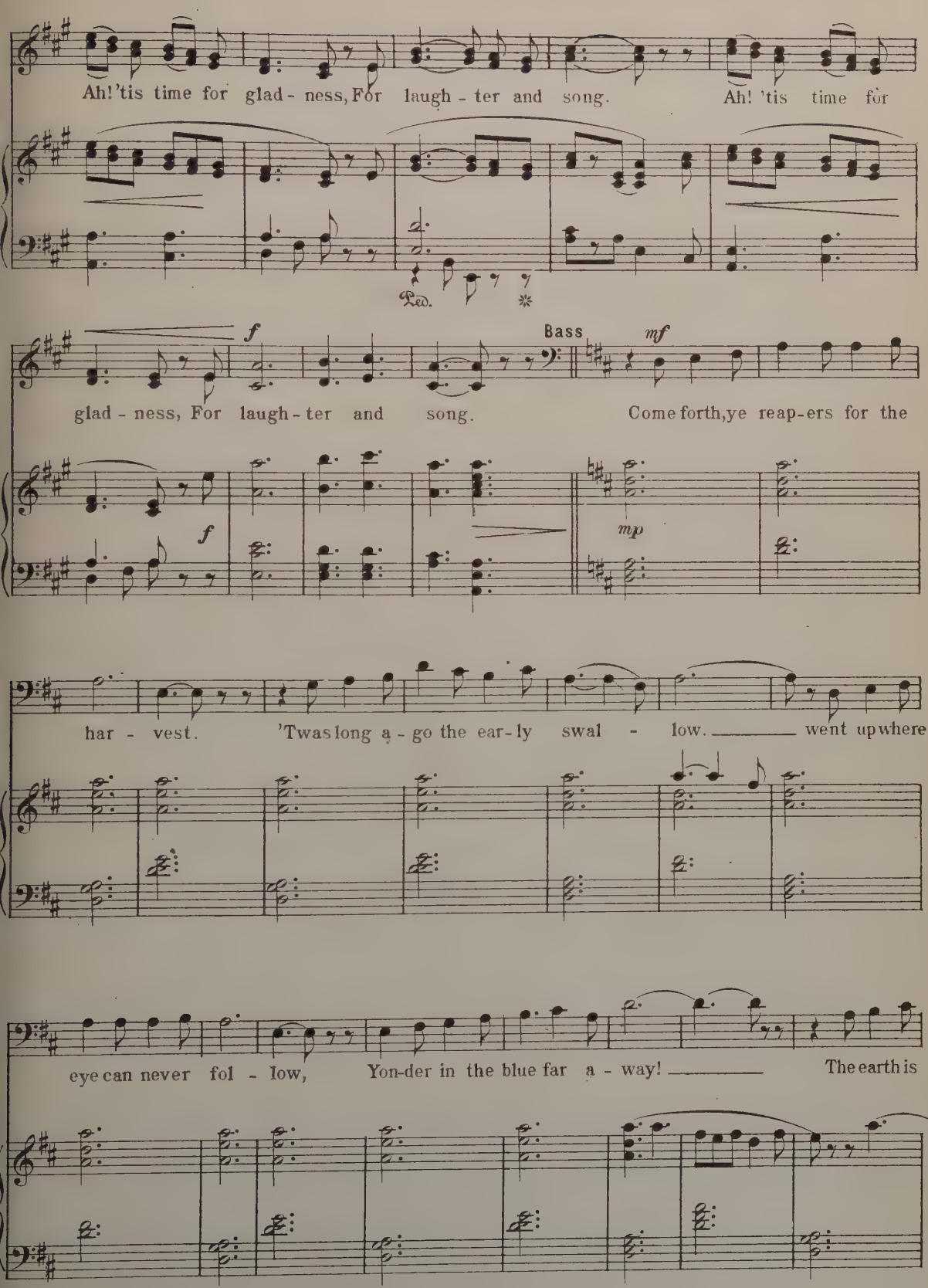

Tempo 1
This rare cup so ten - der-ly cher - ish'd, This rare
Once a - gain with his true de - vo - tion, Once a -
cup so ten - der-ly cher - ish'd, Aye at his side the King did
gain with his true de - vo - tion, Treas - ur'd the King his cup of
keep And ev - 'ry time it touch'd his lip,
gold. Then with his hand al - read - y cold
p
He wept and thought of one long per - - ish'd.
He flung the gob - let in the o - - cean.

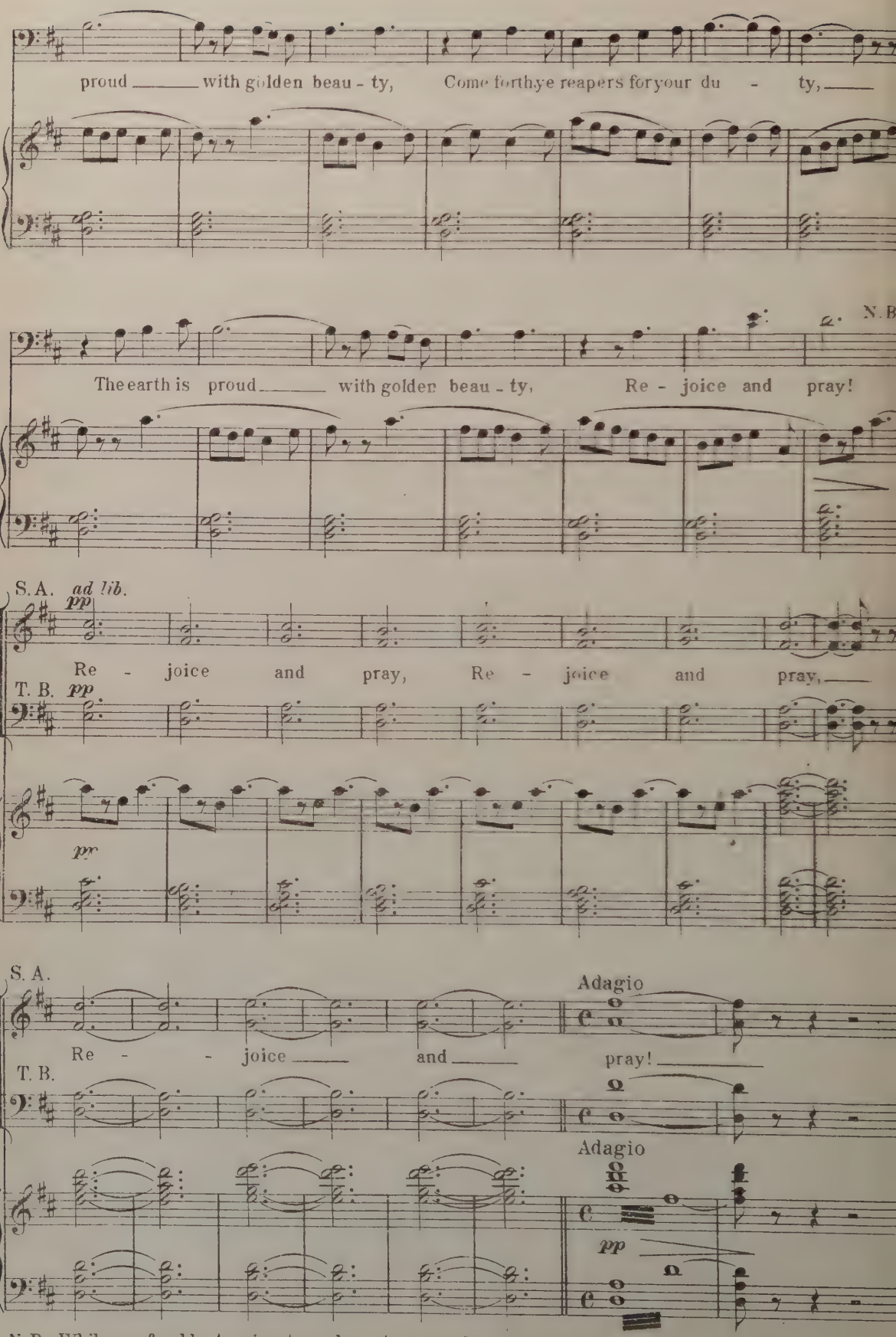
PRETTY VILLAGE MAIDEN

(From "Faust")

CHARLES GOUNO



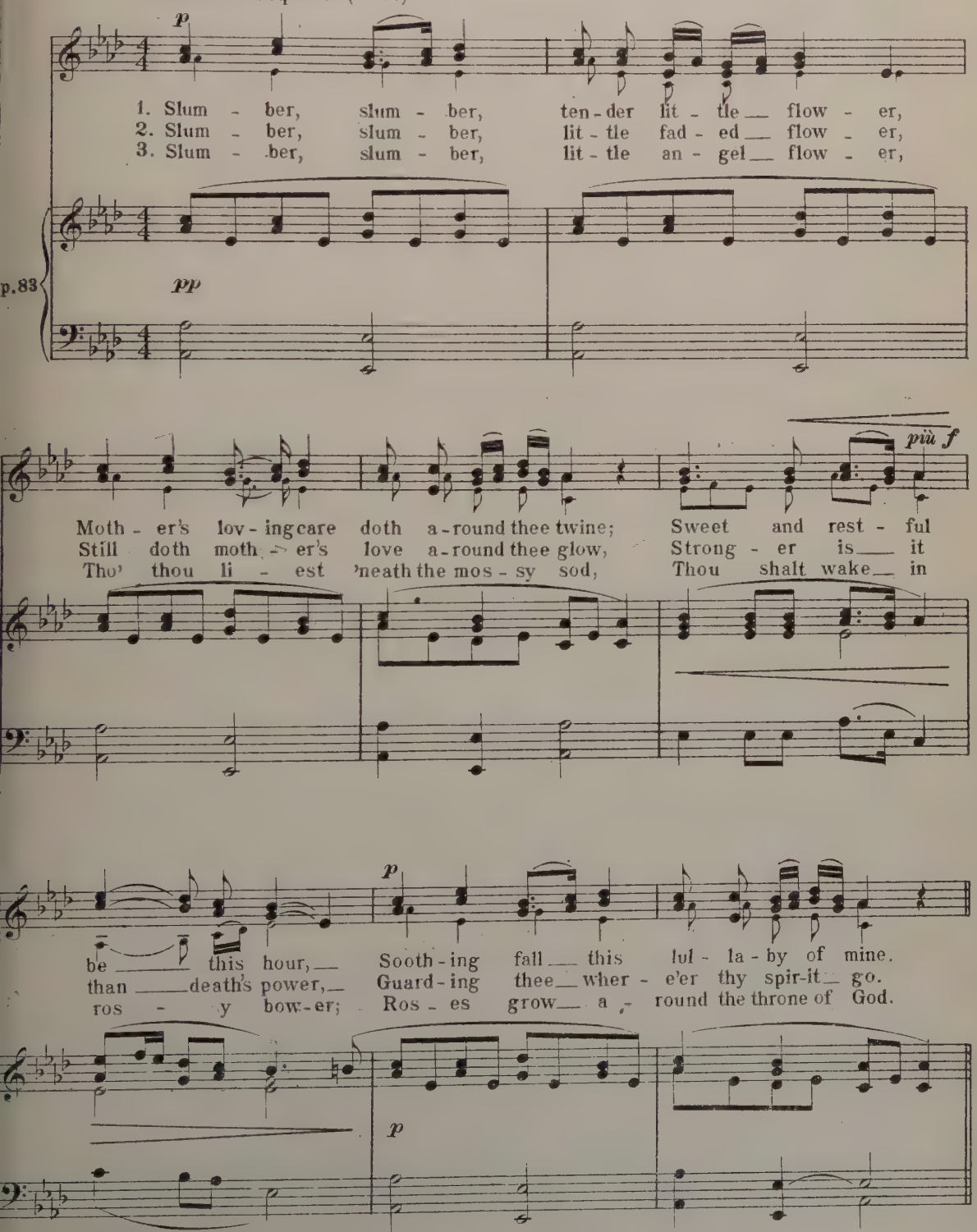

Ah! 'tis time for glad - ness, For laugh - ter and song. Ah! 'tis time for
Ped.
f
Bass
mf
glad - ness, For laugh - ter and song. Come forth, ye reap-ers for the
f
mp
har - vest. 'Twas long a - go the ear-ly swal - low. went up where
eye can never fol - low, Yon-der in the blue far a - way! The earth is


proud with golden beau - ty, Come forthye reapers foryour du - ty,
The earth is proud with golden beau - ty, Re - joice and pray!
N. B
S. A. ad lib.
pp
Re - joice and pray, Re - joice and pray,
T. B. pp
pp
S. A.
Adagio
Re - joice and pray!
T. B.
Adagio
pp

N. B. While preferable to sing to end, a stop can be made here.

CRADLE SONG

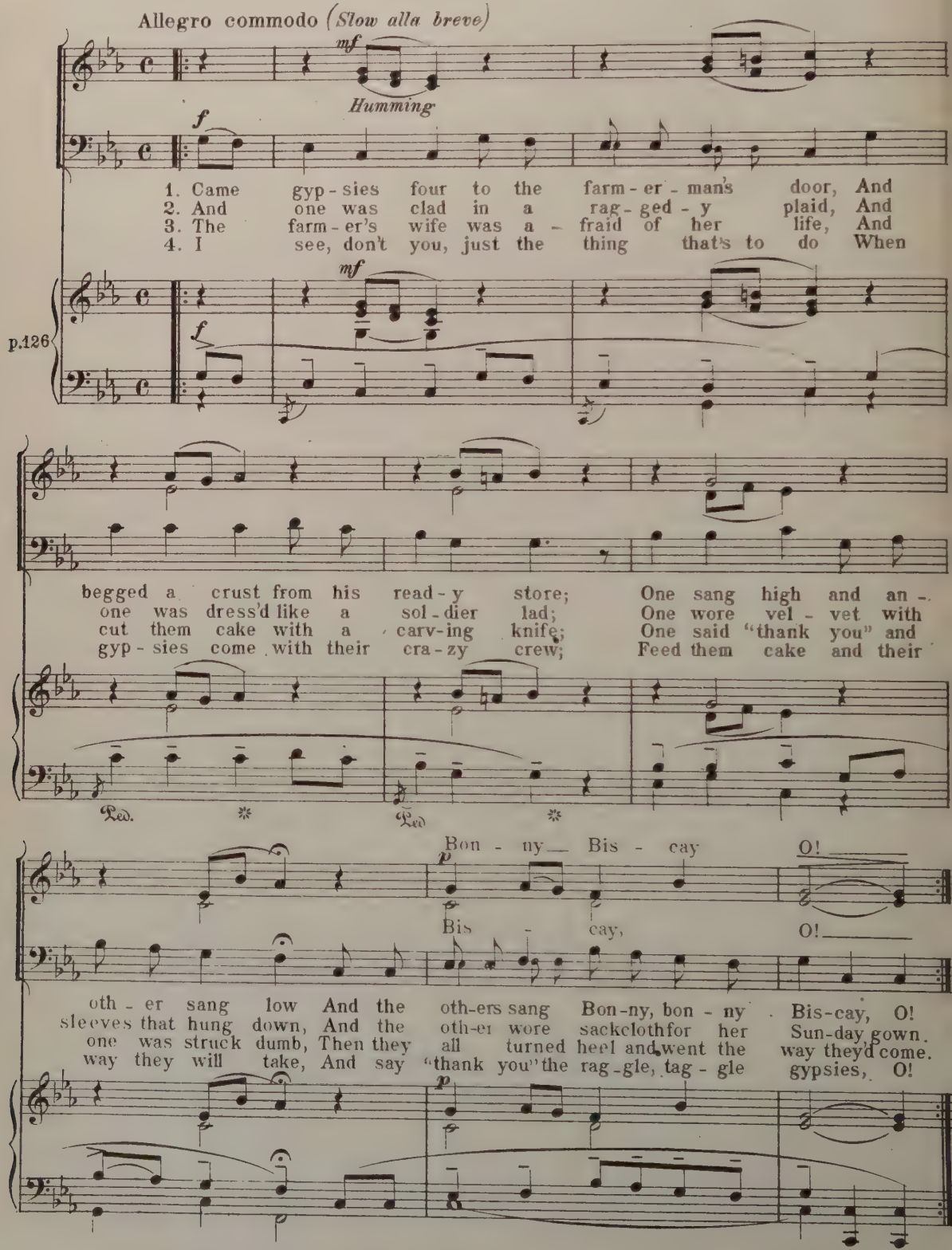
FRANZ SCHUBERT
Arr. by Frank Belknap


Andante tranquillo (♩=72)
p
1. Slum - ber, slum - ber, ten - der lit - tle flow - er,
2. Slum - ber, slum - ber, lit - tle fad - ed flow - er,
3. Slum - ber, slum - ber, lit - tle an - gel flow - er,
p. 83
pp
Moth - er's lov - ing care doth a - round thee twine; Sweet and rest - ful
Still doth moth - er's love a - round thee glow, Strong - er is it
Tho' thou li - est 'neath the mos - sy sod, Thou shalt wake in
più f
be this hour, Sooth - ing fall this lul - la - by of mine.
than death's power, Guard - ing thee wher - e'er thy spir - it go.
ros - y bow - er; Ros - es grow a - round the throne of God.
p
p

THE RAGGLE TAGGLE GYPSIES, O!

M. LOUISE BAUM
(After the original verse)

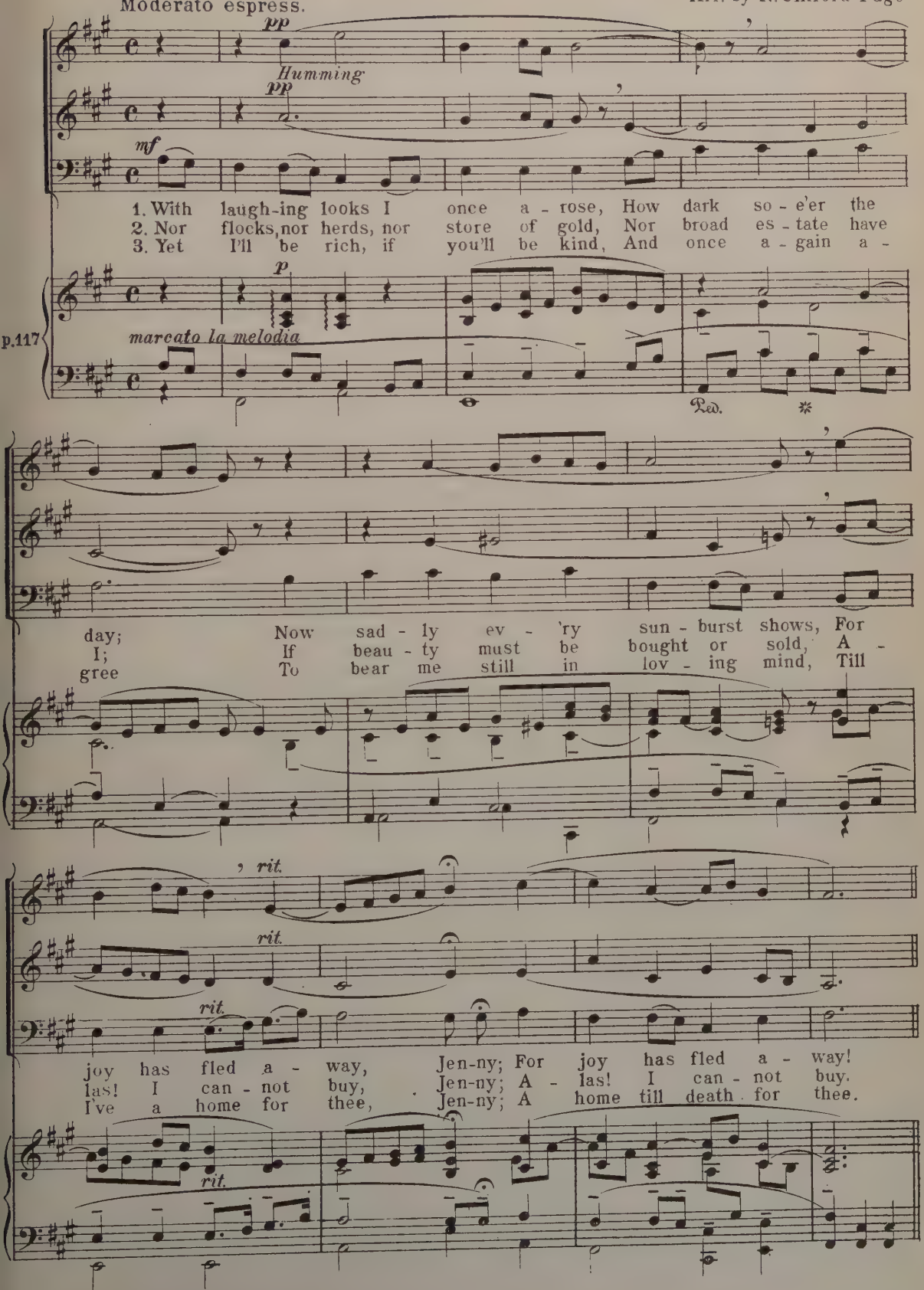
OLD ENGLISH. (SOMERSETSHIRE.)
Arranged by N. Clifford Page.


Allegro commodo (Slow alla breve)
mf
Humming
f
1. Came gyp - sies four to the farm - er - man's door, And
2. And one was clad in a rag - ged - y plaid, And
3. The farm - er's wife was a - fraid of her life, And
4. I see, don't you, just the thing that's to do When
p.126
mf
f
begged a crust from his read - y store; One sang high and an -
one was dress'd like a sol - dier lad; One wore vel - vet with
cut them cake with a carv - ing knife; One said "thank you" and
gyp - sies come with their cra - zy crew; Feed them cake and their
Ped. * Ped. *
p
Bon - ny Bis - cay O!
Bis - cay, O!
oth - er sang low And the oth-ers sang Bon-ny, bon - ny Bis-cay, O!
sleeves that hung down, And the oth-er wore sackcloth for her Sun-day gown.
one was struck dumb, Then they all turned heel and went the way they'd come.
way they will take, And say "thank you" the rag - gle, tag - gle gypsies, O!
p

JENNY

S. A. B.

OLD IRISH AIR
Arr. by N. Clifford Page

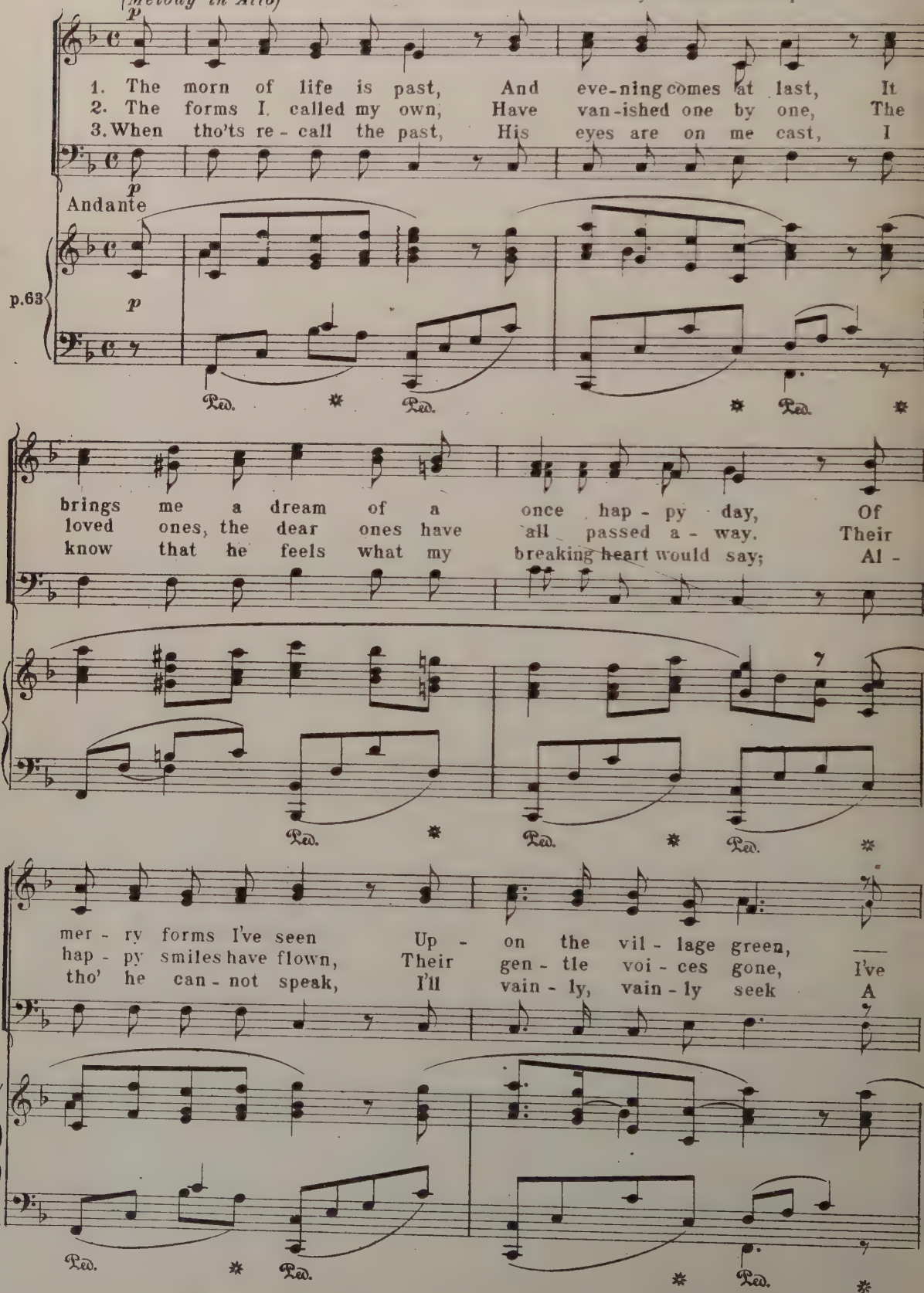

Moderato espress.
pp
Humming
pp
mf
1. With laugh-ing looks I once a - rose, How dark so - e'er the
2. Nor flocks, nor herds, nor store of gold, Nor broad es - tate have
3. Yet I'll be rich, if you'll be kind, And once a - gain a -
p
marcato la melodia
Ped.
day; Now sad - ly ev - 'ry sun - burst shows, For
I; If beau - ty must be bought or sold, A -
gree To bear me still in lov - ing mind, Till
rit.
rit.
rit.
joy has fled a - way, Jen-ny; For joy has fled a - way!
las! I can - not buy, Jen-ny; A - las! I can - not buy.
I've a home for thee, Jen-ny; A home till death for thee.
rit.

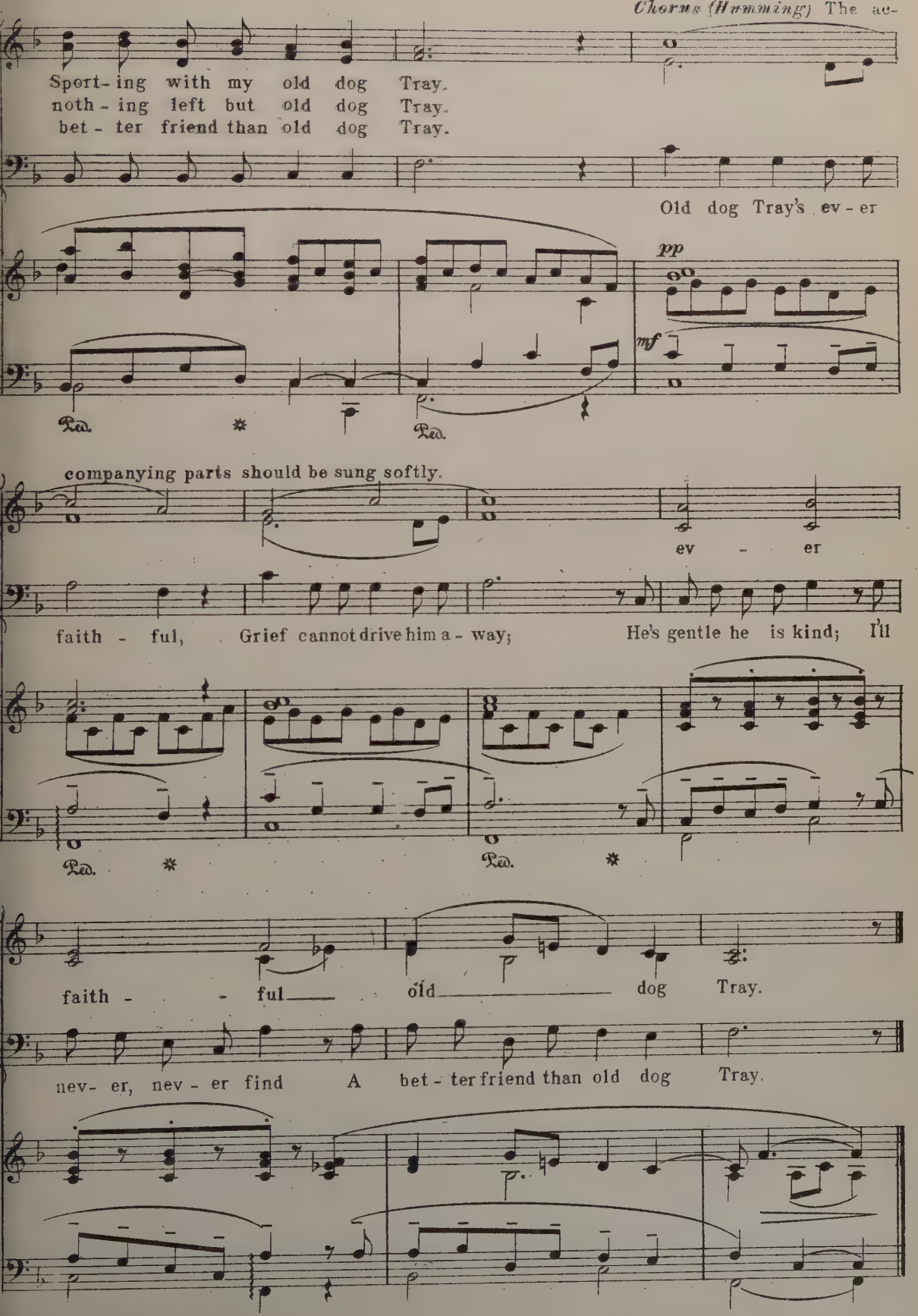
OLD DOG TRAY

Andante

(Melody in Alto)

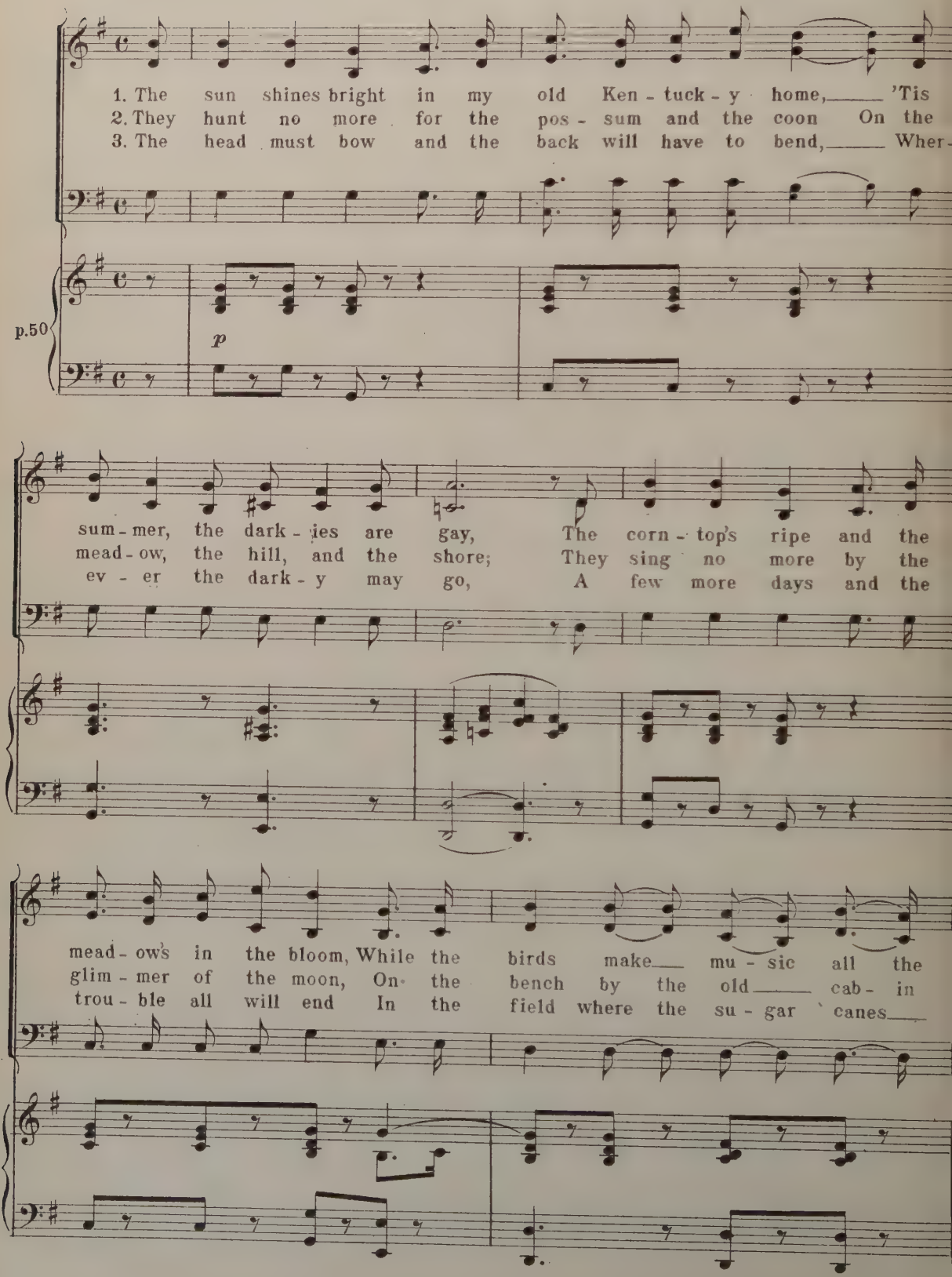
Words and Music by STEPHEN A. FOSTER
Arr. by Frank Belknap

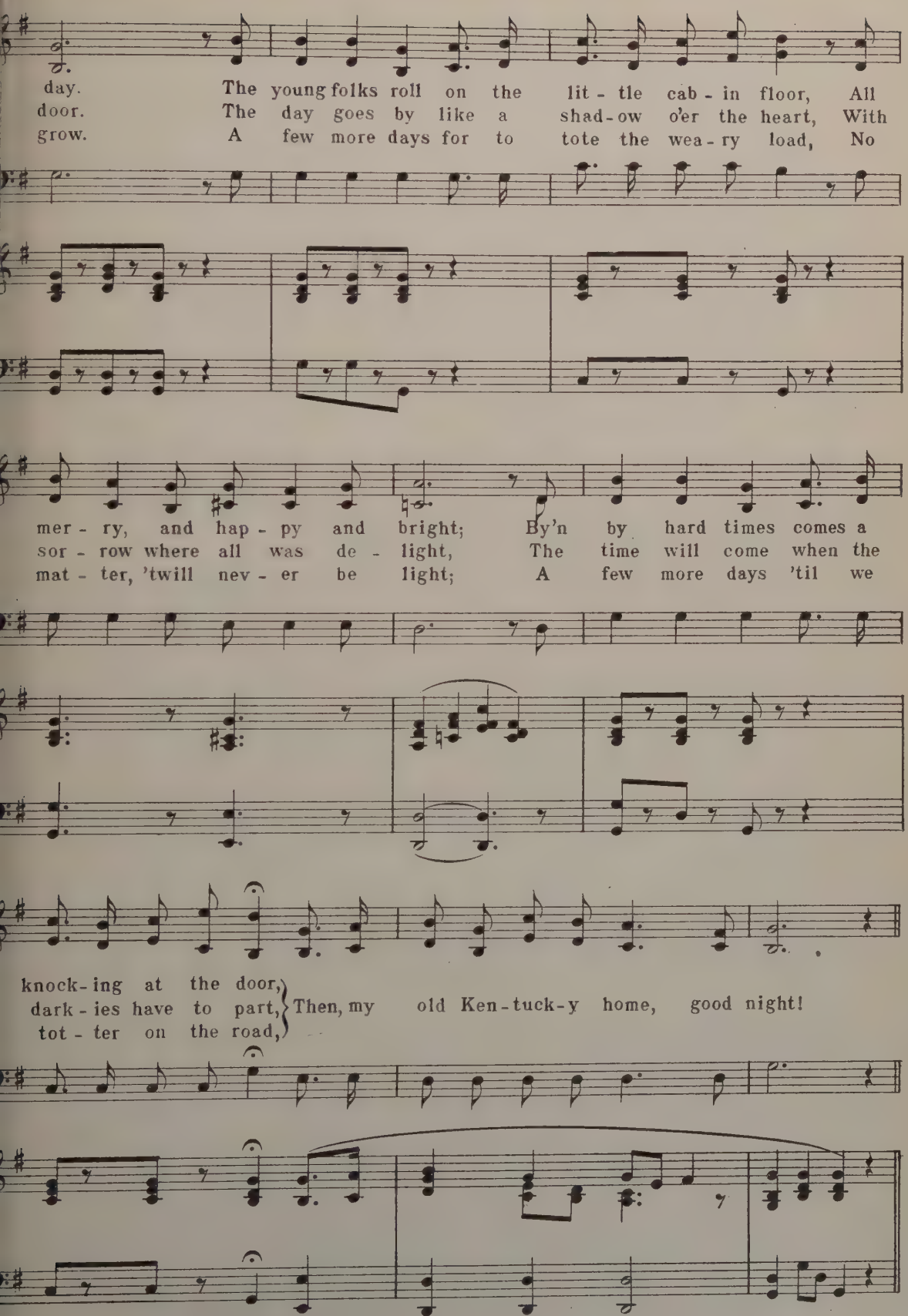

p
1. The morn of life is past, And eve-ning comes at last, It
2. The forms I called my own, Have van-ished one by one, The
3. When tho'ts re-call the past, His eyes are on me cast, I
p
Andante
p.63
p
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
brings me a dream of a once hap-py day, Of
loved ones, the dear ones have all passed a-way. Their
know that he feels what my breaking heart would say; Al-
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
mer-ry forms I've seen Up-on the vil-lage green,
hap-py smiles have flown, Their gen-tle voi-ces gone, I've
tho' he can-not speak, I'll vain-ly, vain-ly seek A
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

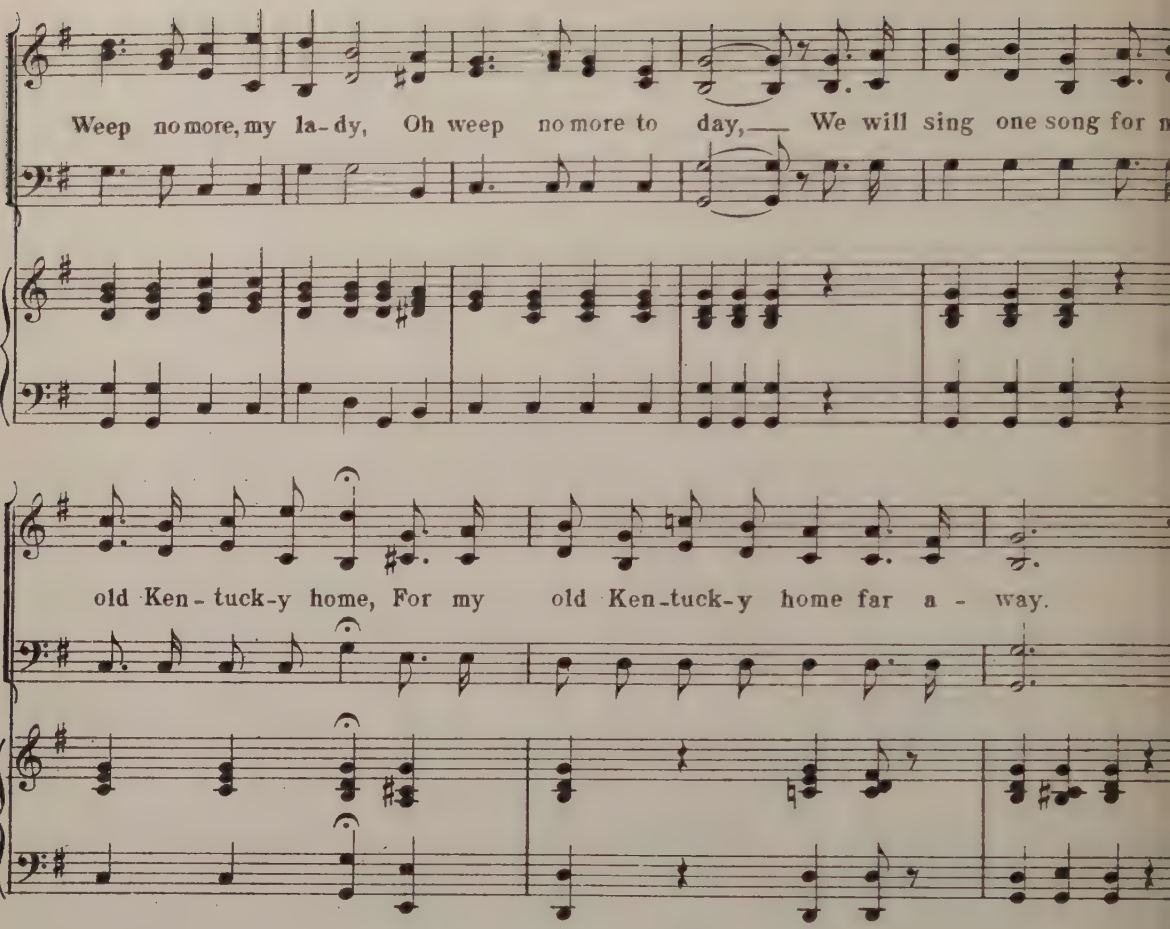

Chorus (Humming) The ac-
Sport-ing with my old dog Tray.
noth-ing left but old dog Tray.
bet-ter friend than old dog Tray.
Old dog Tray's ev-er
companying parts should be sung softly.
ev - er
faith - ful, Grief cannot drive him a-way; He's gentle he is kind; I'll
faith - - ful old dog Tray.
nev- er, nev - er find A bet - ter friend than old dog Tray.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

Words and Music by STEPHEN A. FOSTER
Arr. by W. L. T.


1. The sun shines bright in my old Ken - tuck - y home, 'Tis
2. They hunt no more for the pos - sum and the coon On the
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher -
p.50
p
sum - mer, the dark - ies are gay, The corn - top's ripe and the
mead - ow, the hill, and the shore; They sing no more by the
ev - er the dark - y may go, A few more days and the
mead - ow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu - sic all the
glim - mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab - in
trou - ble all will end In the field where the su - gar canes

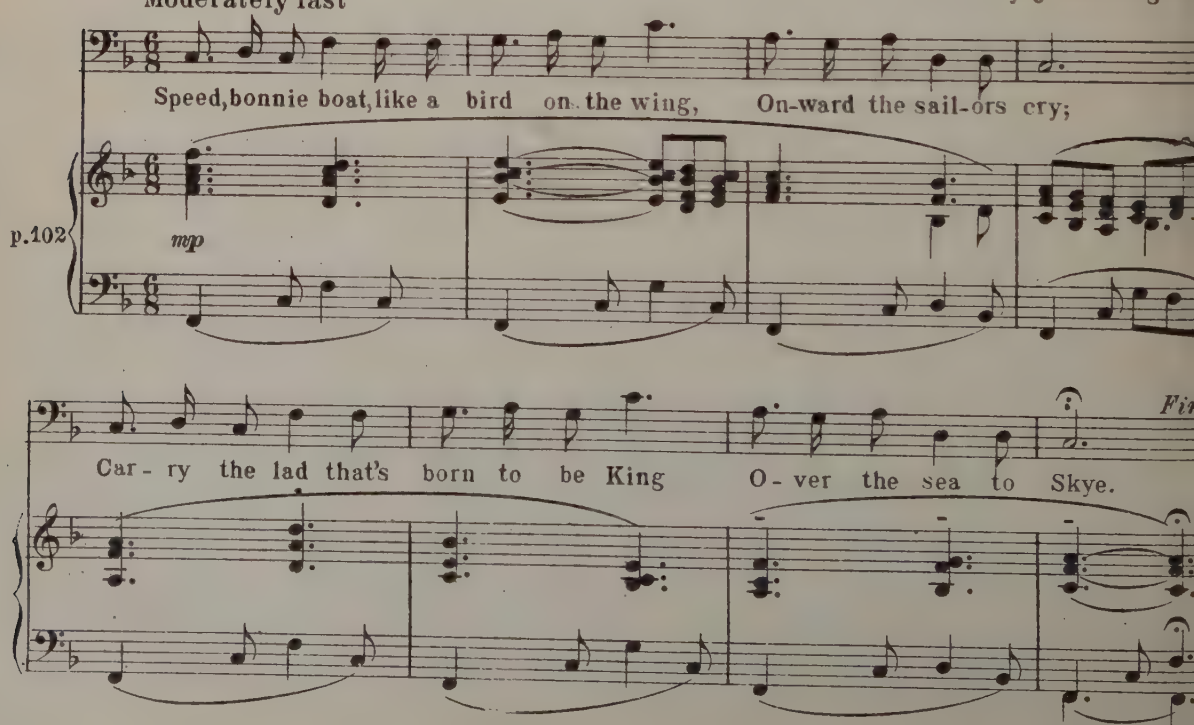

day. The young folks roll on the lit - tle cab - in floor, All
door. The day goes by like a shad - ow o'er the heart, With
grow. A few more days for to tote the wea - ry load, No
mer - ry, and hap - py and bright; By'n by hard times comes a
sor - row where all was de - light, The time will come when the
mat - ter, 'twill nev - er be light; A few more days 'til we
knock - ing at the door,
dark - ies have to part,
tot - ter on the road,
Then, my old Ken - tuck - y home, good night!

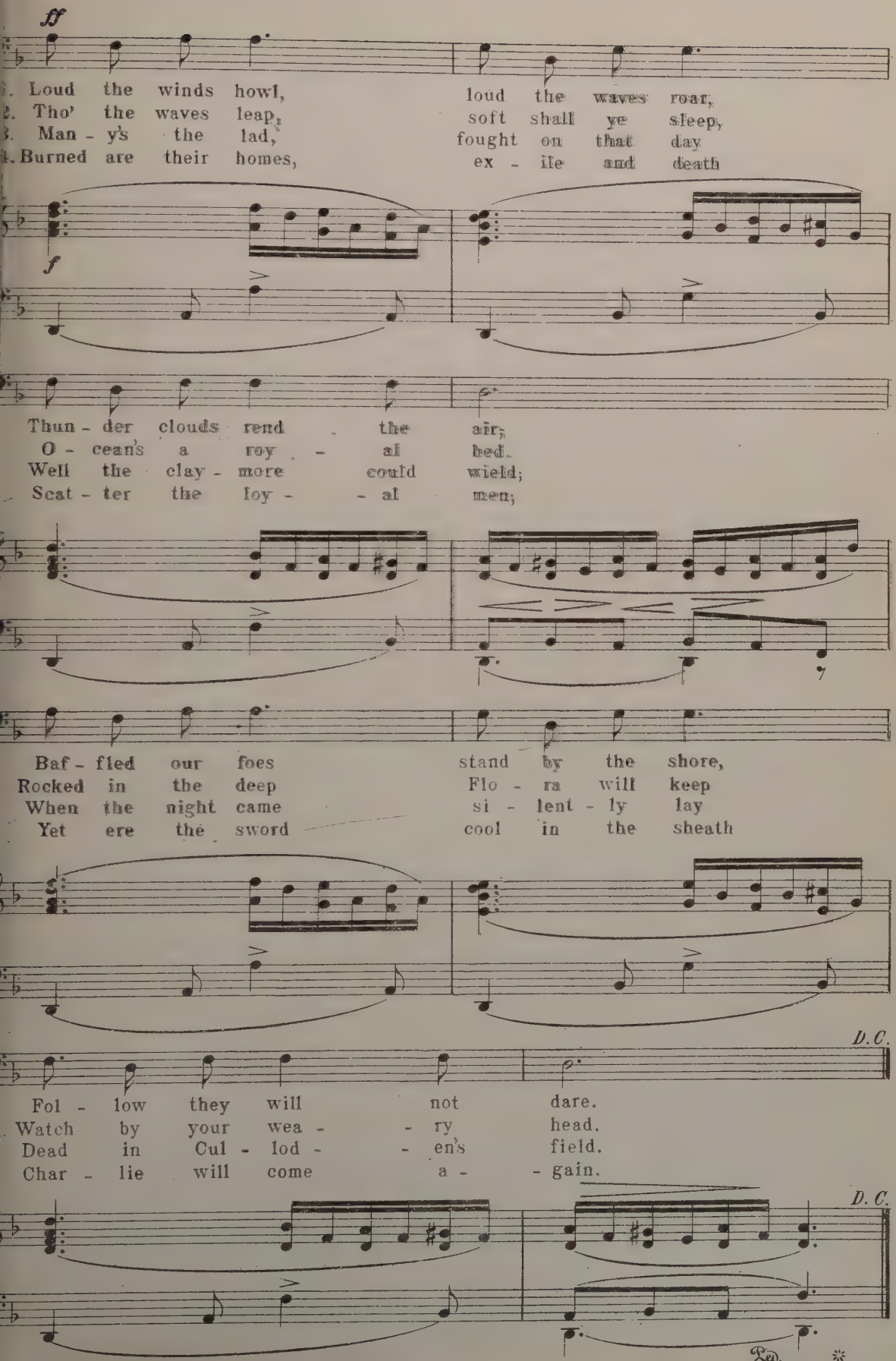


SKYE BOAT SONG

HAROLD BOULTON

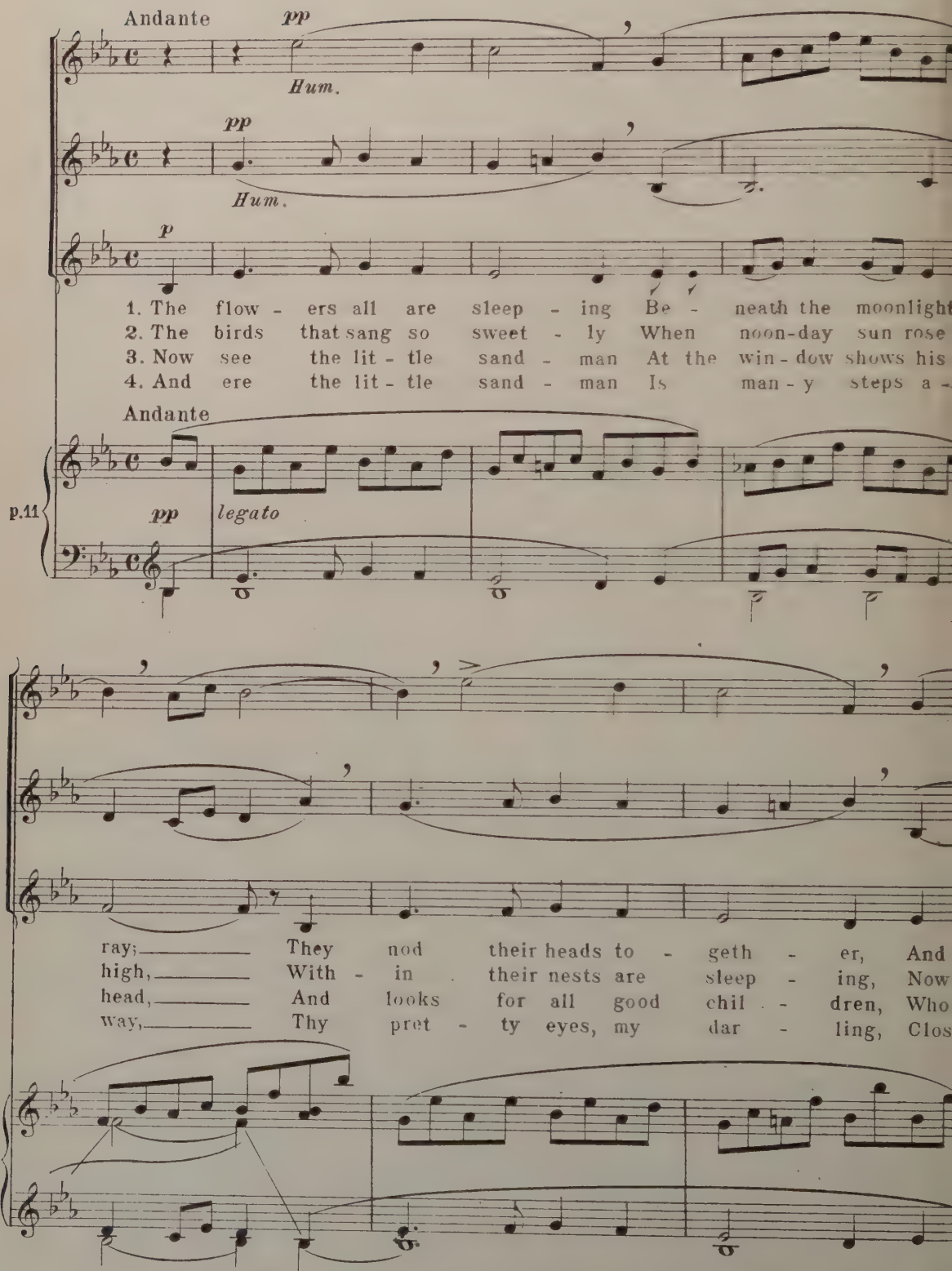
Scotch
Arr. by J. Remington

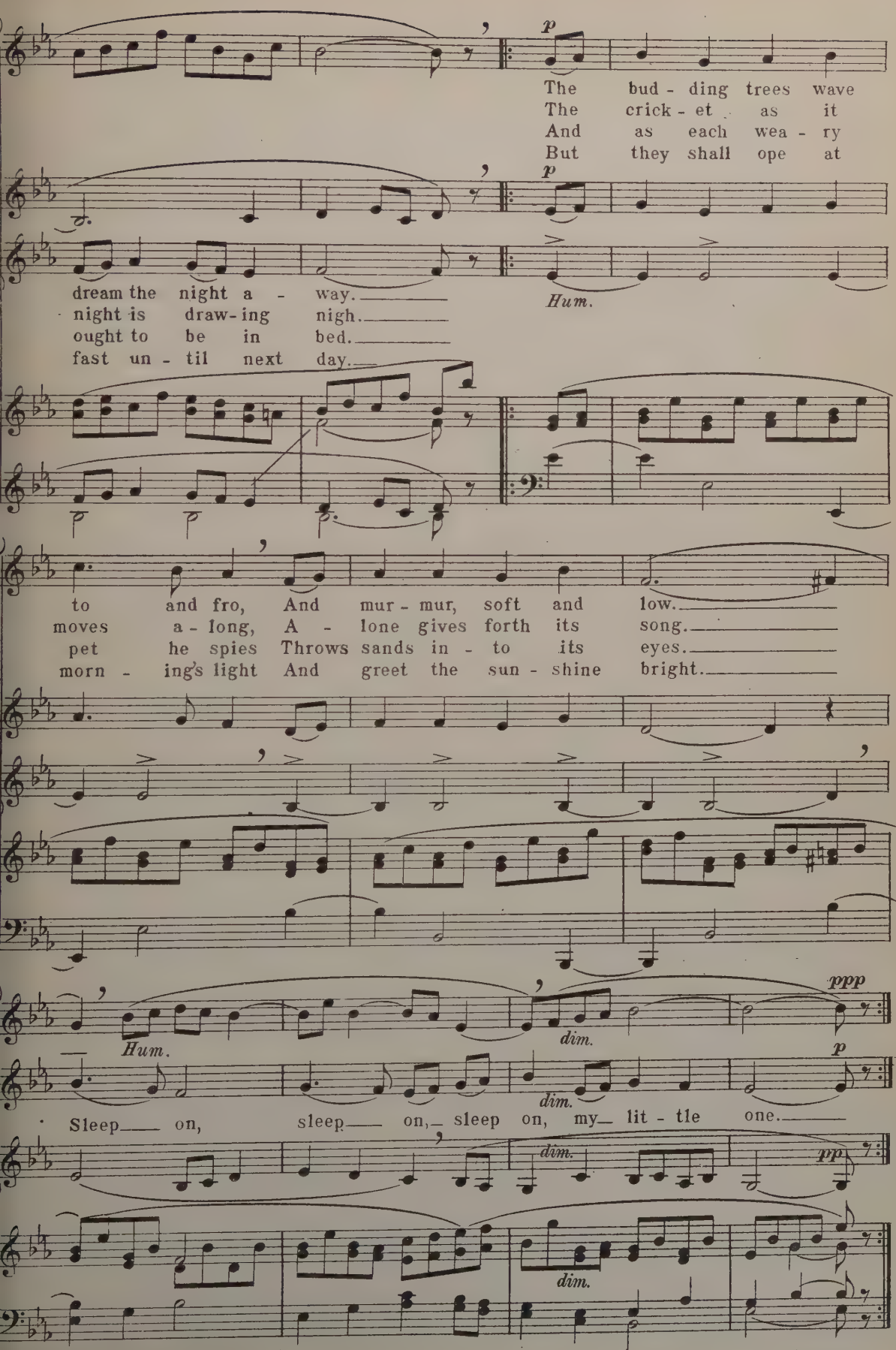

Moderately fast
Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing, On-ward the sail-ors cry;
p.102
mp
Car-ry the lad that's born to be King O-ver the sea to Skye.


ff
1. Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,
2. Tho' the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep,
3. Man - y's the lad, fought on that day
4. Burned are their homes, ex - ile and death
f
Thun - der clouds rend the air;
O - cean's a roy - al bed.
Well the clay - more could wield;
Scat - ter the loy - - al men;
Baf - fled our foes stand by the shore,
Rocked in the deep Flo - ra will keep
When the night came si - lent - ly lay
Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath
D.C.
Fol - low they will not dare.
Watch by your wea - - ry head.
Dead in Cul - lod - - en's field.
Char - lie will come a - - gain.
D.C.
Ped.

THE SANDMAN

JOHANNES BRAHM
Arr. by N. Clifford Pa

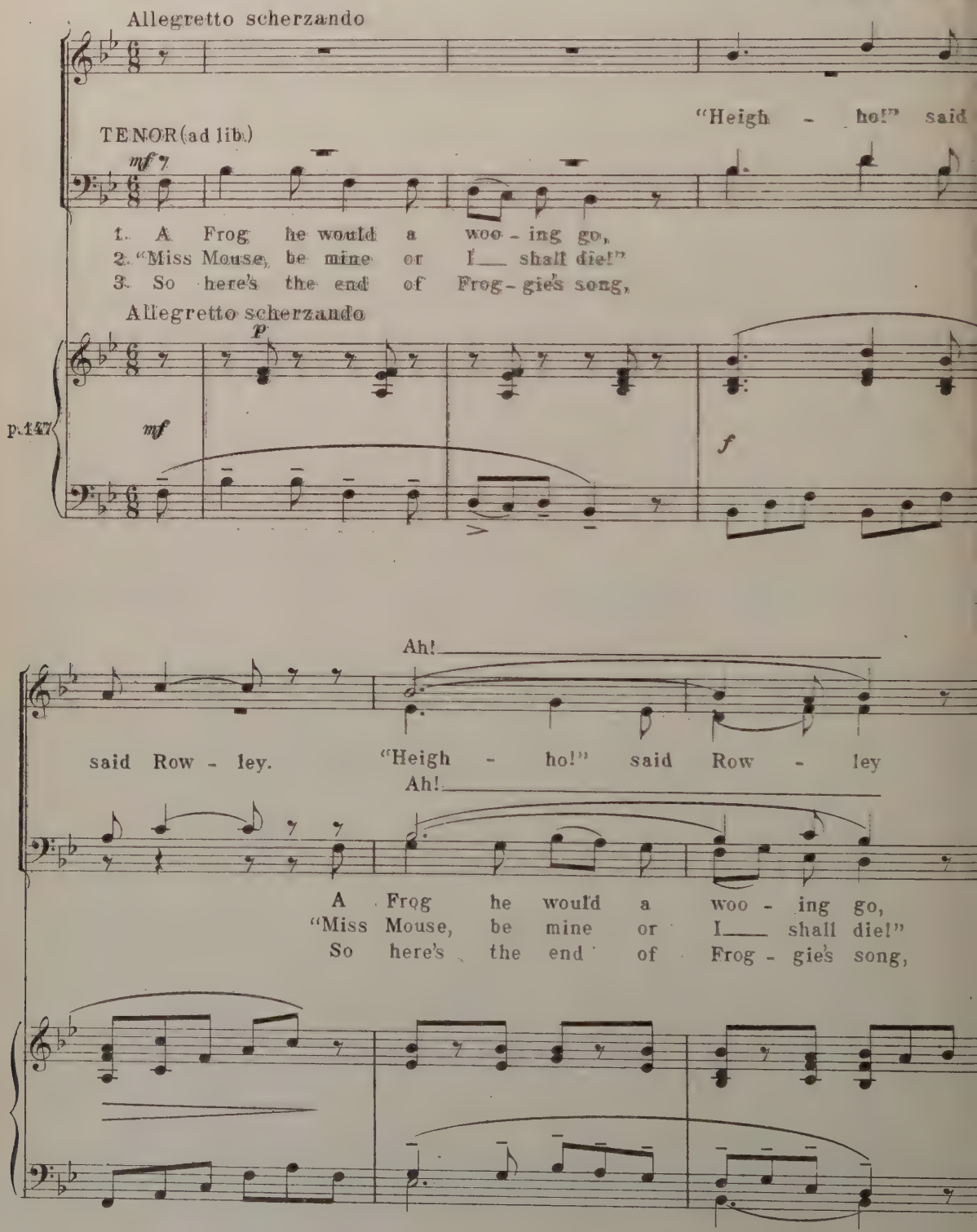

Andante
pp
Hum.
pp
Hum.
p
1. The flow - ers all are sleep - ing Be - neath the moonlight
2. The birds that sang so sweet - ly When noon-day sun rose
3. Now see the lit - tle sand - man At the win - dow shows his
4. And ere the lit - tle sand - man Is man - y steps a -
Andante
p.11
pp
legato
ray; They nod their heads to - geth - er, And
high, With - in their nests are sleep - ing, Now
head, And looks for all good chil - dren, Who
way, Thy pret - ty eyes, my dar - ling, Clos

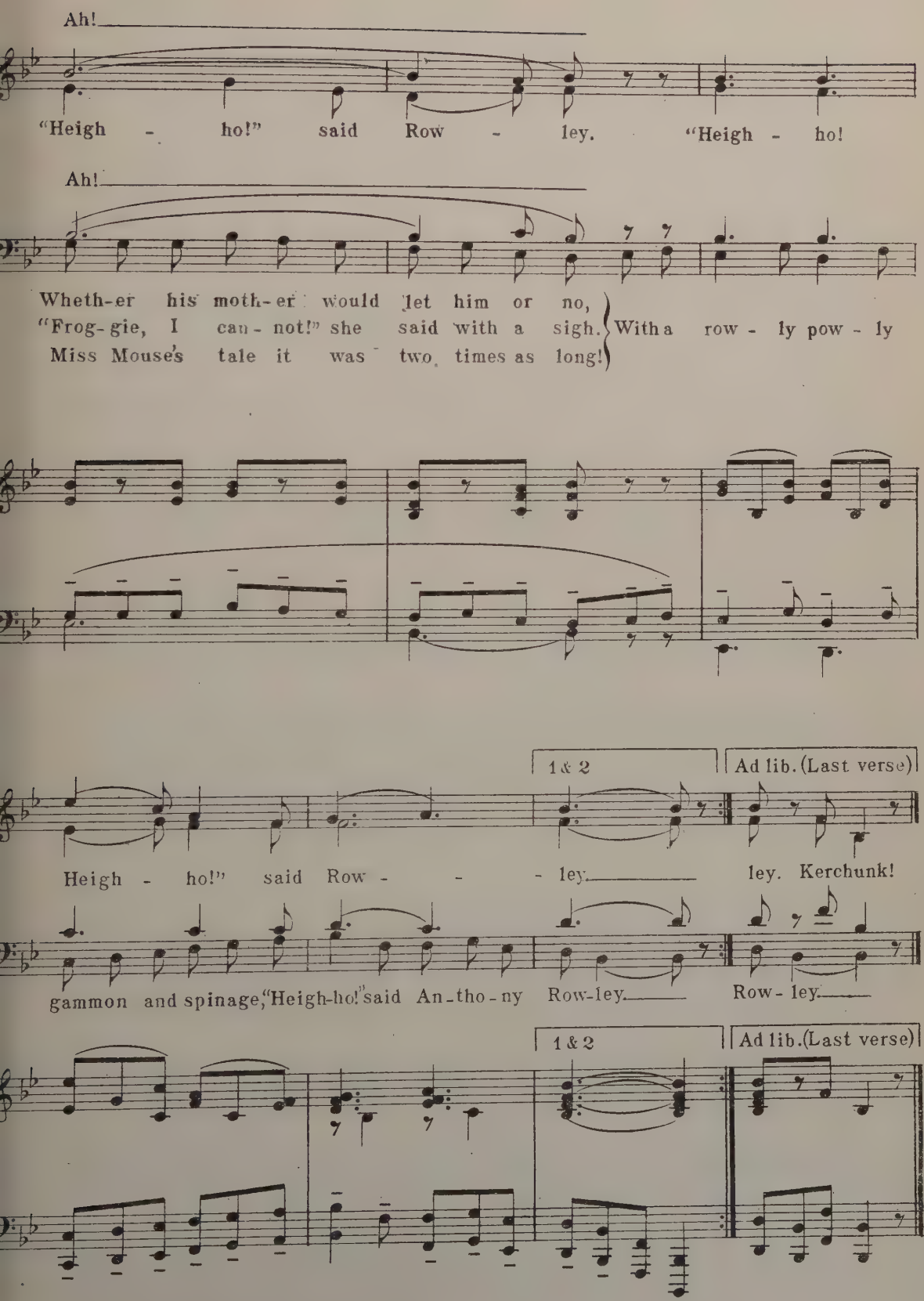

p
The bud - ding trees wave
The crick - et as it
And as each wea - ry
But they shall ope at
p
dream the night a - way.
night is draw - ing nigh.
ought to be in bed.
fast un - til next day.
Hum.
to and fro, And mur - mur, soft and low.
moves a - long, A - lone gives forth its song.
pet he spies Throws sands in - to its eyes.
morn - ing's light And greet the sun - shine bright.
Hum.
dim.
ppp
dim.
p
Sleep on, sleep on, sleep on, my lit - tle one.
dim.
pp
dim.

A FROG HE WOULD A WOOING GO

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN
(After the original text)

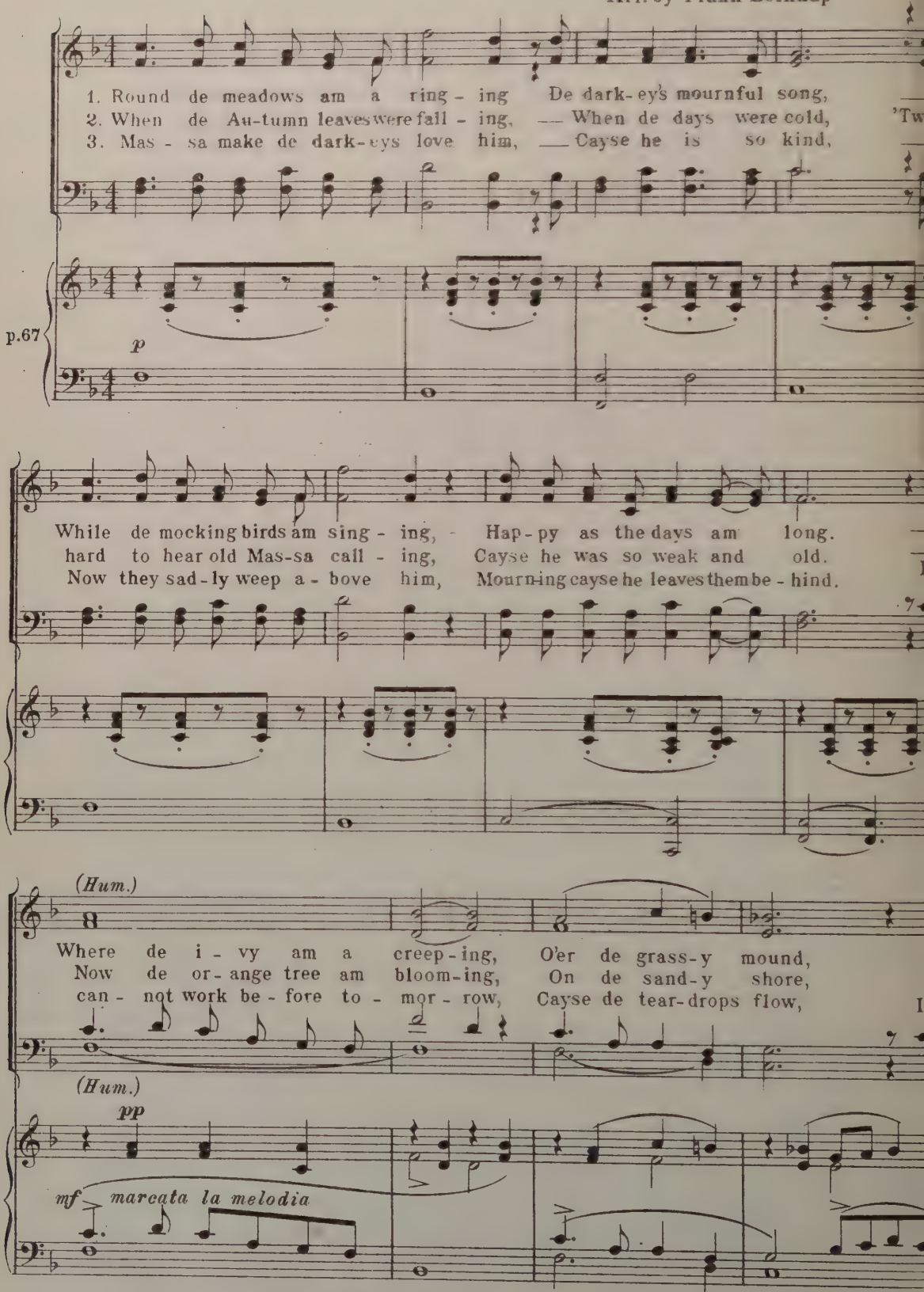
C. E. HORN
Arr. by A. la Medi

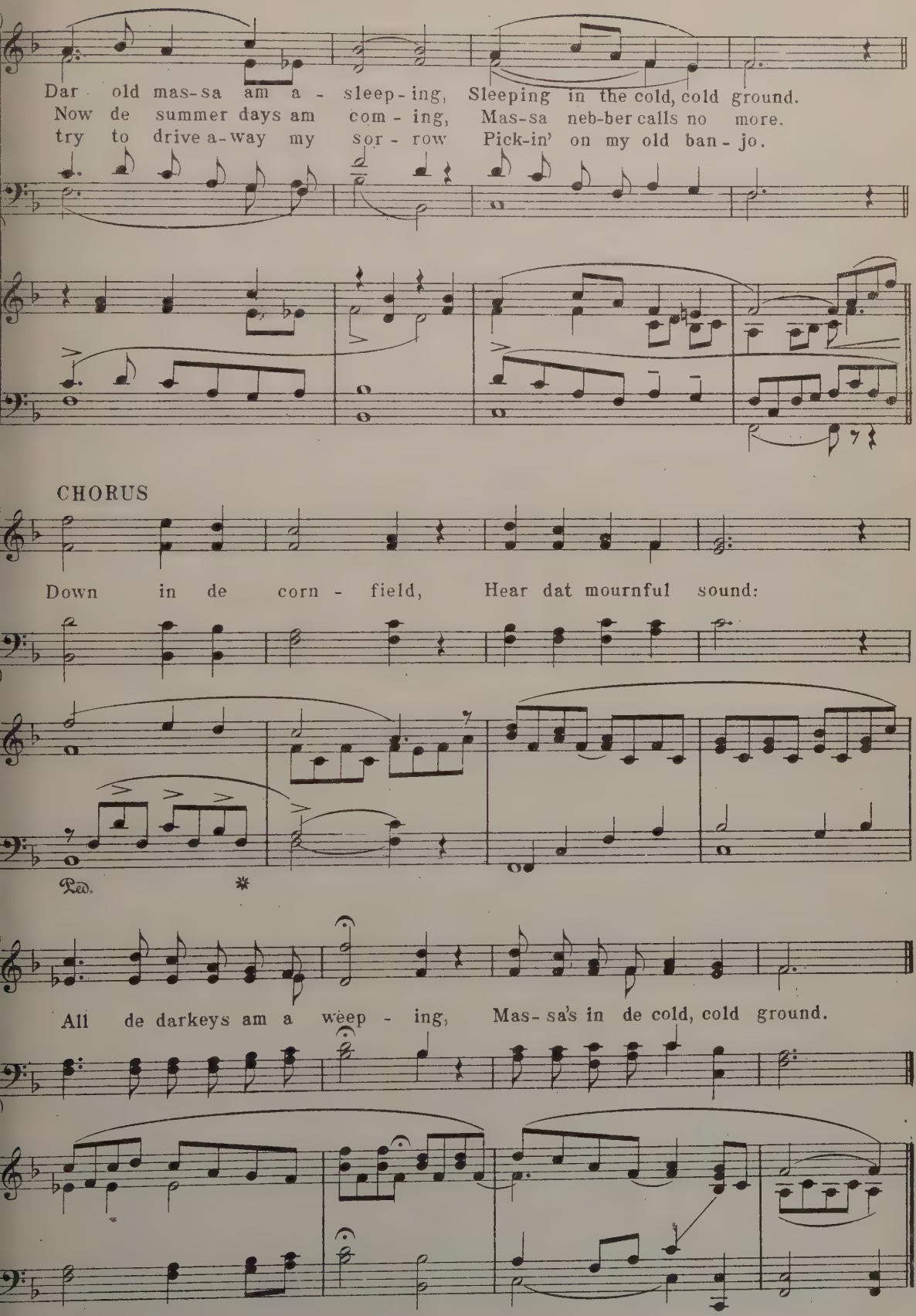

Allegretto scherzando
"Heigh - ho!" said
TENOR (ad lib.)
mf
1. A Frog he would a woo - ing go,
2. "Miss Mouse, be mine or I___ shall die!"
3. So here's the end of Frog - gie's song,
Allegretto scherzando
p
mf
f
p. 147
Ah!
said Row - ley.
"Heigh - ho!" said Row - ley
Ah!
A Frog he would a woo - ing go,
"Miss Mouse, be mine or I___ shall die!"
So here's the end of Frog - gie's song,


Ah!
"Heigh - ho!" said Row - ley. "Heigh - ho!
Ah!
Wheth-er his moth-er would let him or no,
"Frog-gie, I can-not!" she said with a sigh.
Miss Mouse's tale it was two times as long!
With a row - ly pow - ly
1 & 2
Ad lib. (Last verse)
Heigh - ho!" said Row - - - ley.
ley. Kerchunk!
gammon and spinage, "Heigh-ho!" said An-tho-ny Row-ley.
Row-ley.
1 & 2
Ad lib. (Last verse)

MASSA'S IN DE COLD GROUND

Words and Music by STEPHEN A. FOSTE
Arr. by Frank Belknap


1. Round de meadows am a ring - ing De dark-ey's mournful song,
2. When de Au-tumn leaves were fall - ing, — When de days were cold,
3. Mas - sa make de dark-eys love him, — Cayse he is so kind,
'Tw
p.67
p
While de mocking birds am sing - ing, - Hap - py as the days am long.
hard to hear old Mas-sa call - ing, Cayse he was so weak and old.
Now they sad - ly weep a - bove him, Mourn-ing cayse he leaves them be - hind.
(Hum.)
Where de i - vy am a creep - ing, O'er de grass-y mound,
Now de or - ange tree am bloom-ing, On de sand-y shore,
can - not work be - fore to - mor - row, Cayse de tear-drops flow,
(Hum.)
pp
mf marcata la melodia


Dar old mas-sa am a - sleep - ing, Sleeping in the cold, cold ground.
Now de summer days am com - ing, Mas-sa neb-ber calls no more.
try to drive a-way my sor - row Pick-in' on my old ban - jo.
CHORUS
Down in de corn - field, Hear dat mournful sound:
All de darkeys am a weep - ing, Mas-sa's in de cold, cold ground.

LULLABY

J. BRAHMS
Arr by Henry F. Gilbert

pp

1. Lul-la-by, lul- la-by and good-night! With ros-es be-dight,
2. Lul-la-by, lul- la-by and good-night! Thy moth-er's de-light,

p

1. Lul-la-by and good-night! With
2. Lul-la-by and good-night! Brigh

p.80

pp espr.

Lul-la-by, lul-la-by, lul - la - by, Lay thee down now and rest, May thy
Lul-la-by, lul-la-by, lul - la - by, They will guard thee at rest, Thou shal

lil - ies o'er-spread Is ba-by's wee bed: now and rest, May thy
an - gels be-side My dar-ling a - bide; thee at rest, Thou shalt

pp

slumber be blest; Lul-la-by, lul-la-by, May thy slumber be blest.
wake on my breast; Lul-la-by, lul-la-by, Thou shalt wake on my breast.

p

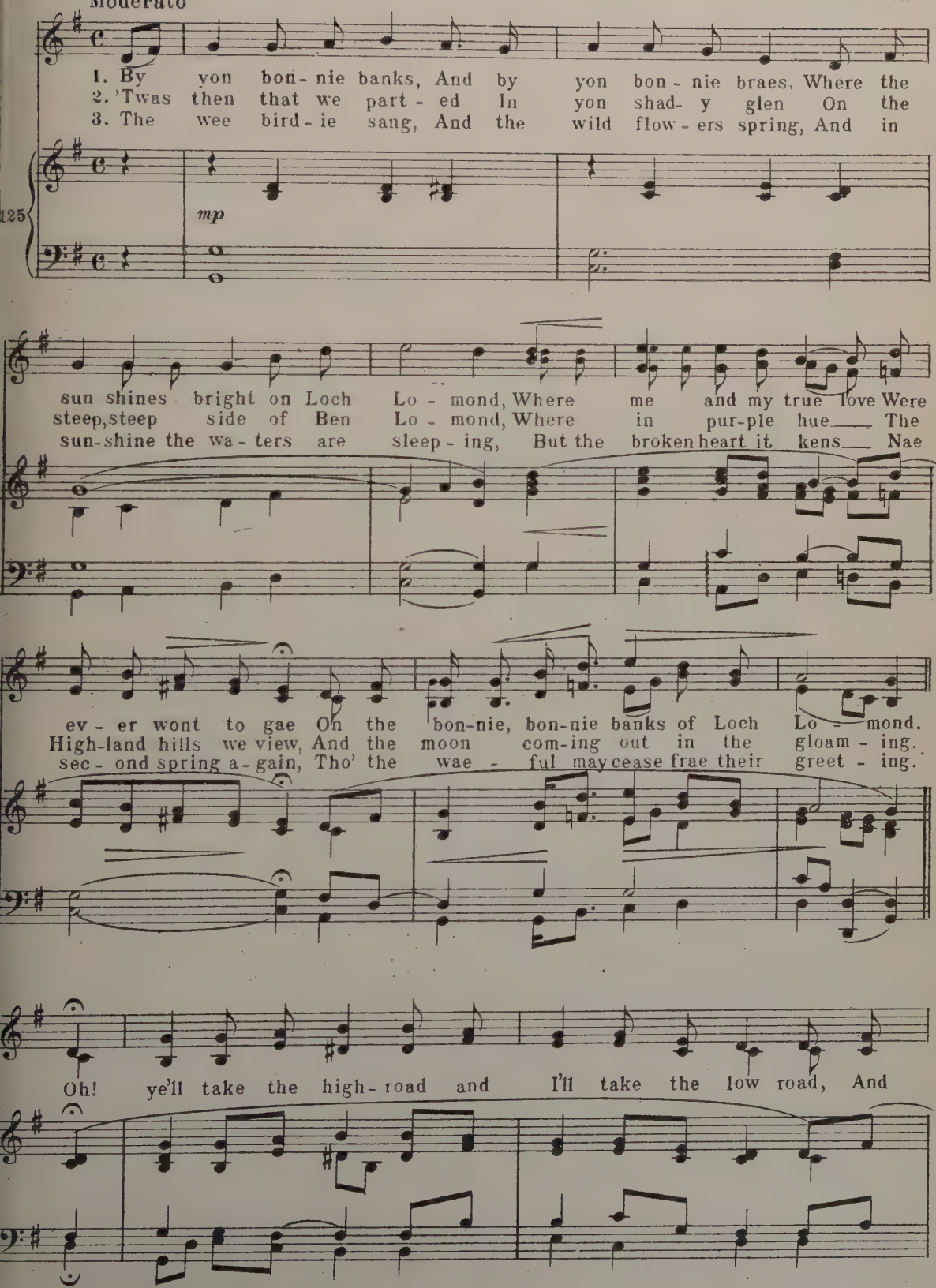
slumber be blest; Lay thee down now and rest, May thy slum - ber be blest.
wake on my breast; They will guard thee at rest, Thou shalt wake on my breast.

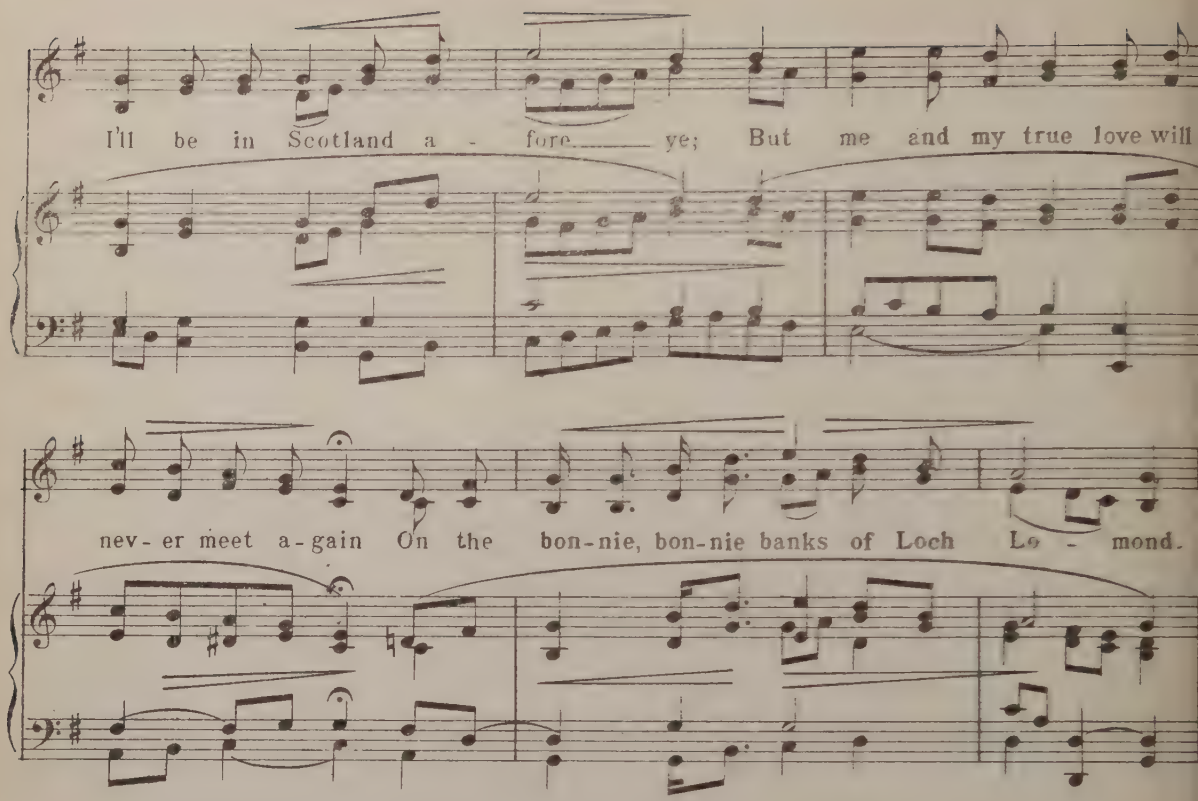
marcata la melodia

LOCH LOMOND

Moderato

Scotch

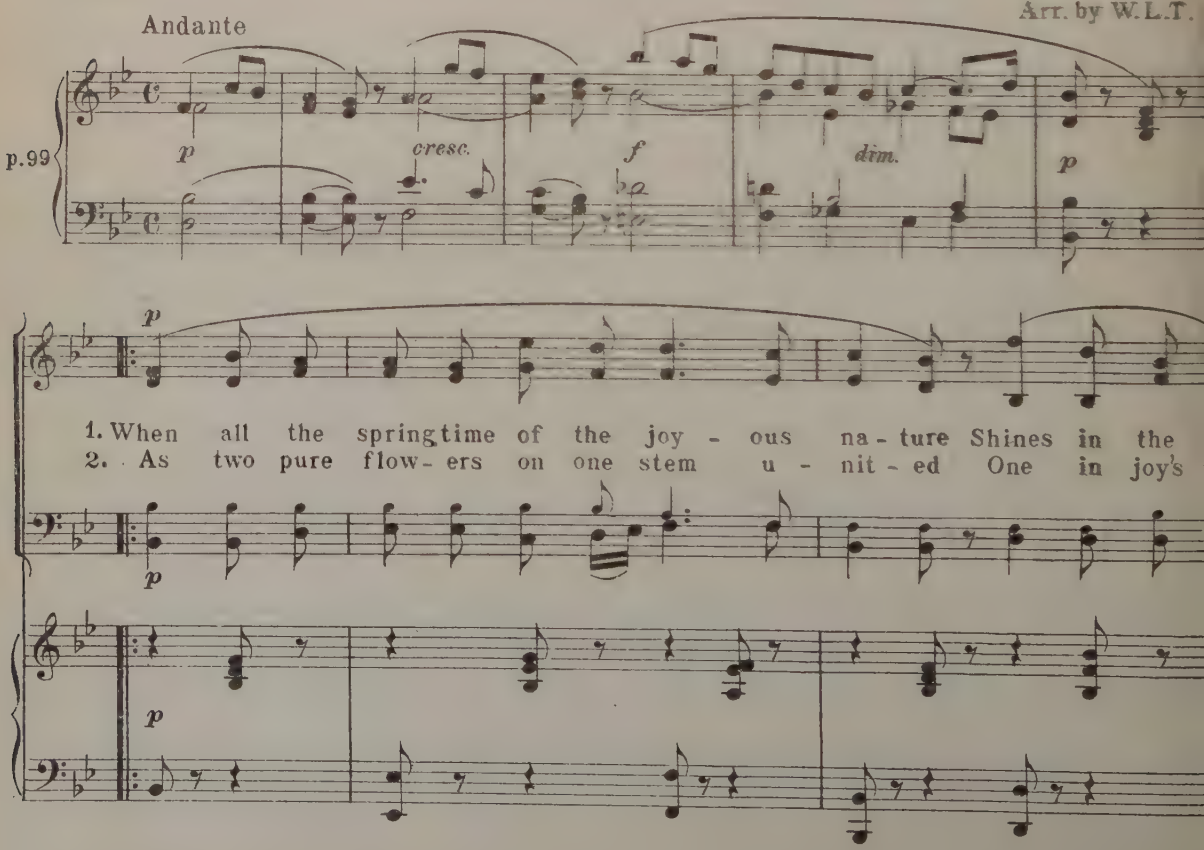

1. By yon bon - nie banks, And by yon bon - nie braes, Where the
2. 'Twas then that we part - ed In yon shad- y glen On the
3. The wee bird - ie sang, And the wild flow - ers spring, And in
mp
sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mond, Where me and my true love Were
steep, steep side of Ben Lo - mond, Where in pur-ple hue The
sun-shine the wa - ters are sleep - ing, But the broken heart it kens Nae
ev - er wont to gae On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo - mond.
High-land hills we view, And the moon com-ing out in the gloam - ing.
sec - ond spring a - gain, Tho' the wae - ful may cease frae their greet - ing.
Oh! ye'll take the high - road and I'll take the low road, And

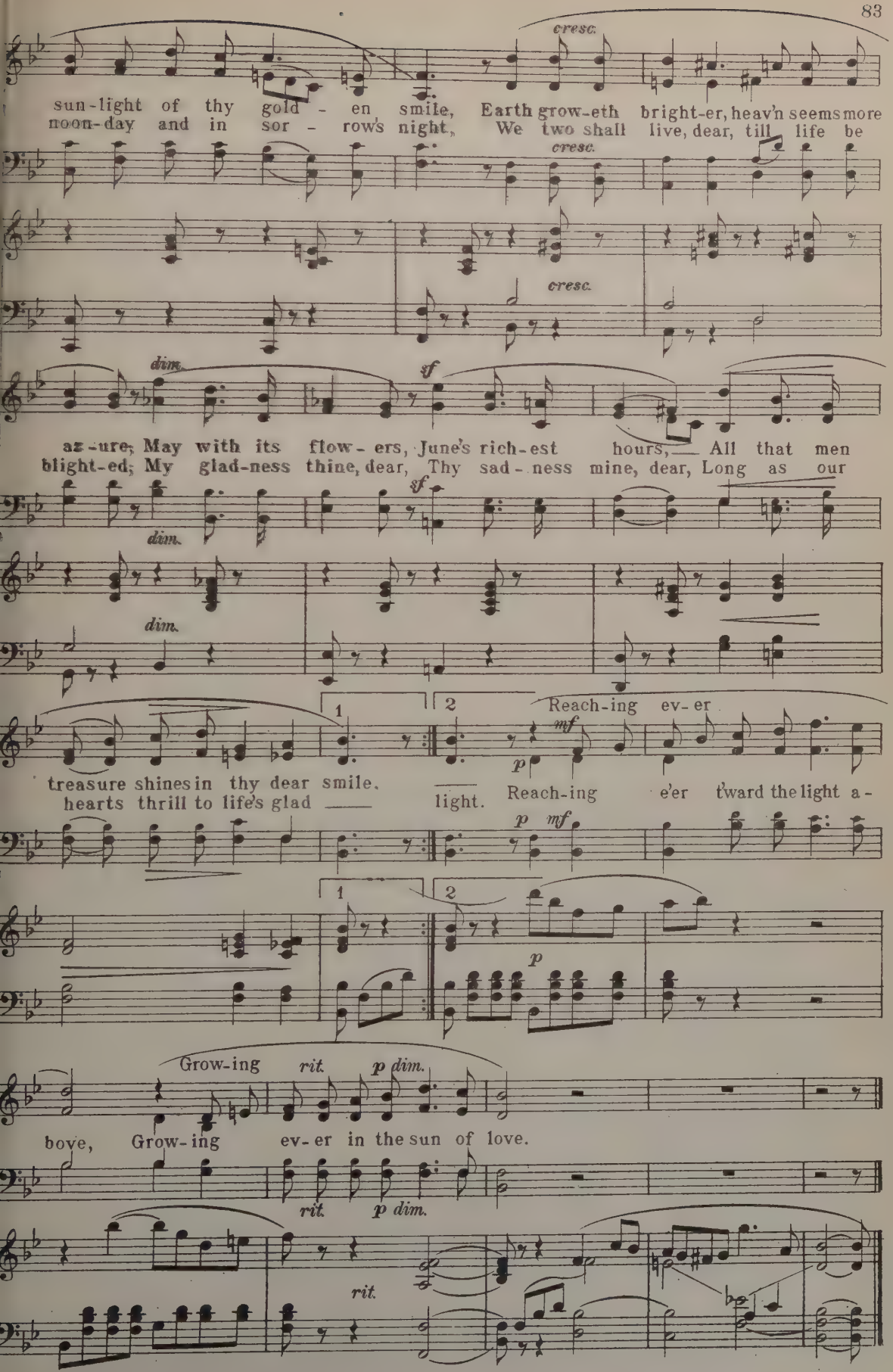


A LOVE SONG

FREDERIC MANLEY

CH. GOUNOD
Arr. by W.L.T.

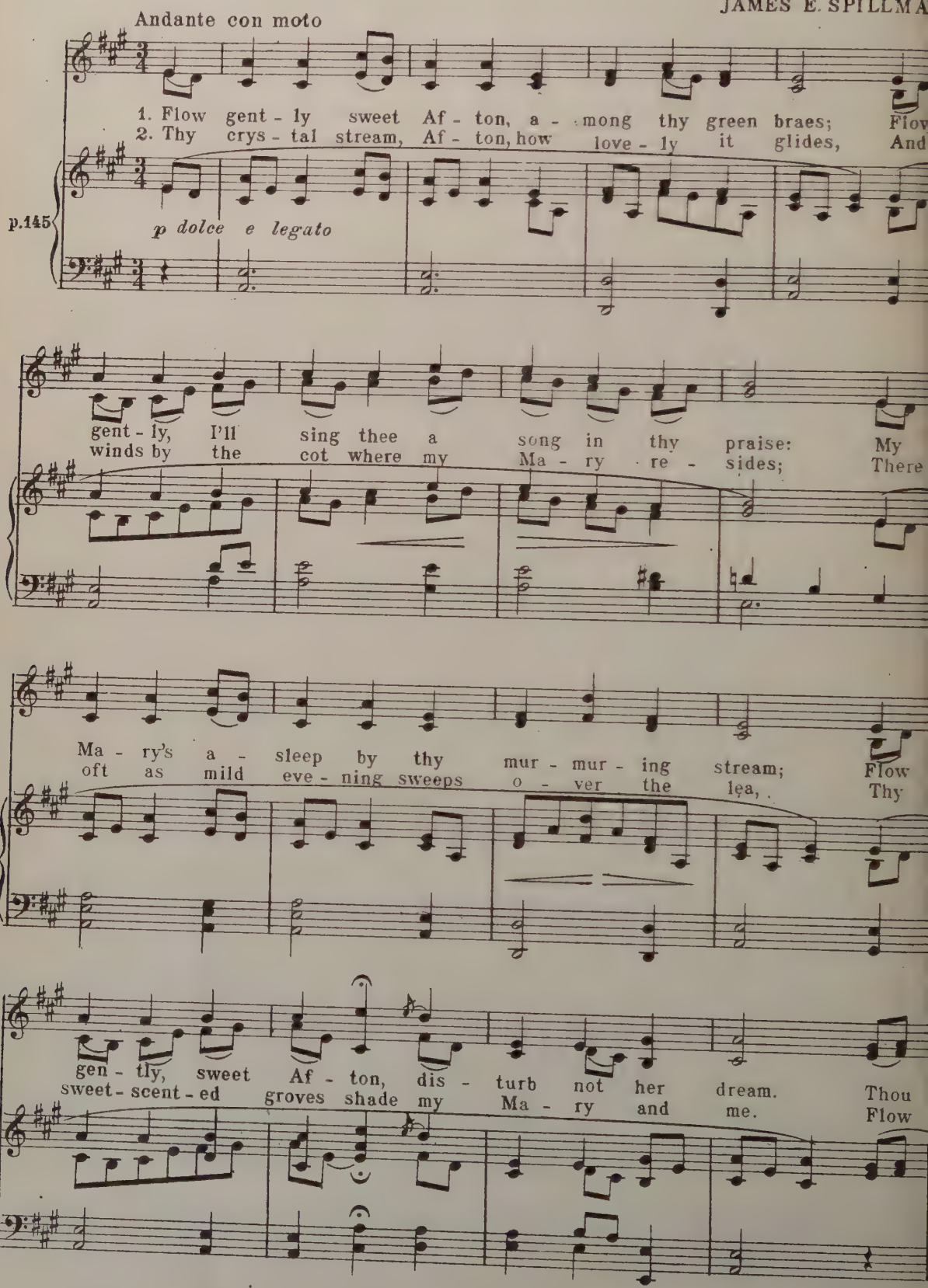

Andante
p.99
p
cresc.
f
dim.
p
1. When all the springtime of the joy - ous na - ture Shines in the
2. As two pure flow- ers on one stem u - nit - ed One in joy's

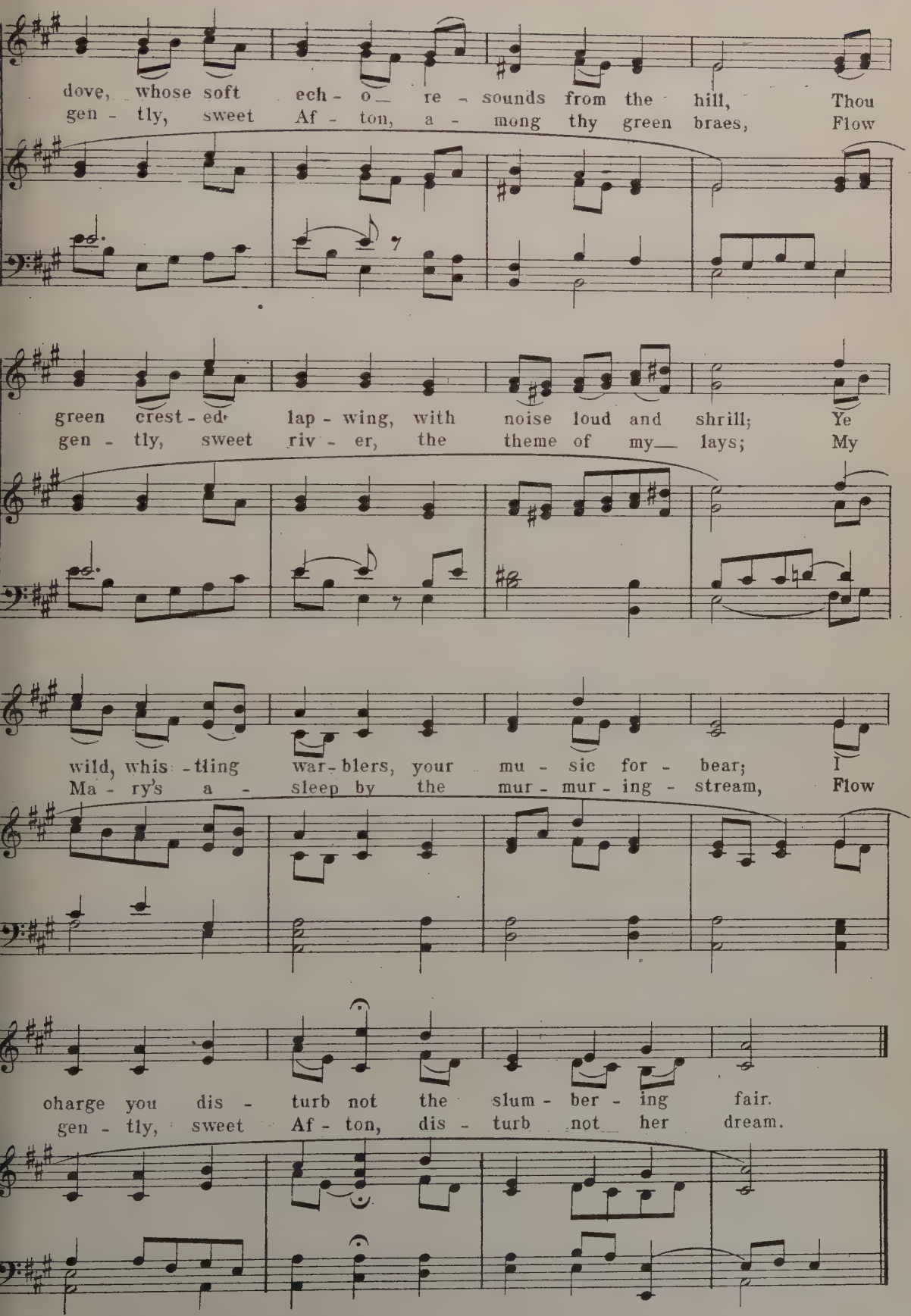

cresc.
sun-light of thy gold - en smile, Earth grow-eth bright-er, heav'n seems more
noon-day and in sor - row's night, We two shall live, dear, till life be
cresc.
cresc.
dim.
sf
az-ure; May with its flow-ers, June's rich-est hours, All that men
blight-ed; My glad-ness thine, dear, Thy sad-ness mine, dear, Long as our
sf
dim.
dim.
1
2
Reach-ing ev-er
mf
p
treasure shines in thy dear smile.
hearts thrill to life's glad light. Reach-ing e'er t'ward the light a-
p mf
1
2
p
Grow-ing rit. p dim.
bove, Grow-ing ev-er in the sun of love.
rit. p dim.
rit.

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON

ROBERT BURNS

JAMES E. SPILLMA


Andante con moto
1. Flow gent - ly sweet Af - ton, a - mong thy green braes; Flow
2. Thy crys - tal stream, Af - ton, how love - ly it glides, And
p.145
p dolce e legato
gent - ly, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise: My
winds by the cot where my Ma - ry re - sides; There
Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur - mur - ing stream; Flow
oft as mild eve - ning sweeps o - ver the lea, Thy
gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream. Thou
sweet - scent - ed groves shade my Ma - ry and me. Flow


dove, whose soft ech - o re - sounds from the hill, Thou
gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mong thy green braes, Flow
green crest - ed lap - wing, with noise loud and shrill; Ye
gen - tly, sweet riv - er, the theme of my lays; My
wild, whis - tling war - blers, your mu - sic for - bear; I
Ma - ry's a - sleep by the mur - mur - ing - stream, Flow
charge you dis - turb not the slum - ber - ing fair.
gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG

J. L. MOLLOY
Arr. by H. F. Gilbert

Moderato espressivo

p.34

mf

rit.

Moderato

1. Once in the dear dead days be-yond re-call, When on the world the
2. E-ven to-day we hear love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it

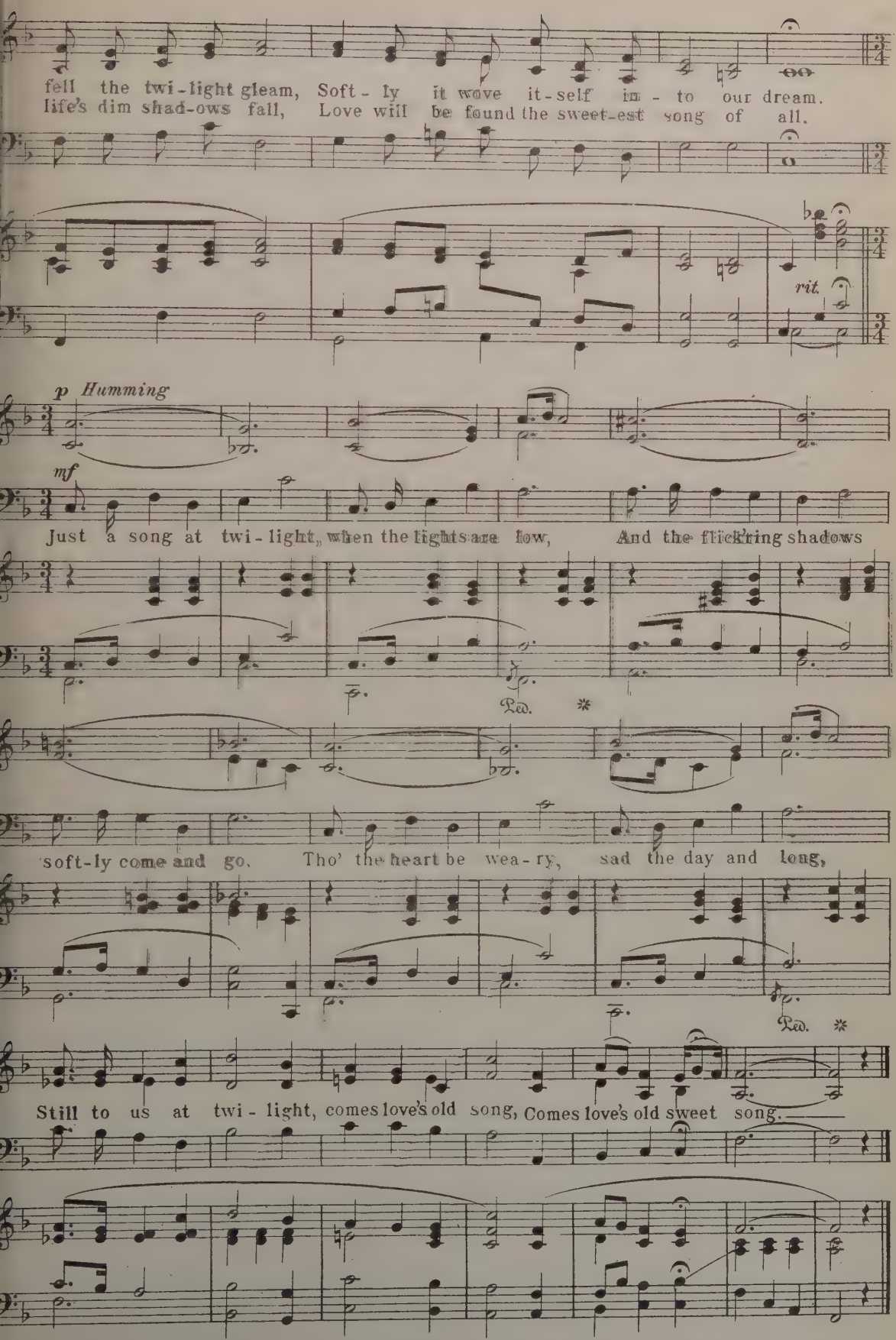
Moderato

mists be-gan to fall, Out of the dreams that rose in hap-py throng,
dwells for-ev-er more; Footsteps may fal- - ter, wea-ry grows the way,

the dreams that
fal - ter,

Ped. *

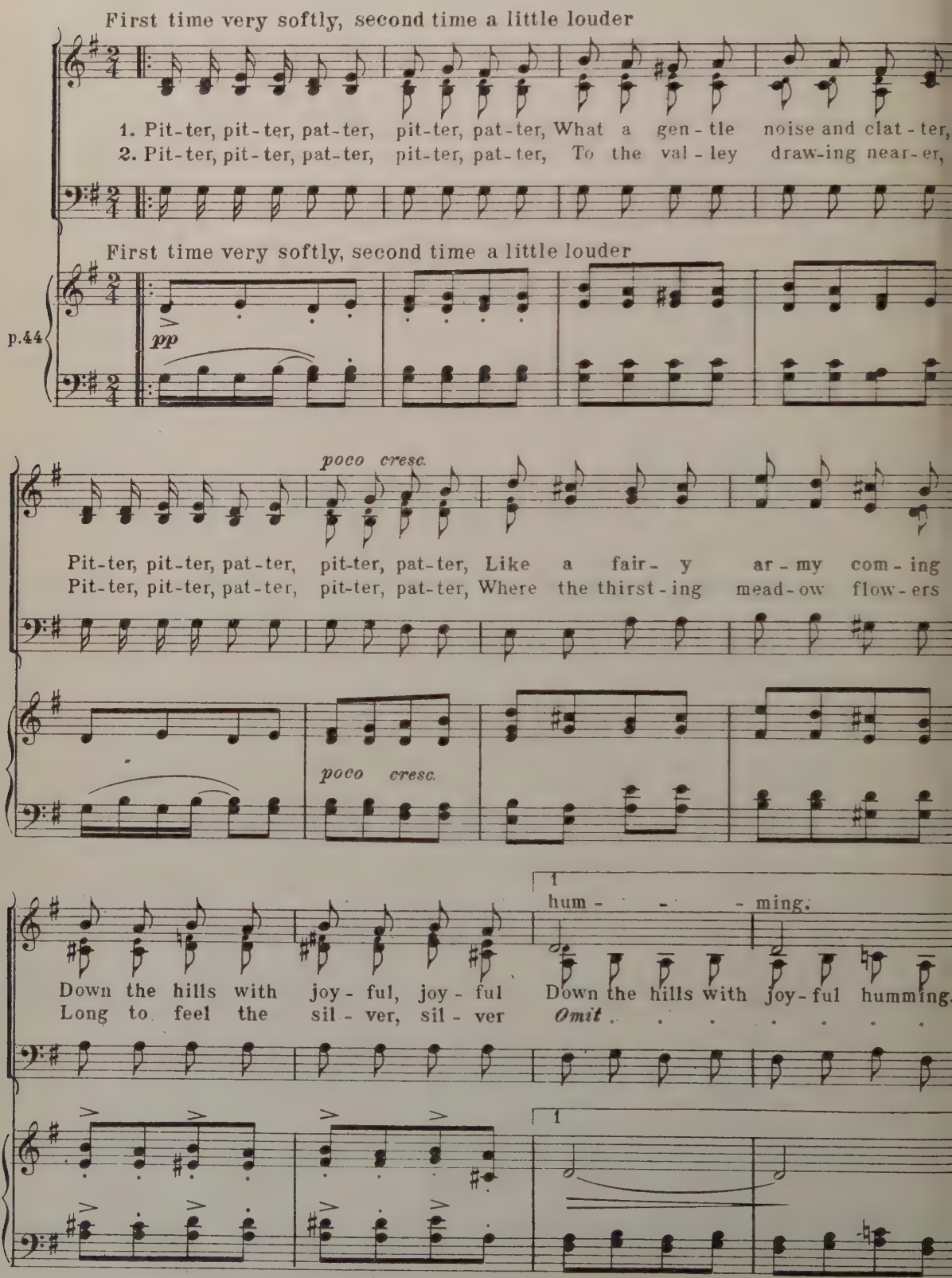
Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song; And in the dusk, where
Still we can hear it at the close of day. So to the end, when

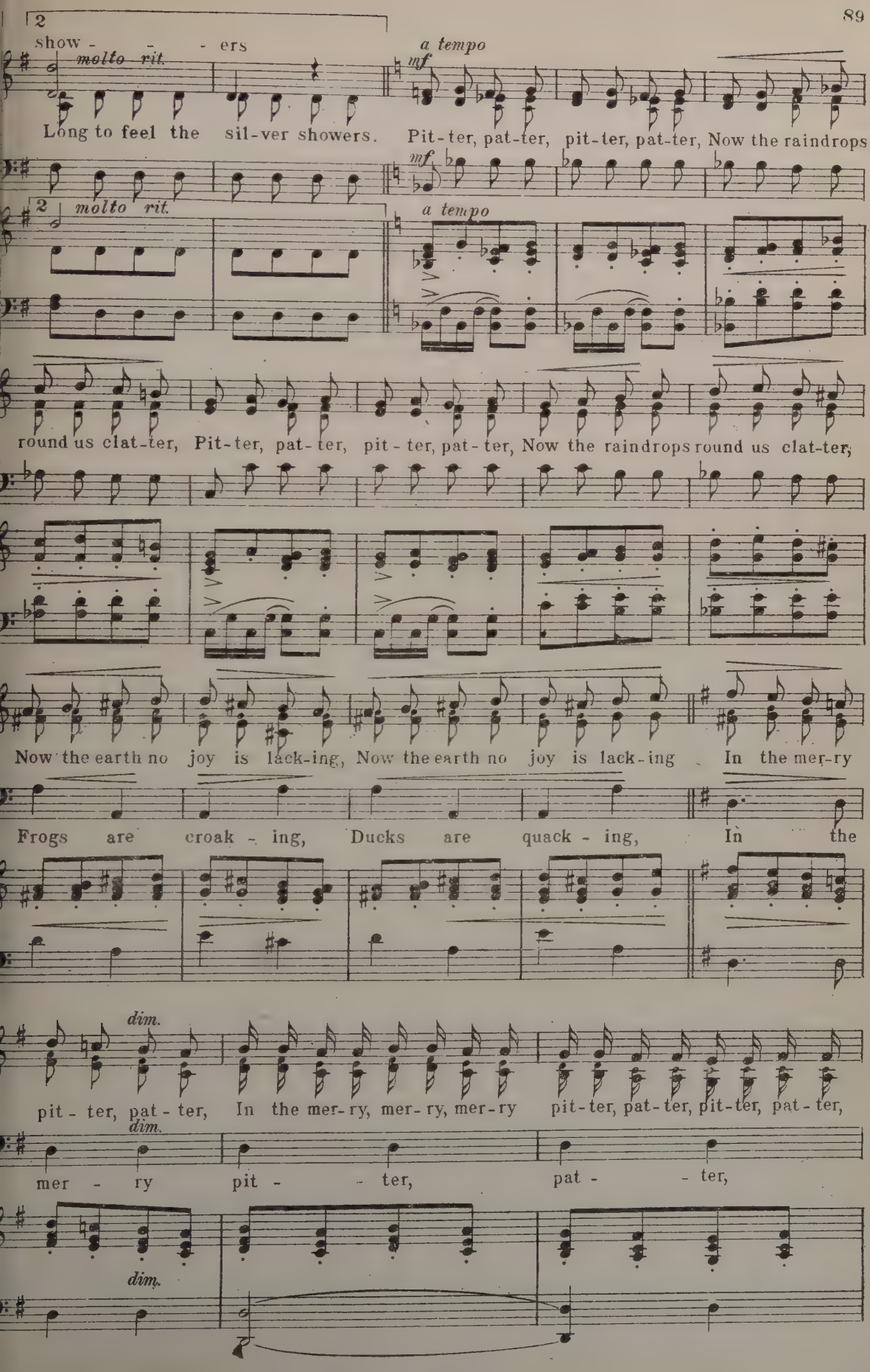

fell the twi-light gleam, Soft-ly it wove it-self in-to our dream.
life's dim shad-ows fall, Love will be found the sweet-est song of all.
rit.
p Humming
mf
Just a song at twi-light, when the lights are low, And the flick'ring shadows
Ped. *
soft-ly come and go. Tho' the heart be wea-ry, sad the day and long,
Ped. *
Still to us at twi-light, comes love's old song, Comes love's old sweet song.

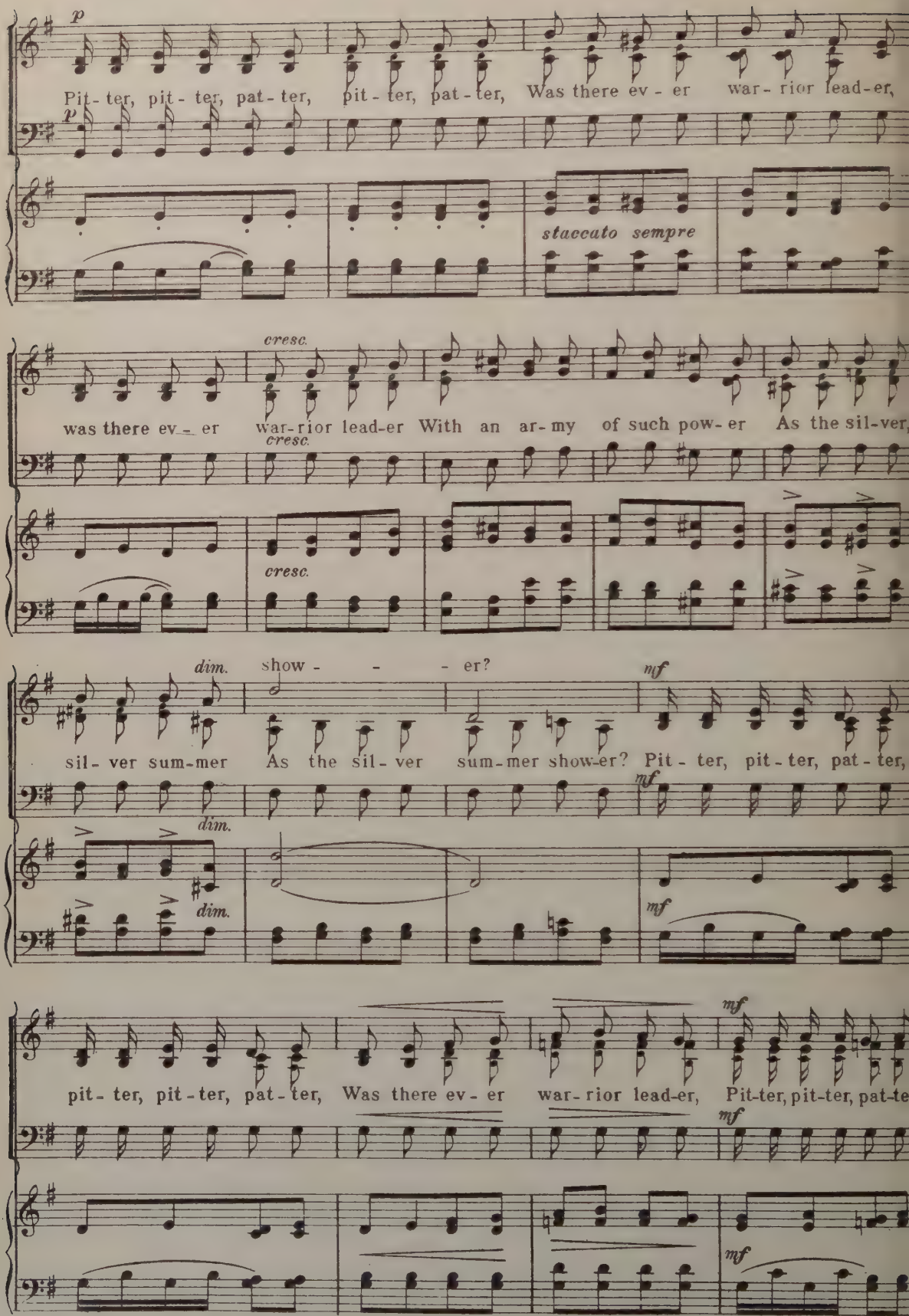
PITTER, PATTER

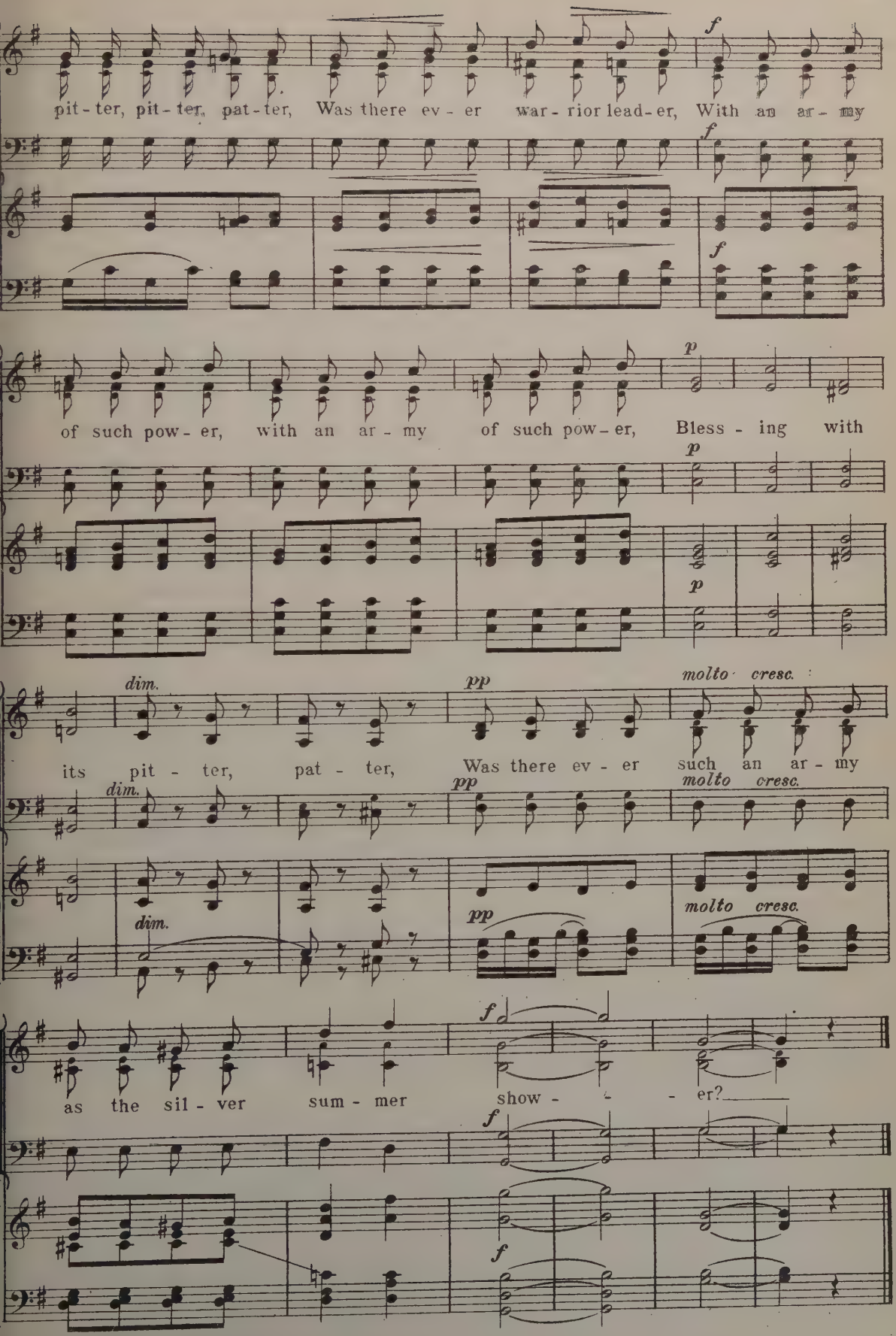
FREDERIC MANLEY

EDGAR STILLMAN-KELLEY


First time very softly, second time a little louder
1. Pit-ter, pit-ter, pat-ter, pit-ter, pat-ter, What a gen-tle noise and clat-ter,
2. Pit-ter, pit-ter, pat-ter, pit-ter, pat-ter, To the val-ley draw-ing near-er,
First time very softly, second time a little louder
p.44
pp
poco cresc.
Pit-ter, pit-ter, pat-ter, pit-ter, pat-ter, Like a fair-y ar-my com-ing
Pit-ter, pit-ter, pat-ter, pit-ter, pat-ter, Where the thirst-ing mead-ow flow-ers
poco cresc.
1
hum- - - ming.
Down the hills with joy-ful, joy-ful Down the hills with joy-ful humming.
Long to feel the sil-ver, sil-ver Omit . . . . . .
1


2
show - - - ers
molto rit.
a tempo
mf
Long to feel the sil-ver showers. Pit-ter, pat-ter, pit-ter, pat-ter, Now the raindrops
mf
2
molto rit.
a tempo
round us clat-ter, Pit-ter, pat-ter, pit-ter, pat-ter, Now the raindrops round us clat-ter,
Now the earth no joy is lack-ing, Now the earth no joy is lack-ing In the mer-ry
Frogs are croak-ing, Ducks are quack-ing, In the
dim.
pit-ter, pat-ter, In the mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry pit-ter, pat-ter, pit-ter, pat-ter,
dim.
mer - ry pit - - ter, pat - - ter,
dim.


p
Pit - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter, Was there ev - er war - rior lead-er,
staccato sempre
cresc.
was there ev - er war-rior lead-er With an ar-my of such pow-er As the sil-ver,
dim.
show - - - er?
mf
sil - ver sum-mer As the sil - ver sum-mer show-er? Pit - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter,
pit - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter, Was there ev - er war - rior lead-er, Pit-ter, pit-ter, pat-te

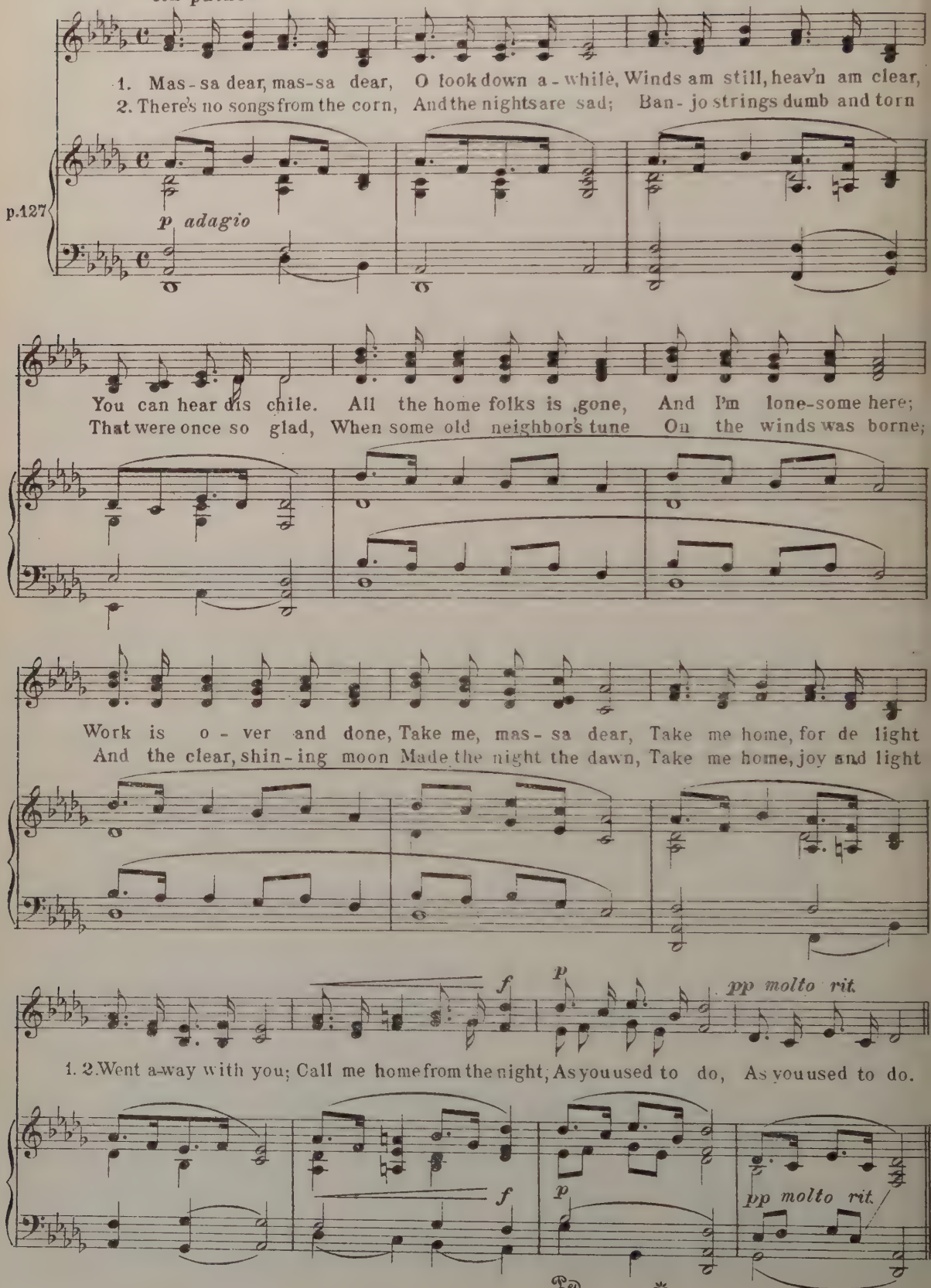

pit - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter, Was there ev - er war - rior lead - er, With an ar - my
of such pow - er, with an ar - my of such pow - er, Bless - ing with
its pit - ter, pat - ter, Was there ev - er such an ar - my
as the sil - ver sum - mer show - - - er?
f
p
dim.
pp
molto cresc.

MASSA DEAR

FREDERIC MANLEY

ARTHUR JOHNSON

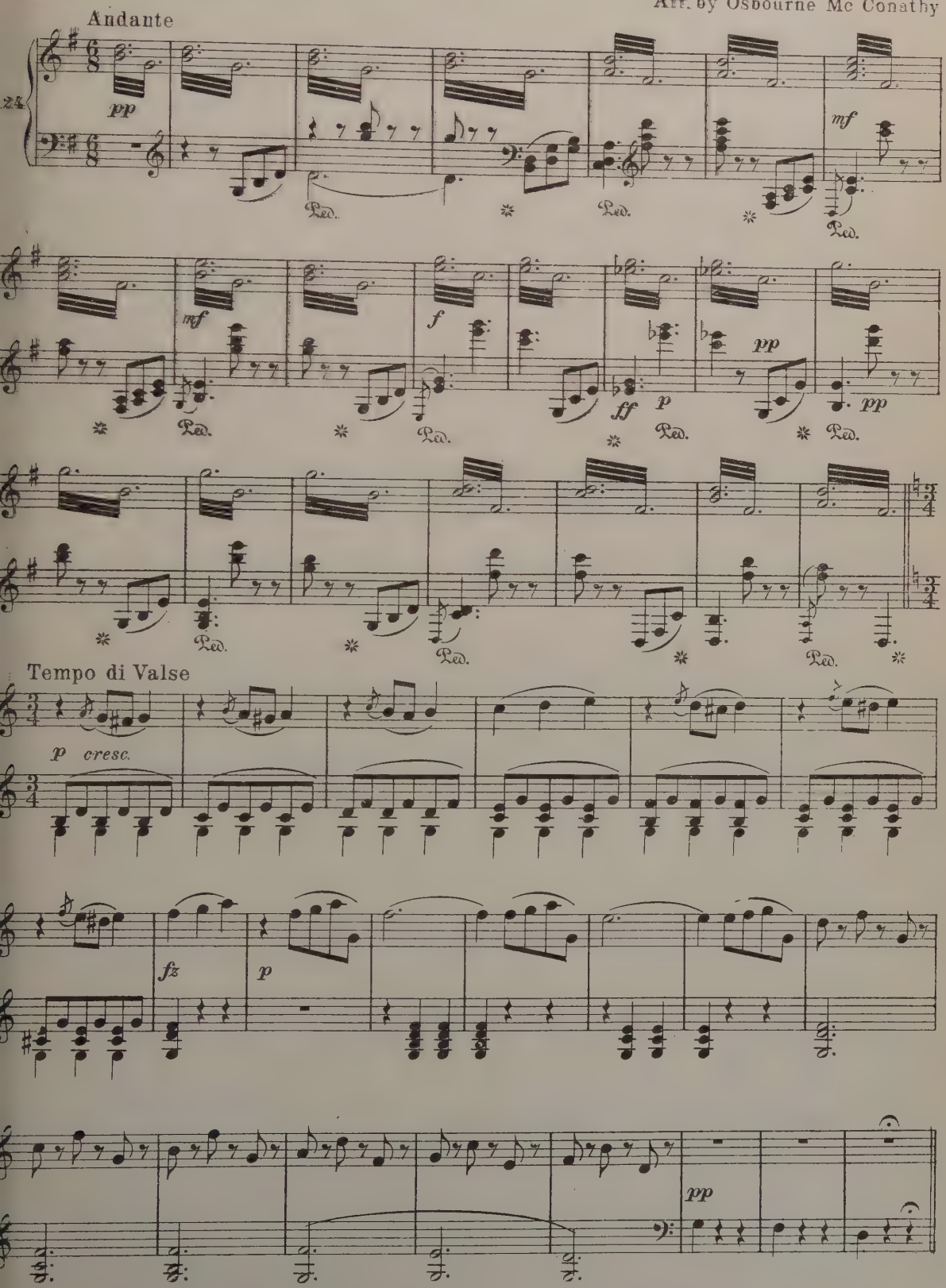
With pathos


1. Mas-sa dear, mas-sa dear, O look down a-while, Winds am still, heav'n am clear,
2. There's no songs from the corn, And the nights are sad; Ban-jo strings dumb and torn
p.127
p adagio
You can hear dis chile. All the home folks is gone, And I'm lone-some here;
That were once so glad, When some old neighbor's tune On the winds was borne;
Work is o-ver and done, Take me, mas-sa dear, Take me home, for de light
And the clear, shin-ing moon Made the night the dawn, Take me home, joy and light
f
p
pp molto rit
1. 2. Went a-way with you; Call me home from the night, As you used to do, As you used to do.
f
p
pp molto rit
Ped.
*

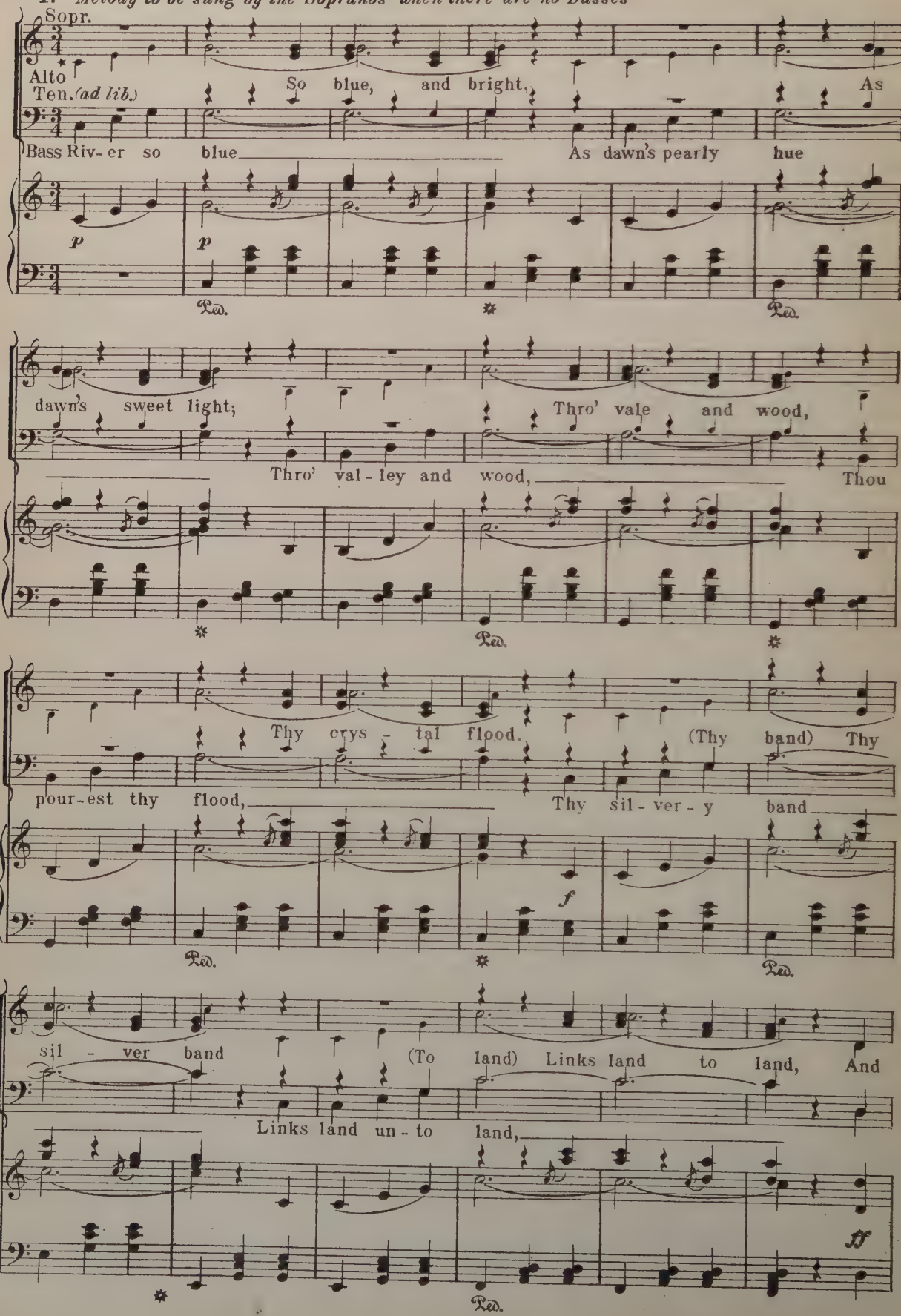
THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE DANUBE

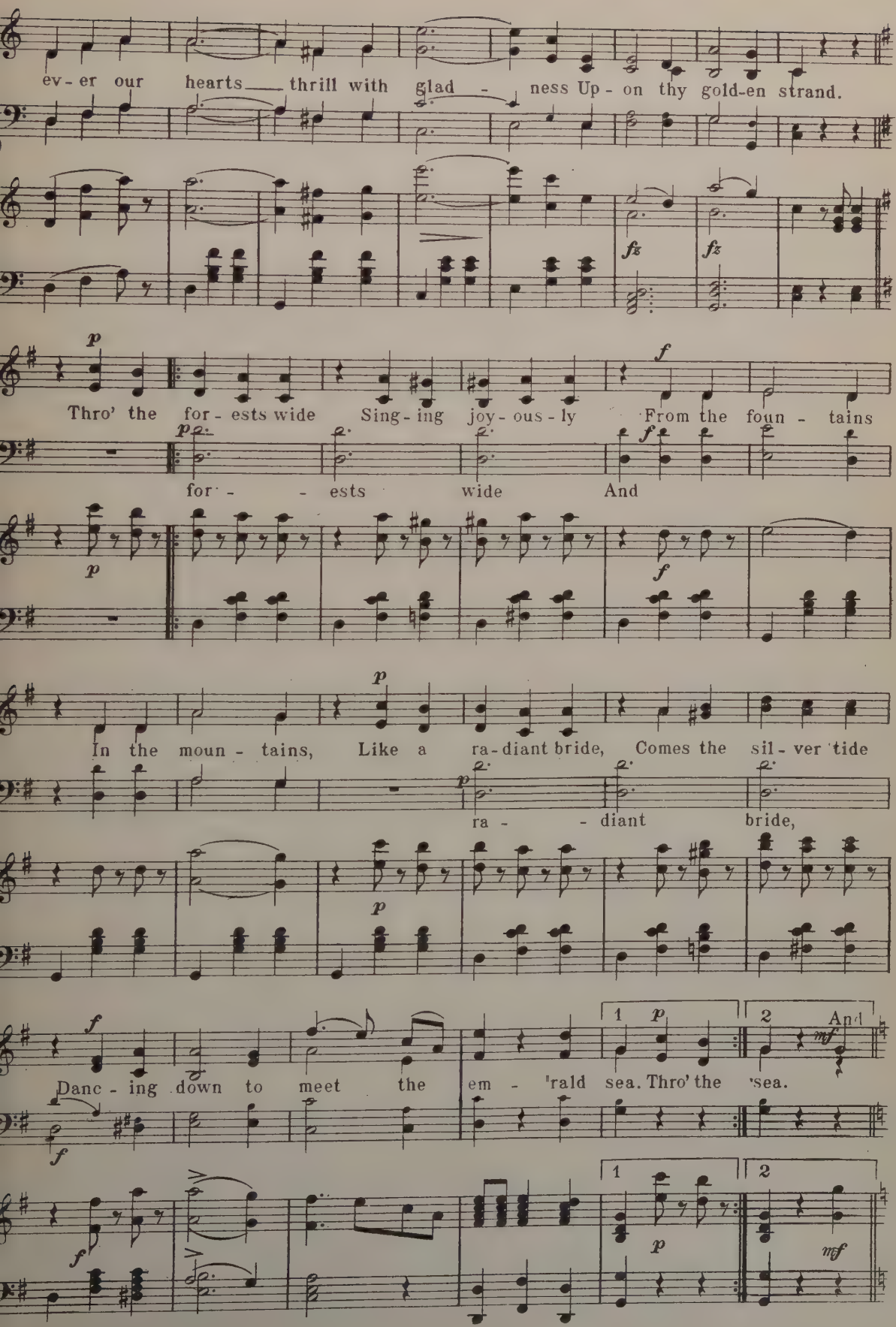
English text by FRANCES ELLIOT

JOHANN STRAUSS
Arr. by Osbourne Mc Conathy

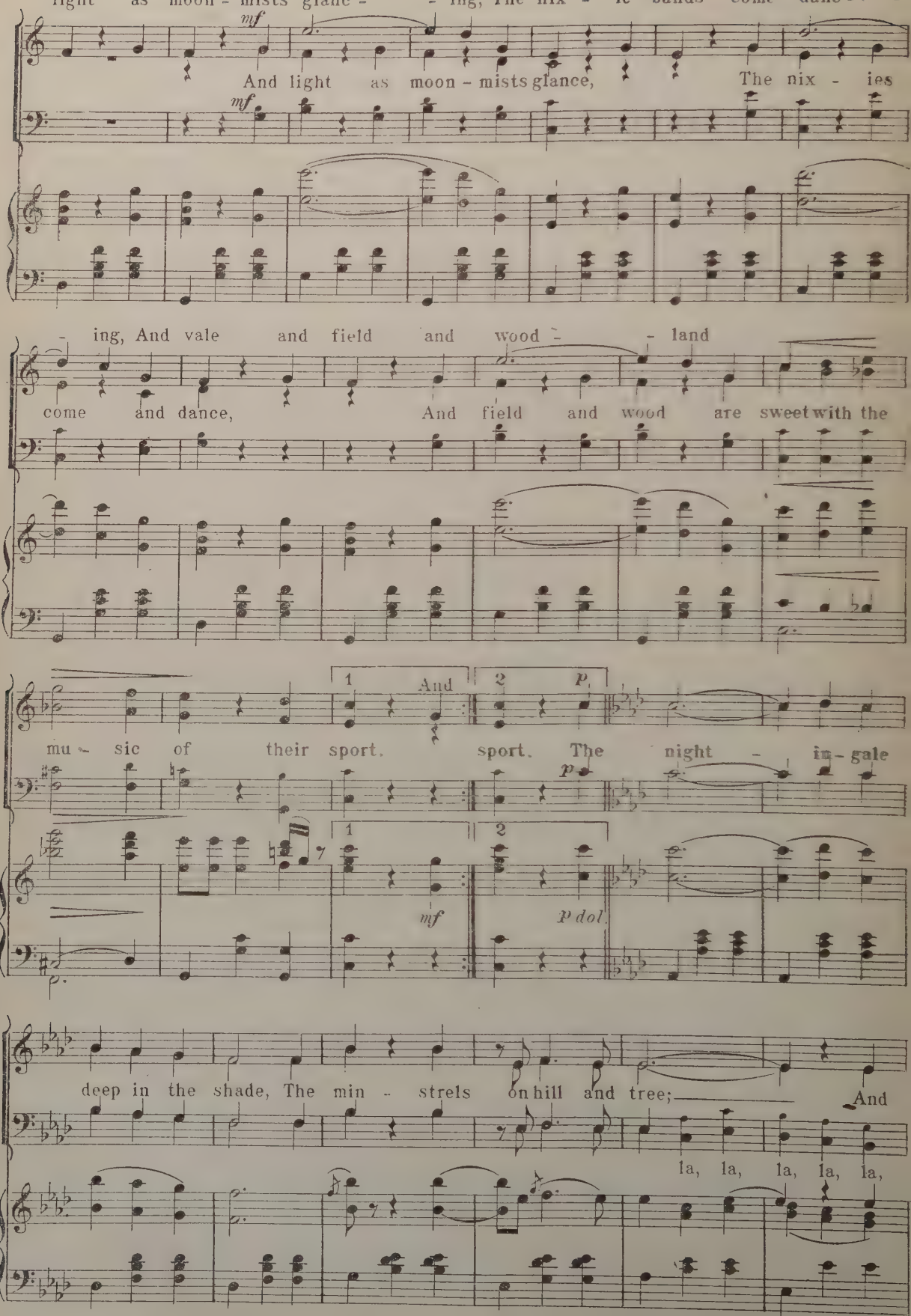


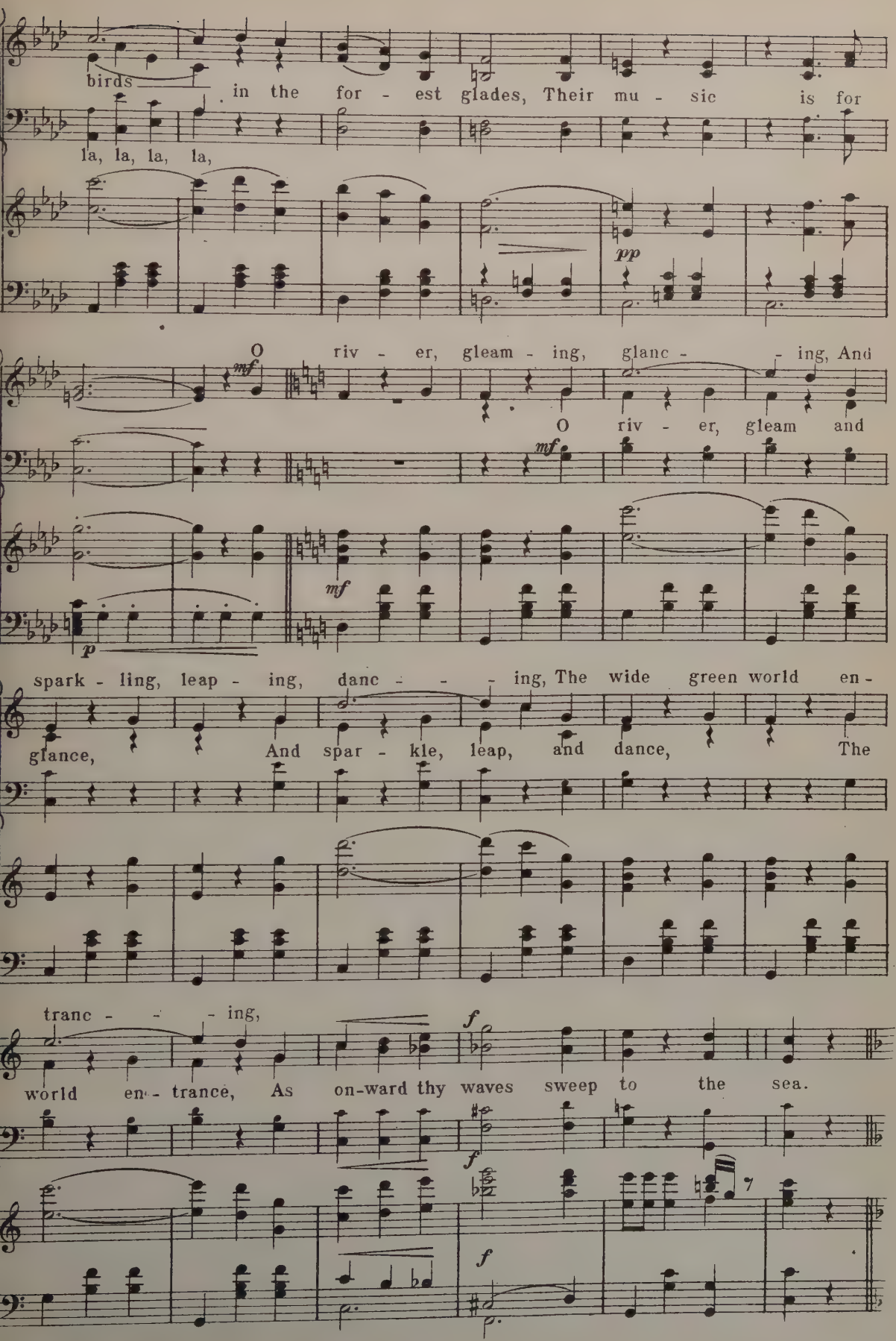
1. * *Melody to be sung by the Sopranos when there are no Basses*

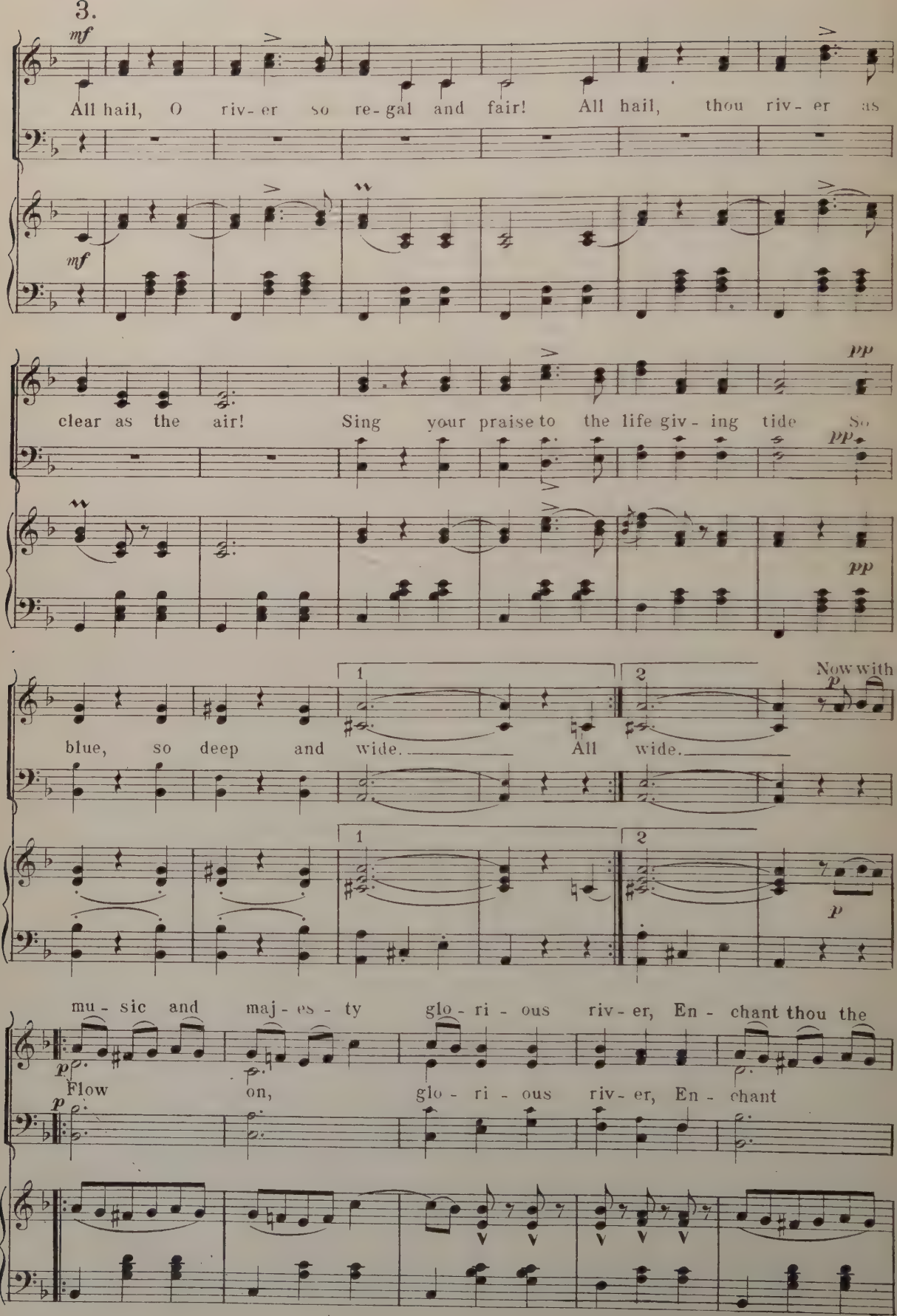


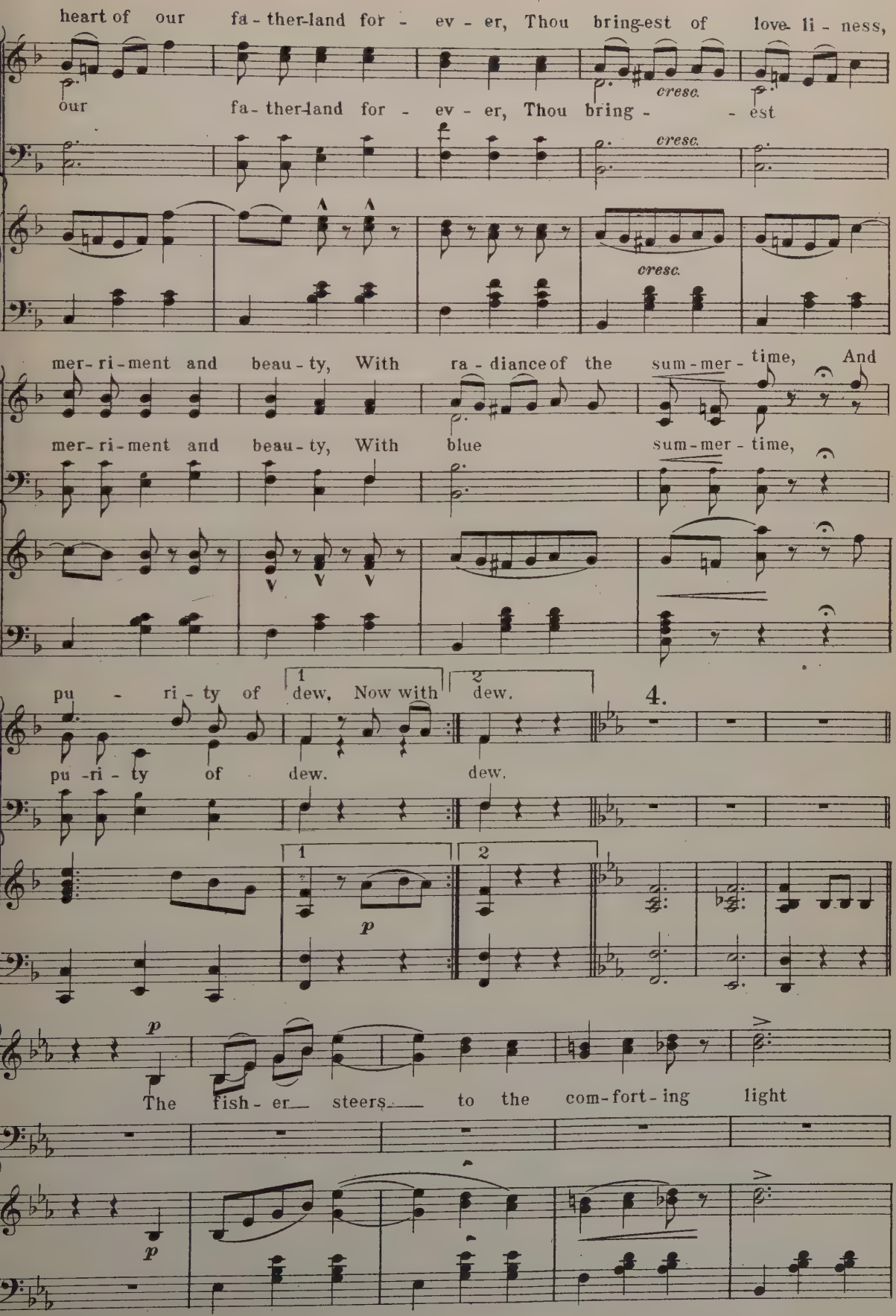

ev - er our hearts thrill with glad - ness Up - on thy gold-en strand.
fz
fz
p
Thro' the for - ests wide Sing - ing joy - ous - ly From the foun - tains
p
for - - - ests wide And
f
p
In the moun - tains, Like a ra - diant bride, Comes the sil - ver tide
p
ra - - - diant bride,
p
f
Danc - ing down to meet the em - 'rald sea. Thro' the 'sea.
1
p
2
And
mf
f
f
1
2
p
mf

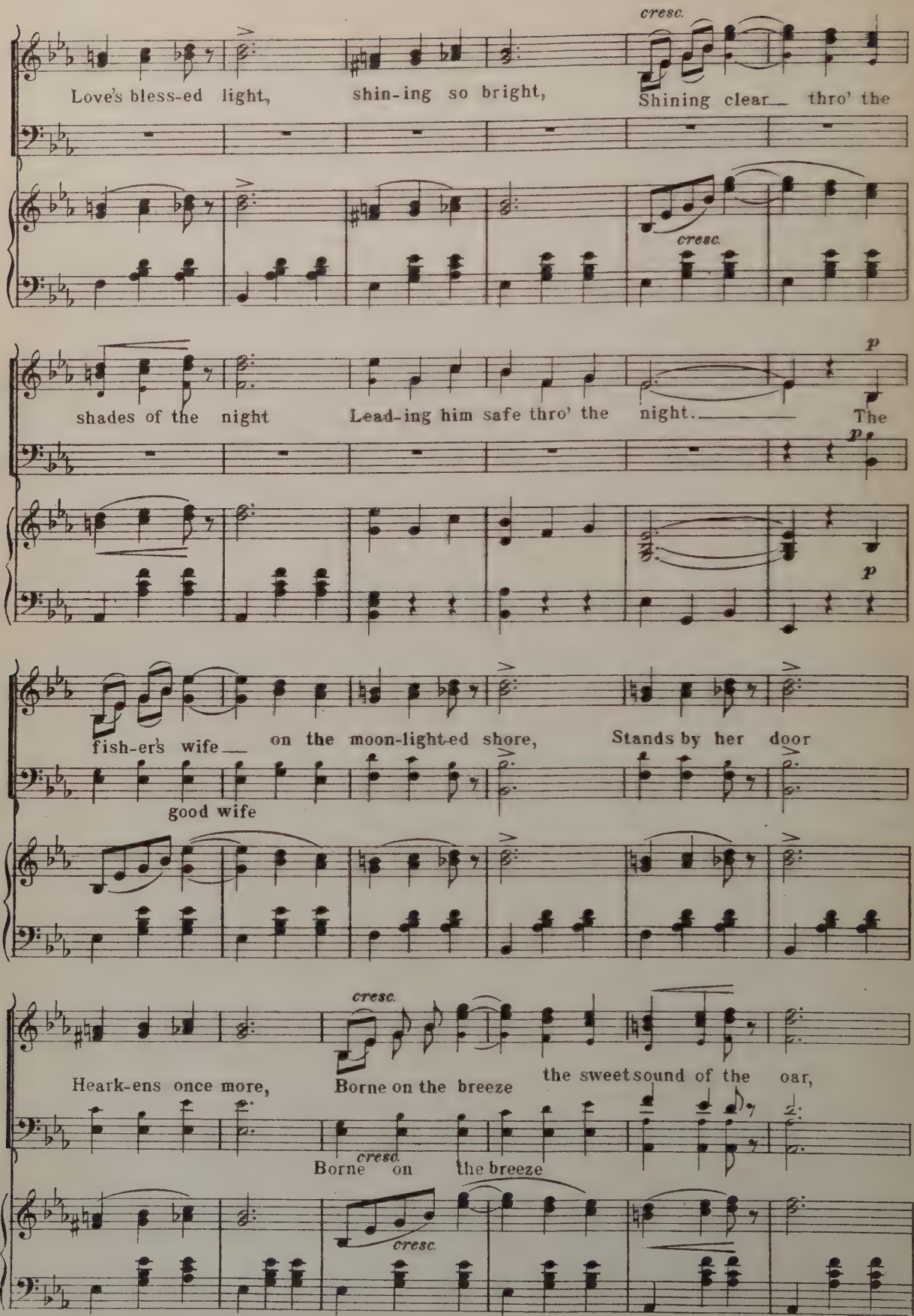
2.

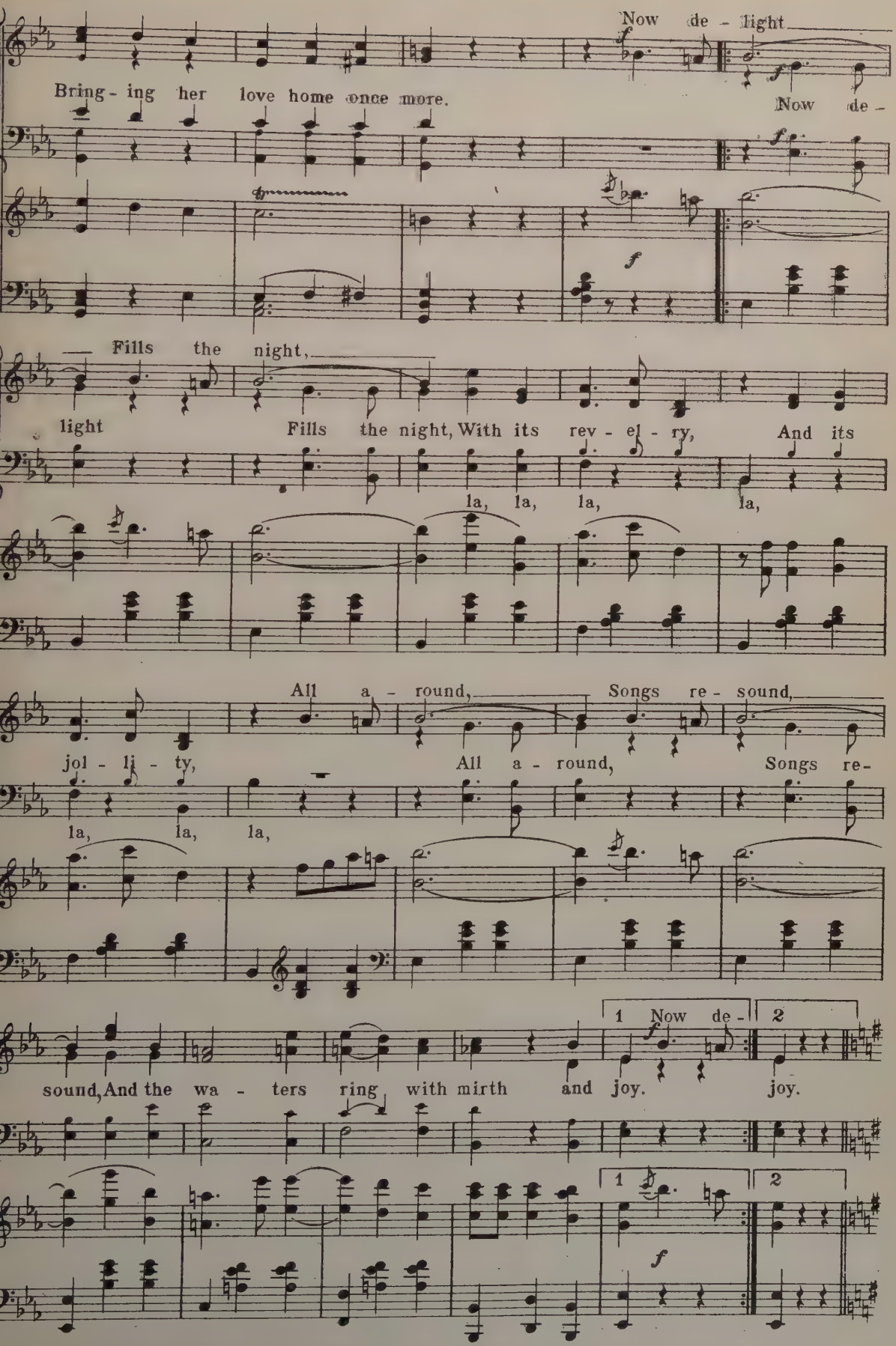

light as moon - mists glanc - - ing, The nix - ie bands come danc - -
mf
And light as moon - mists glance, The nix - ies
mf
- ing, And vale and field and wood - - land
come and dance, And field and wood are sweet with the
1
And
2
p
mu - sic of their sport. sport. The night - in - gale
p
1
2
mf
p dol.
deep in the shade, The min - strels on hill and tree; And
la, la, la, la, la,

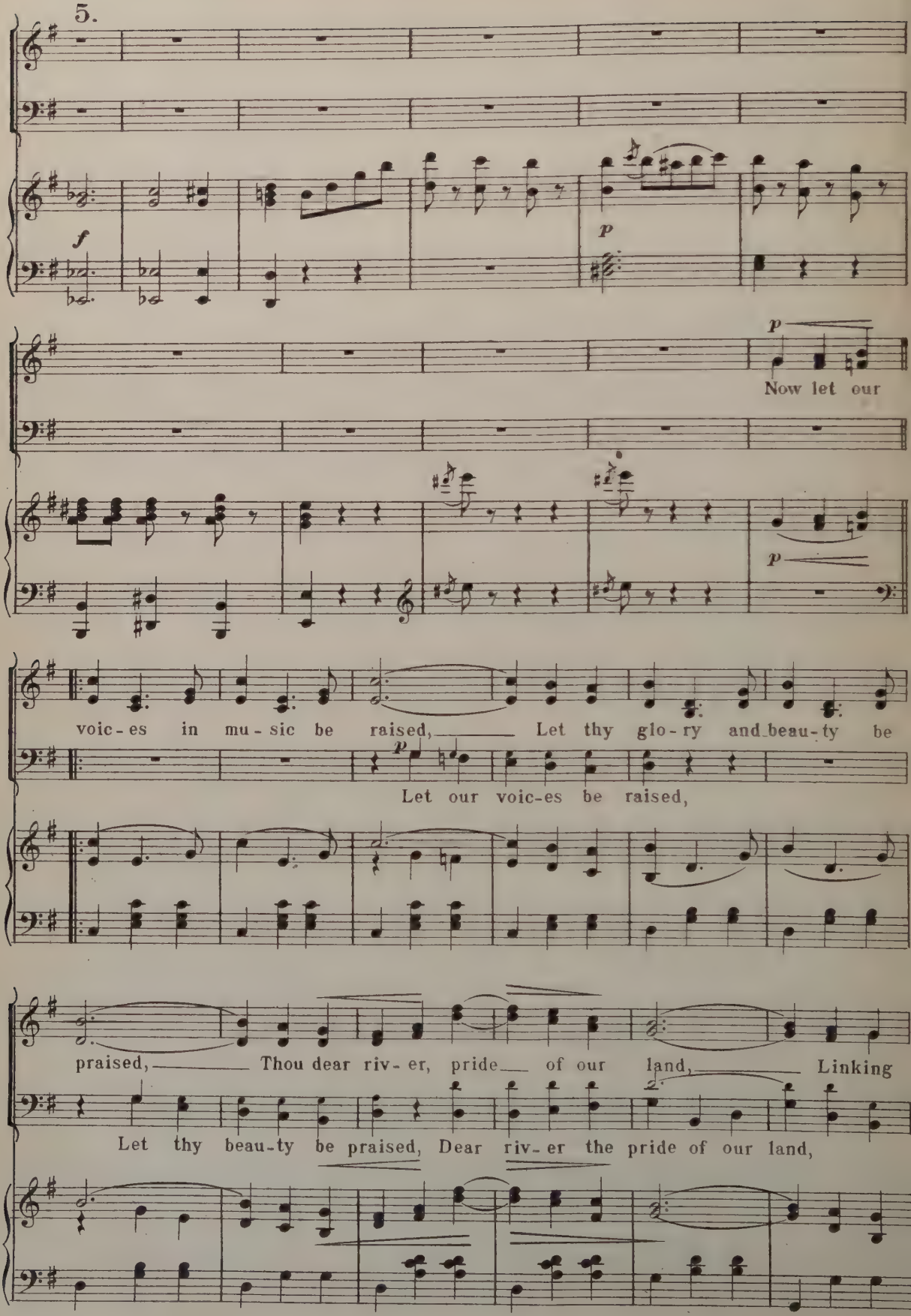

birds in the for - est glades, Their mu - sic is for
la, la, la, la,
pp
O riv - er, gleam - ing, glanc - - ing, And
mf
O riv - er, gleam and
mf
mf
p
spark - ling, leap - ing, danc - - - ing, The wide green world en -
glance, And spar - kle, leap, and dance, The
tranc - - - ing,
world en - trance, As on-ward thy waves sweep to the sea.
f
f
f
7

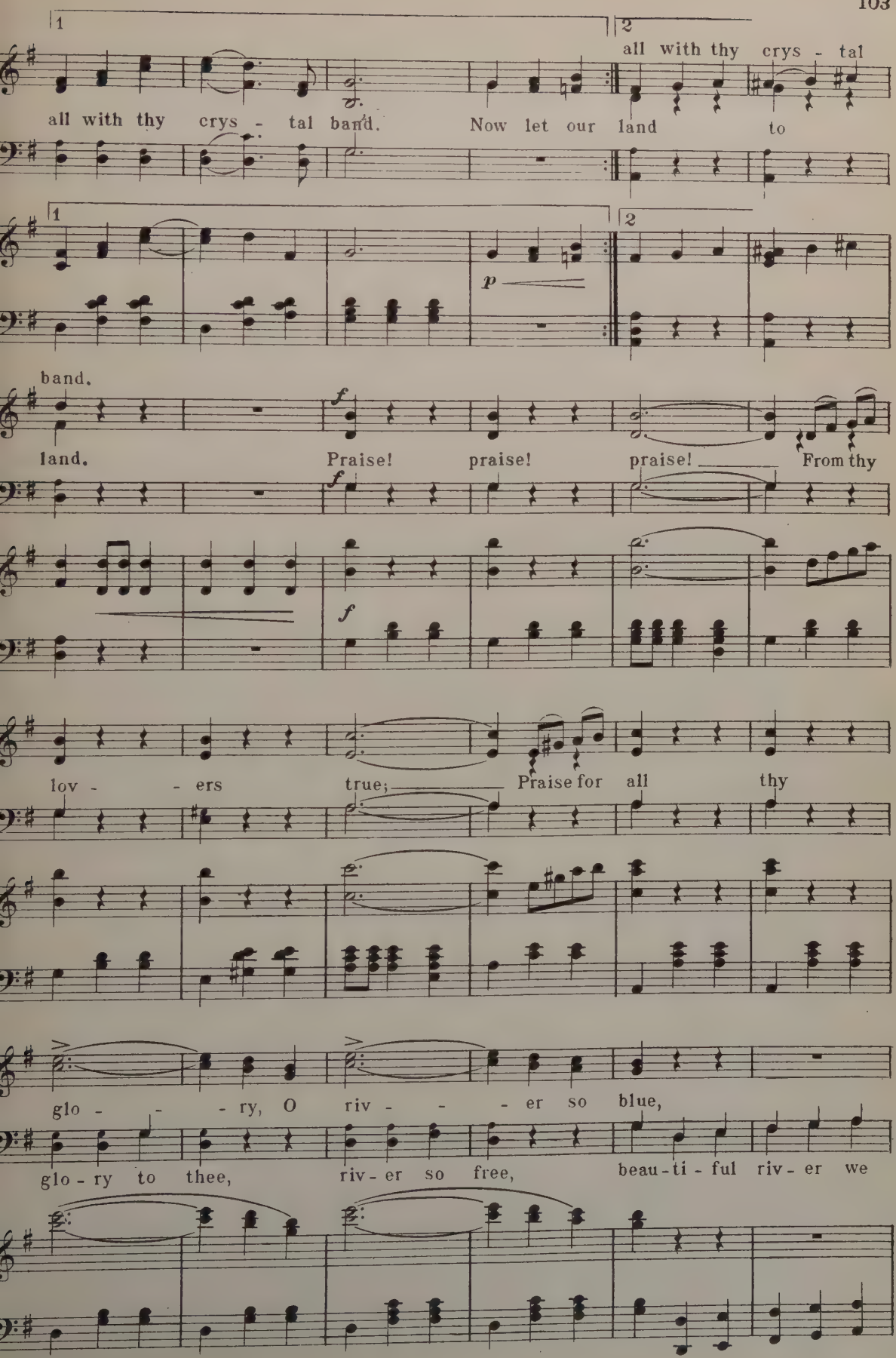

3.
mf
All hail, O riv- er so re- gal and fair! All hail, thou riv- er as
mf
pp
clear as the air! Sing your praise to the life giv- ing tide So
pp
pp
1
2
Now with
p
blue, so deep and wide. All wide.
1
2
p
mu- sic and maj- es- ty glo- ri- ous riv- er, En- chant thou the
p
Flow on, glo- ri- ous riv- er, En- chant

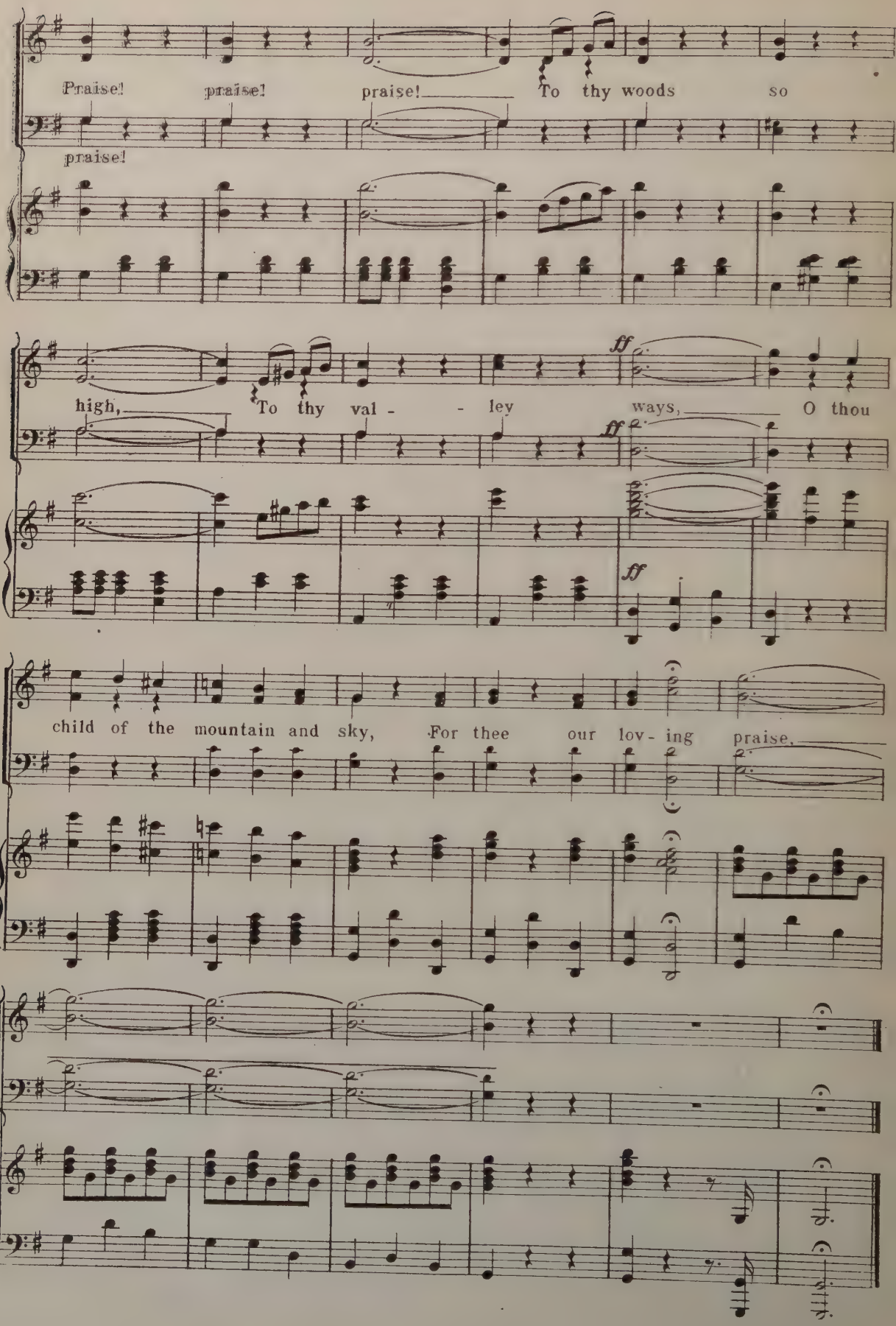

heart of our fa - ther-land for - ev - er, Thou bring-est of love- li - ness,
our fa - ther-land for - ev - er, Thou bring - - est
cresc.
cresc.
cresc.
mer- ri - ment and beau - ty, With ra - diance of the sum - mer - time, And
mer- ri - ment and beau - ty, With blue sum - mer - time,
pu - ri - ty of dew. Now with dew.
4.
pu - ri - ty of dew. dew.
1
2
p
p
The fish - er steers to the com - fort - ing light
p


cresc.
Love's bless-ed light, shin-ing so bright, Shining clear thro' the
cresc.
shades of the night Lead-ing him safe thro' the night. The
p
p
p
fish-er's wife on the moon-light-ed shore, Stands by her door
good wife
cresc.
Heark-ens once more, Borne on the breeze the sweet sound of the oar,
Borne on the breeze
cresc.
cresc.


Now de - light
Bring - ing her love home once more.
Now de -
Fills the night,
light
Fills the night, With its rev - el - ry,
And its
la, la, la, la,
All a - round,
Songs re - sound,
jol - li - ty,
All a - round,
Songs re -
la, la, la,
1 Now de -
2
sound, And the wa - ters ring with mirth and joy.
joy.
1
2


5.
f
p
p
Now let our
p
voic-es in mu-sic be raised, Let thy glo-ry and beau-ty be
p
Let our voic-es be raised,
praised, Thou dear riv-er, pride of our land, Linking
Let thy beau-ty be praised, Dear riv-er the pride of our land,


1
2
all with thy crys - tal
all with thy crys - tal band. Now let our land to
p
band.
land. Praise! praise! praise! From thy
f
lov - - ers true; Praise for all thy
glo - - - ry, O riv - - - er so blue,
glo - ry to thee, riv - er so free, beau - ti - ful riv - er we


Praise! praise! praise! To thy woods so
praise!
high, To thy val - - ley ways, O thou
ff
child of the mountain and sky, For thee our lov - ing praise.

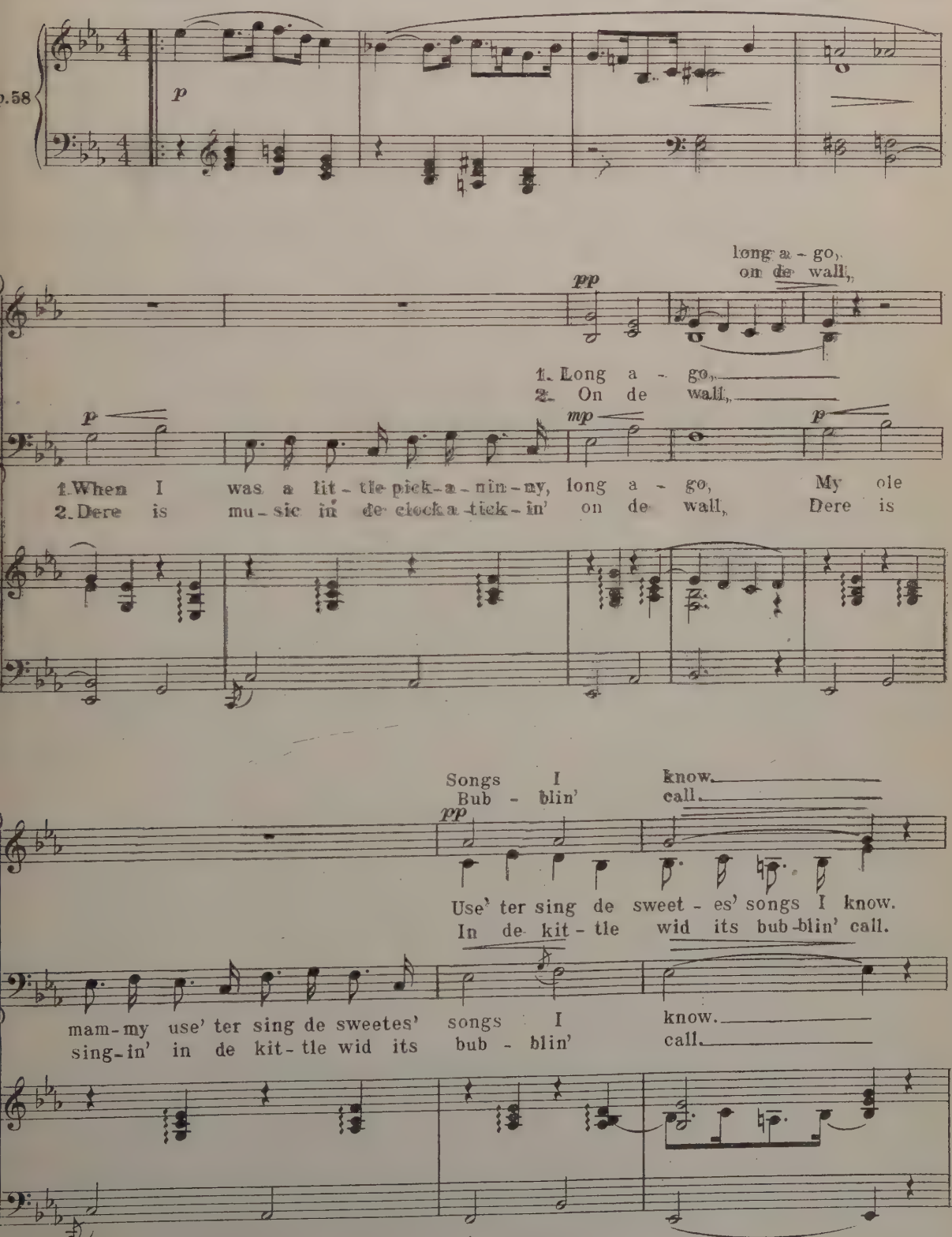
MY MAMMY'S VOICE*

EDWIN STAR BELKNAP

S.A.B.

Allegretto

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS


p.58
p
pp
long a - go,
on de wall,
1. Long a - go,
2. On de wall,
p
mp
p
1. When I was a lit - tle pick-a-nin-ny, long a - go, My ole
2. Dere is mu - sic in de clock a tick - in' on de wall, Dere is
Songs I know.
Bub - blin' call.
pp
Use' ter sing de sweet - es' songs I know.
In de kit - tle wid its bub-blin' call.
mam-my use' ter sing de sweetes' songs I know.
sing-in' in de kit - tle wid its bub - blin' call.

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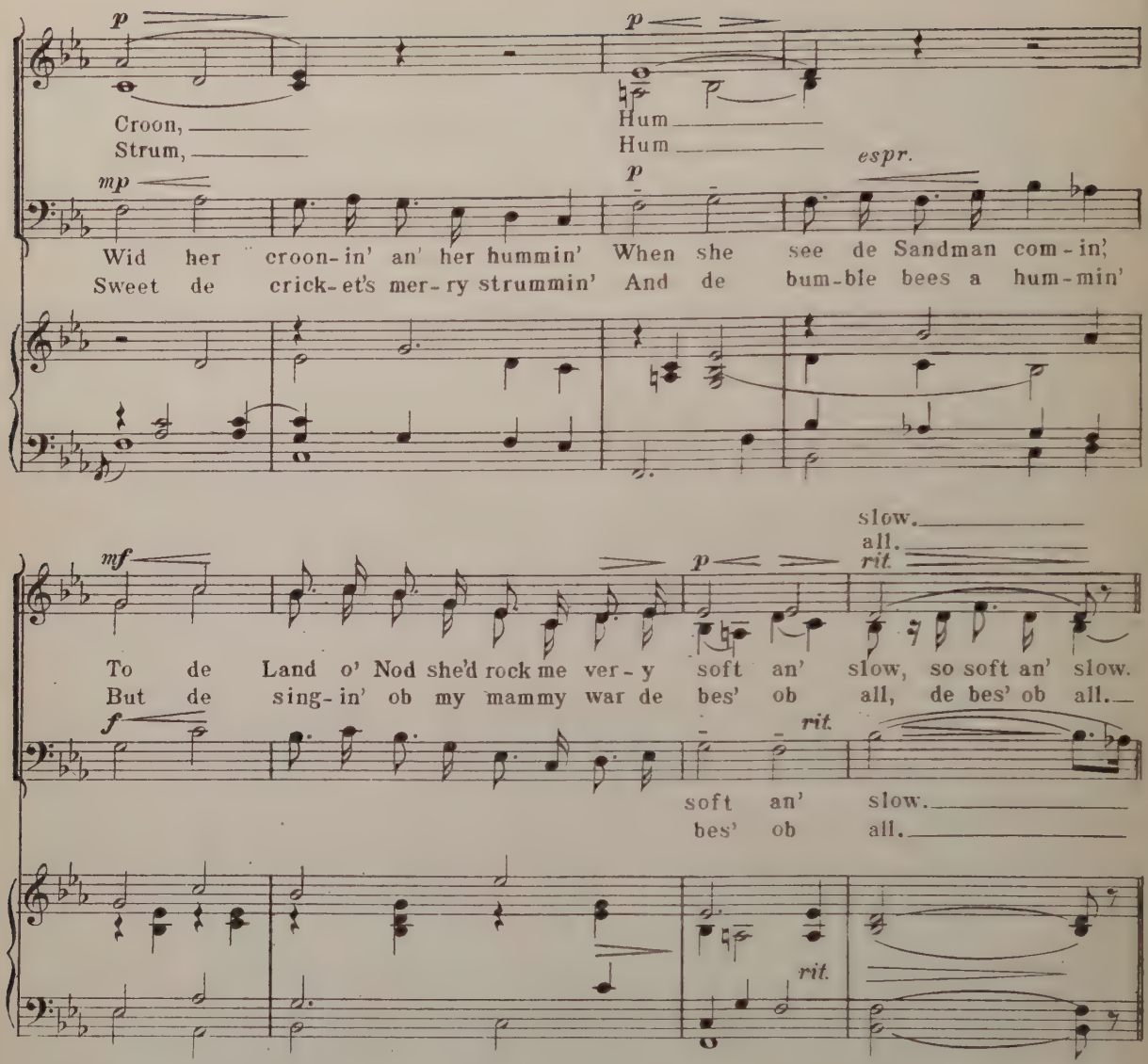
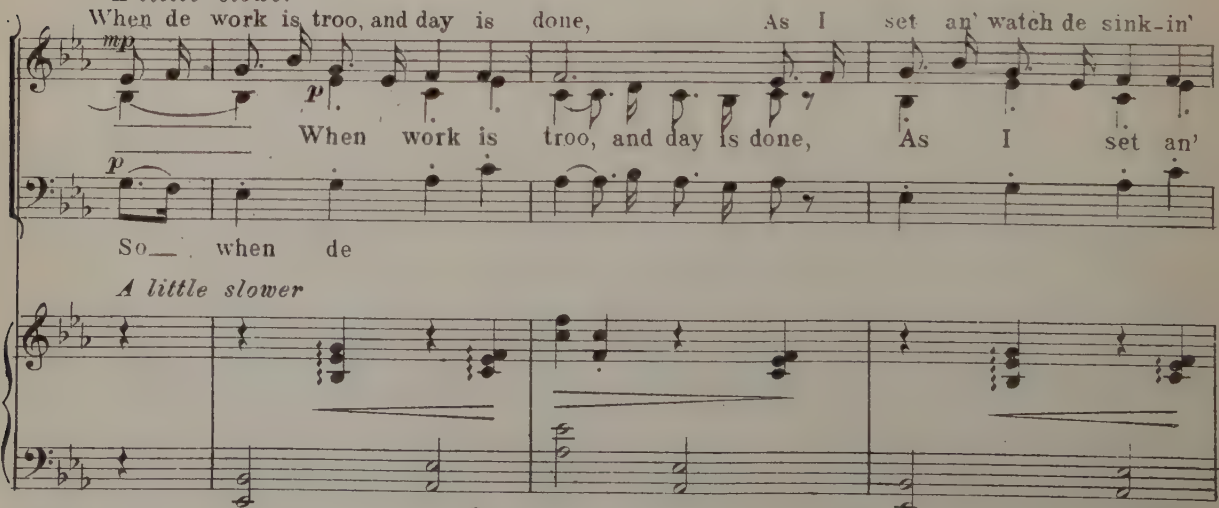
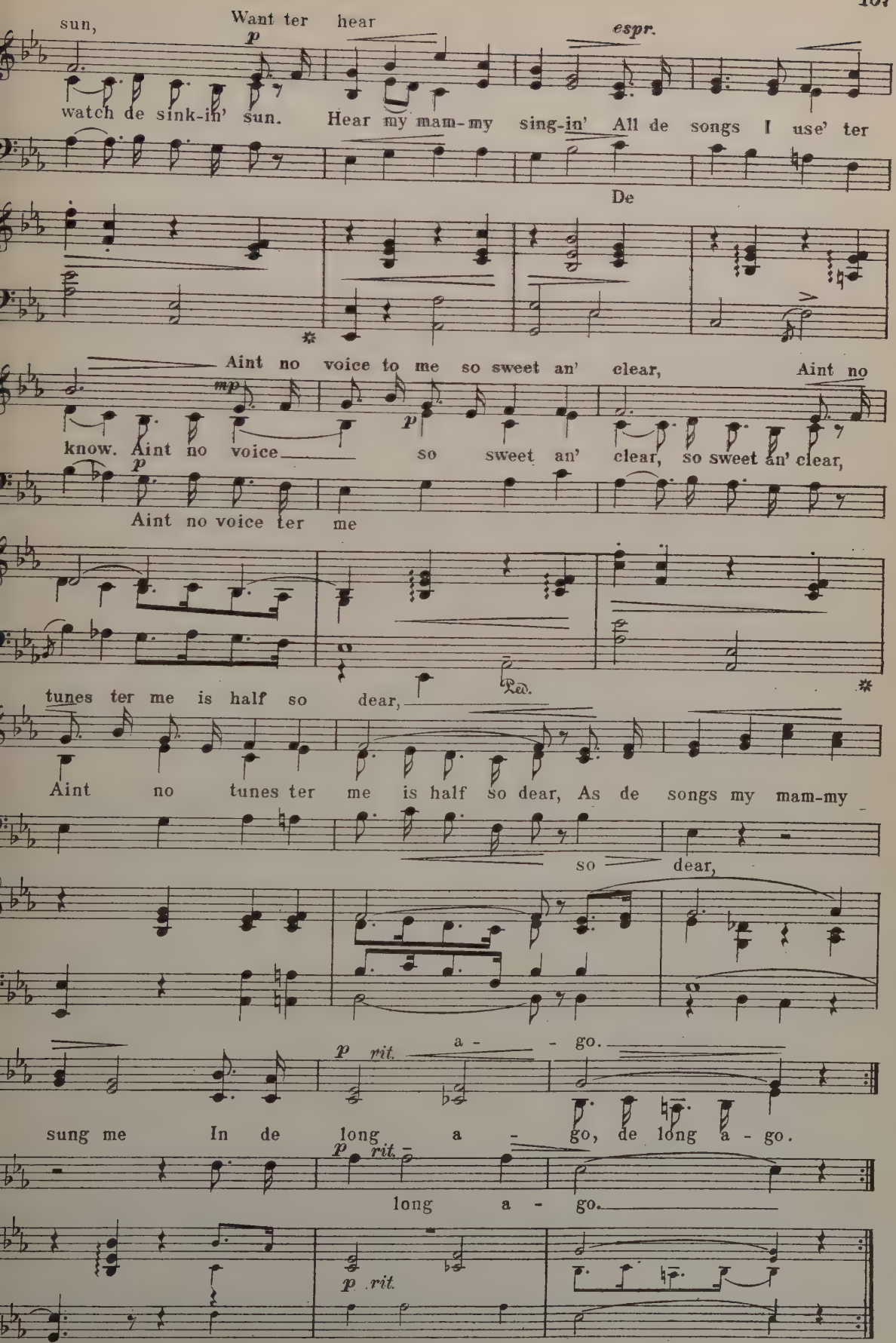
* Published also as a solo



REFRAIN

A little slower


When de work is troo, and day is done, As I set an' watch de sink-in'
mp
p
When work is troo, and day is done, As I set an'
p
So when de
A little slower
Ped.
Ped.

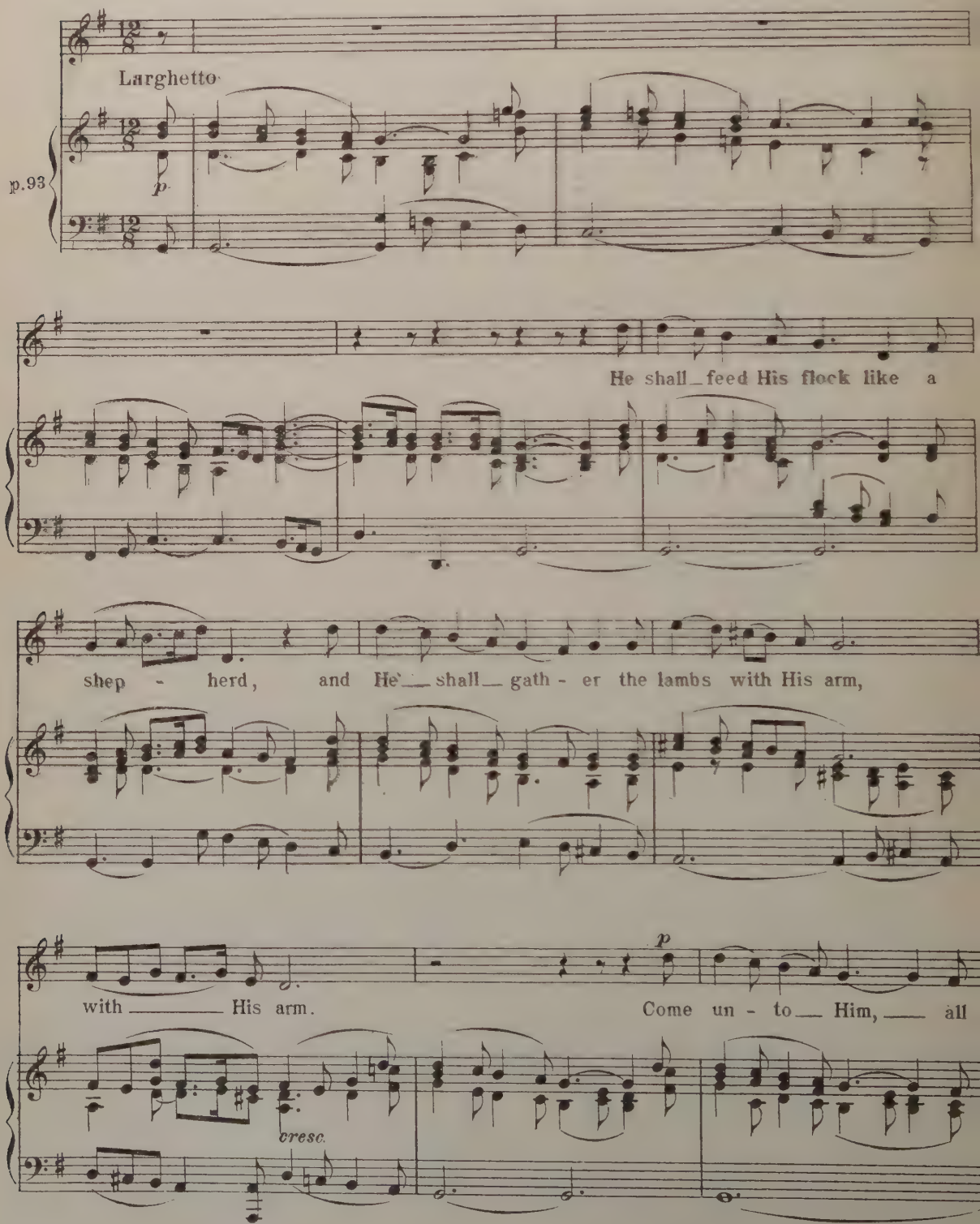

sun, Want ter hear
p
espr.
watch de sink-in' sun. Hear my mam-my sing-in' All de songs I use' ter
De
Aint no voice to me so sweet an' clear, Aint no
mp
know. Aint no voice so sweet an' clear, so sweet an' clear,
p
Aint no voice ter me
tunes ter me is half so dear,
Aint no tunes ter me is half so dear, As de songs my mam-my
so dear,
p rit. a - go.
sung me In de long a - go, de long a - go.
p rit.
long a - go.
p rit.

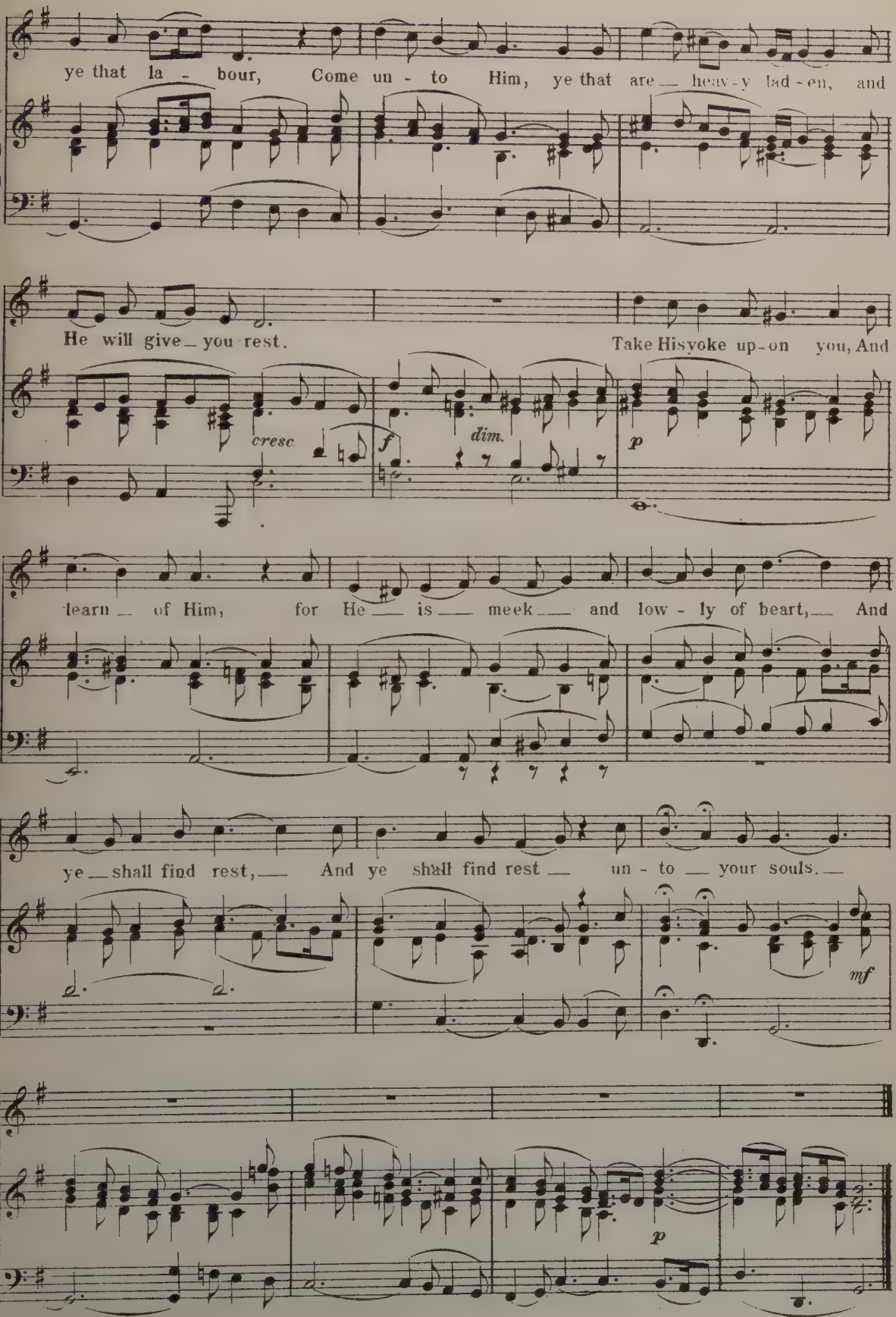
HE SHALL FEED HIS FLOCK

Air from "Messiah"

MATTHEW XI. ISAIAH XI

G. F. HANDEL

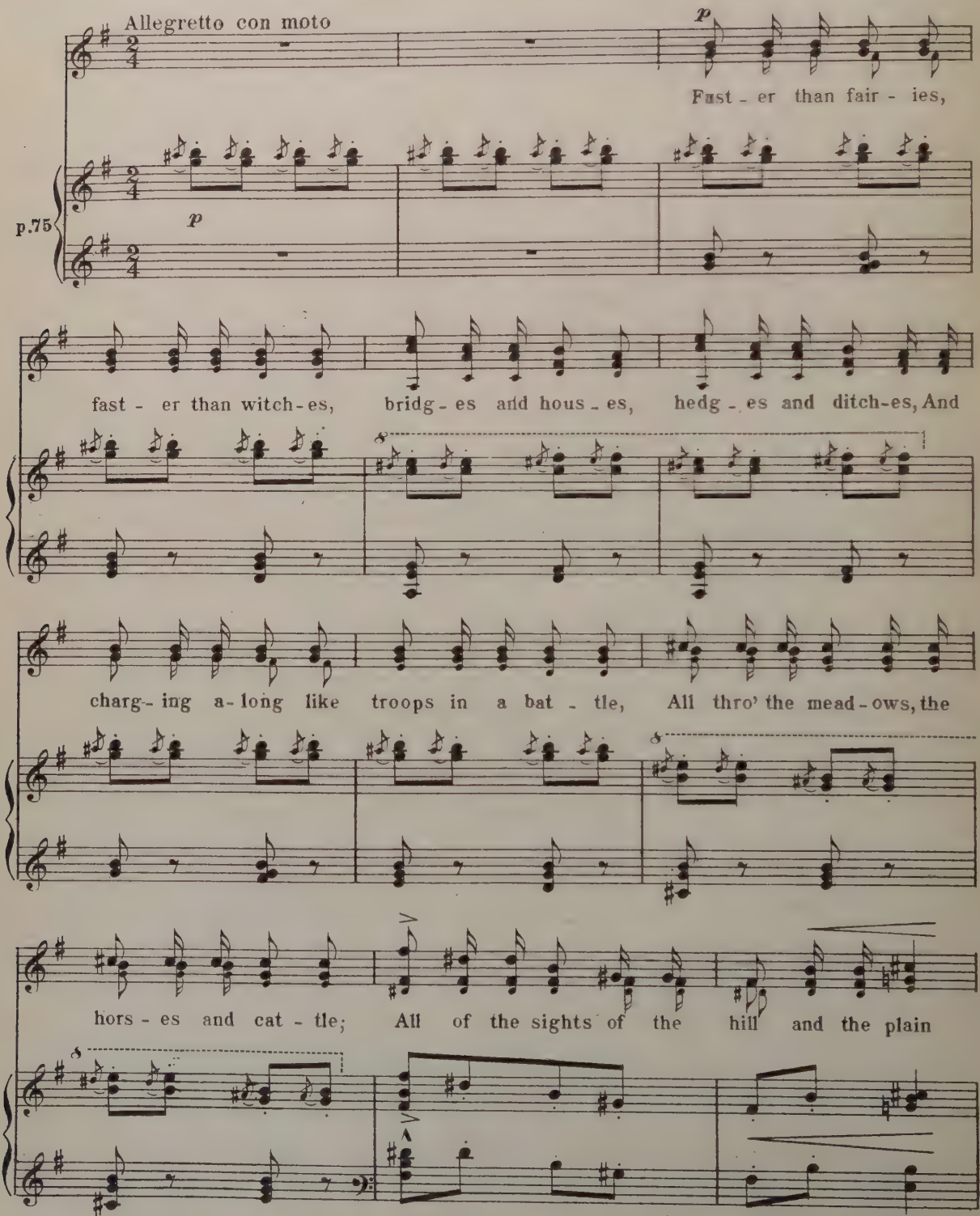


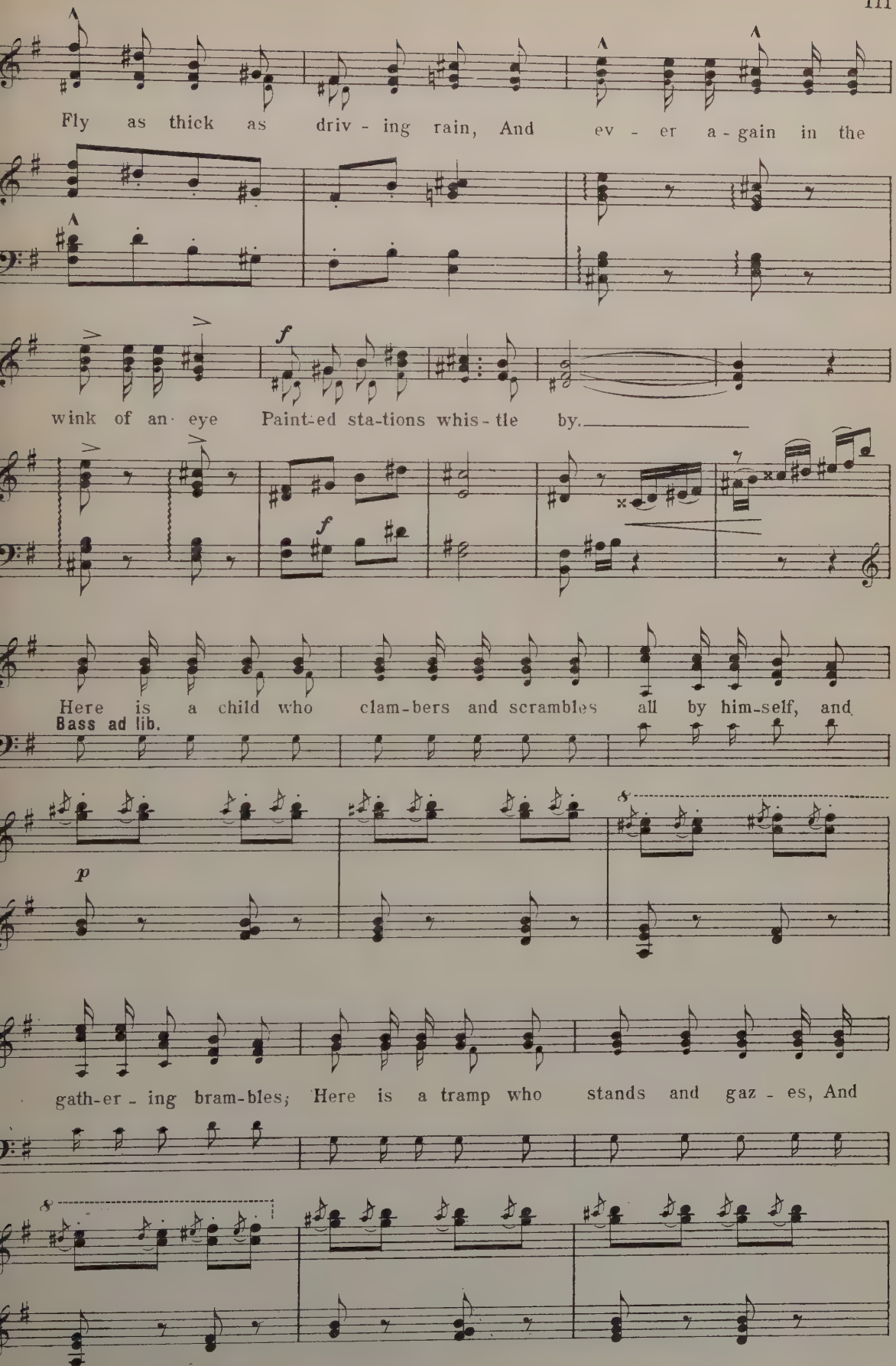

ye that la - bour, Come un - to Him, ye that are heav-y lad-en, and
He will give you rest.
Take His yoke up-on you, And
cresc.
f
dim.
p
learn of Him, for He is meek and low - ly of heart, And
ye shall find rest, And ye shall find rest un - to your souls.
mf
p

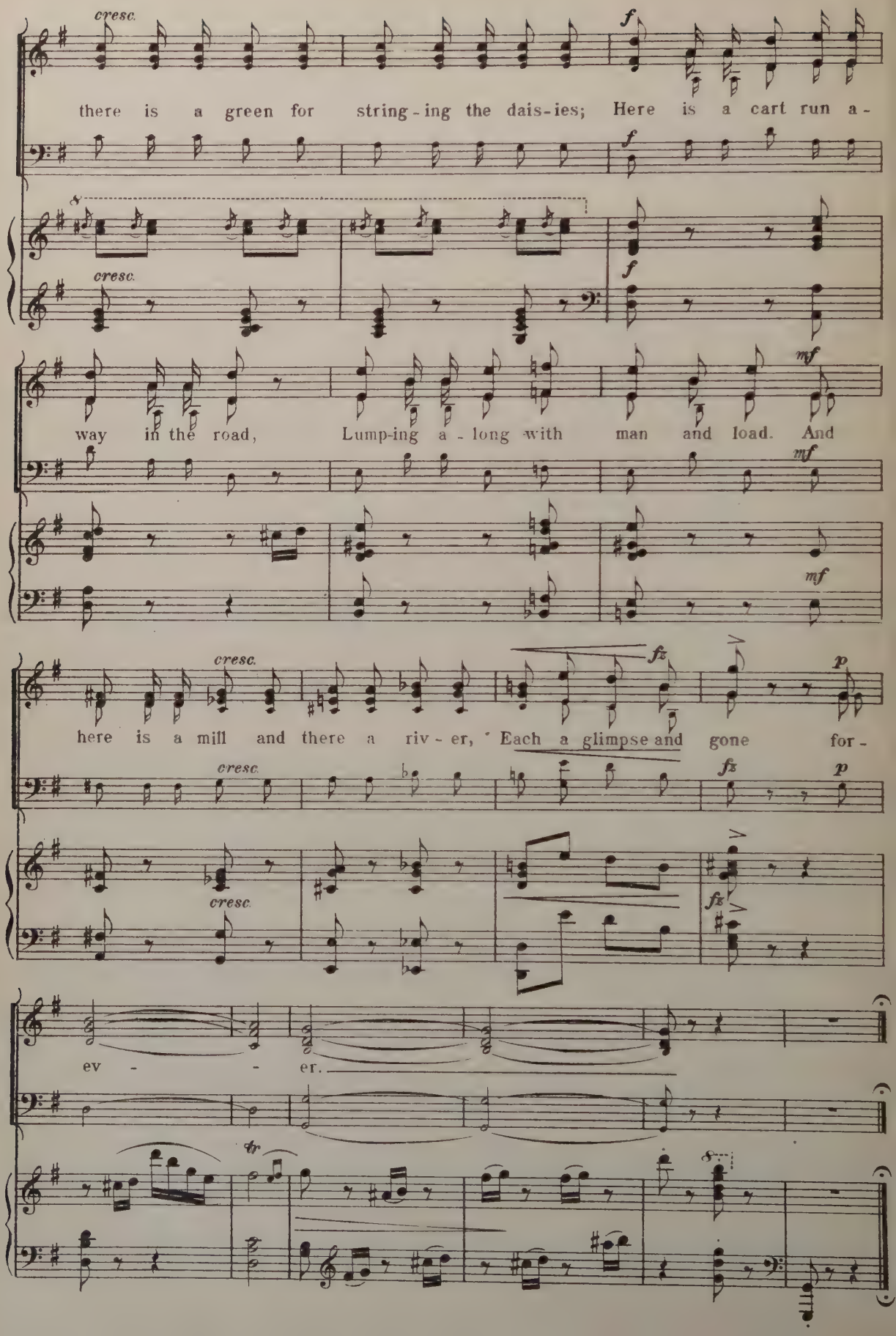
FROM A RAILWAY CARRIAGE

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

HENRY K. HADLEY


Allegretto con moto
p
Fast - er than fair - ies,
p.75
p
fast - er than witch-es, bridg - es and hous - es, hedg - es and ditch-es, And
charg - ing a - long like troops in a bat - tle, All thro' the mead - ows, the
hors - es and cat - tle; All of the sights of the hill and the plain


Fly as thick as driv - ing rain, And ev - er a - gain in the
wink of an eye Paint-ed sta-tions whis - tle by.
Here is a child who clam-bers and scrambles all by him-self, and
Bass ad lib.
gath-er - ing bram-bles; Here is a tramp who stands and gaz - es, And

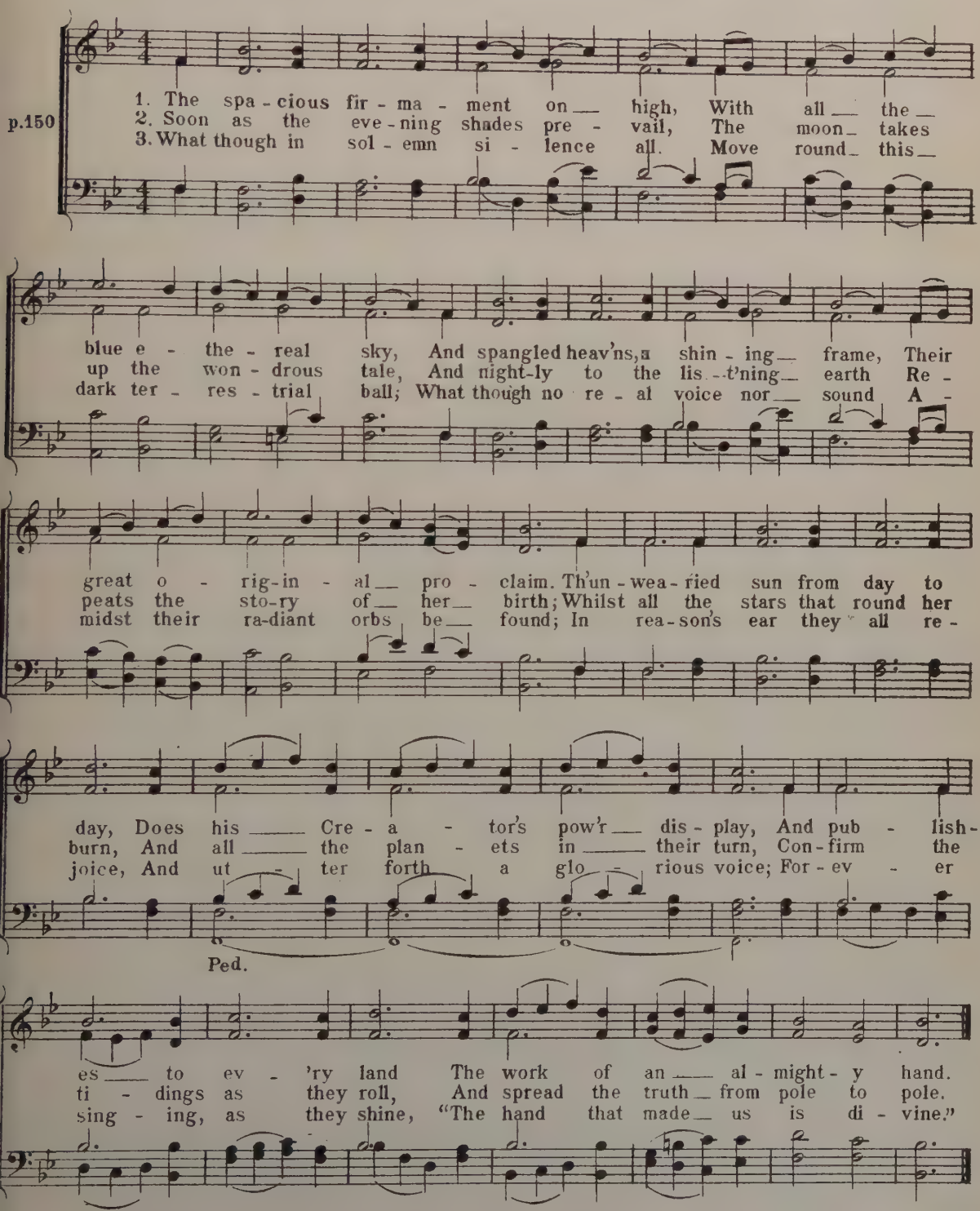

cresc.
f
there is a green for string-ing the dais-ies; Here is a cart run a-
8
cresc.
f
mf
way in the road, Lump-ing a-long with man and load. And
mf
mf
cresc.
fz
p
here is a mill and there a riv-er, Each a glimpse and gone for-
cresc.
fz
p
cresc.
fz
ev - - er.
tr
8

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH

(Creation)

J. ADDISON, 1712

Arr. fr. F. J. HAYDN, 1798

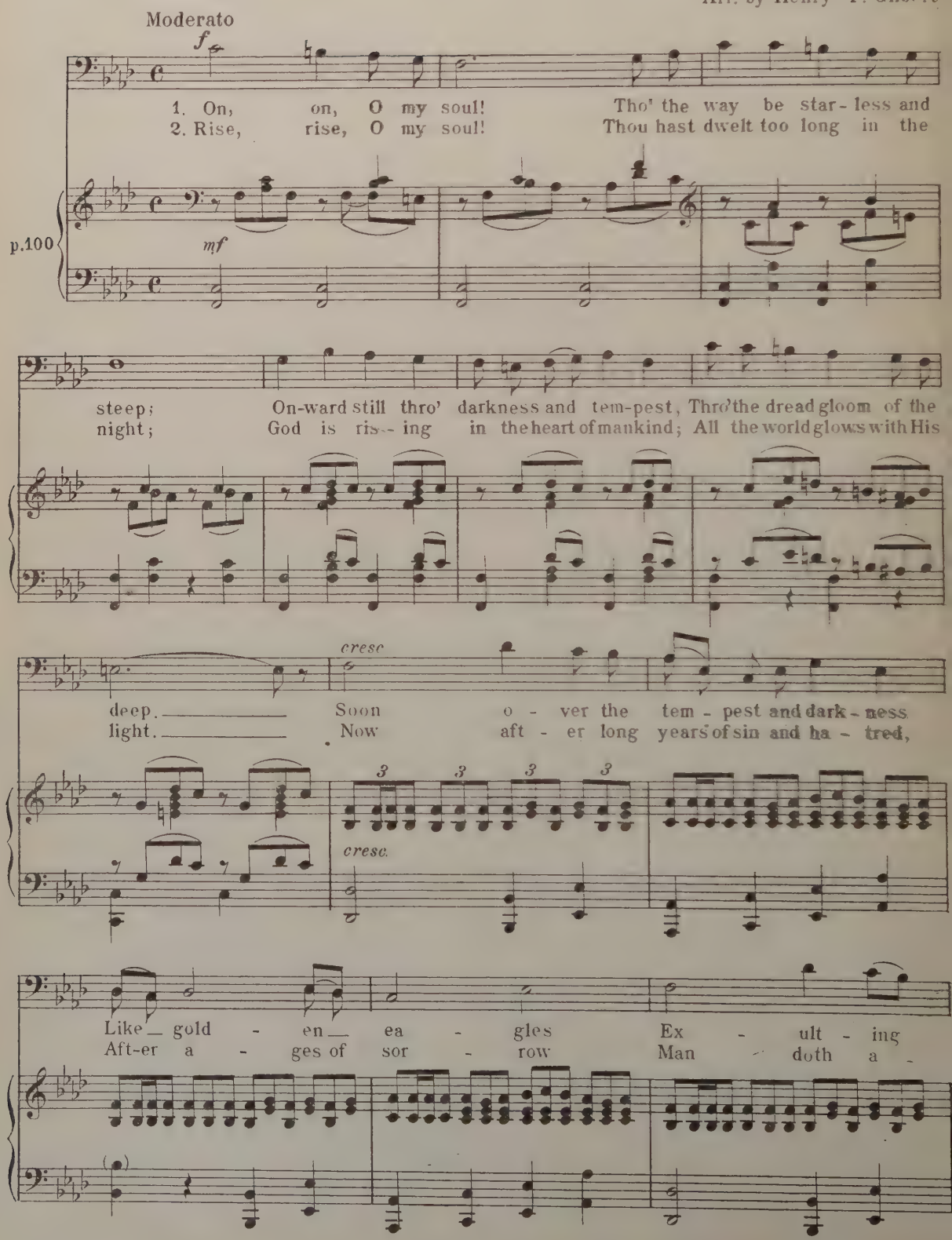

p.150
1. The spa - cious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the
2. Soon as the eve - ning shades pre - vail, The moon takes
3. What though in sol - emn si - lence all. Move round this
blue e - the - real sky, And spangled heav'ns, a shin - ing frame, Their
up the won - drous tale, And night-ly to the lis - t'ning earth Re -
dark ter - res - trial ball; What though no re - al voice nor sound A -
great o - rig - in - al pro - claim. Th'un - wea - ried sun from day to
peats the sto-ry of her birth; Whilst all the stars that round her
midst their ra-diant orbs be found; In rea - son's ear they all re -
day, Does his Cre - a - tor's pow'r dis - play, And pub - lish -
burn, And all the plan - ets in their turn, Con - firm the
joice, And ut - ter forth a glo - rious voice; For - ev - er
Ped.
es to ev - 'ry land The work of an al - might - y hand.
ti - dings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.
sing - ing, as they shine, "The hand that made us is di - vine."

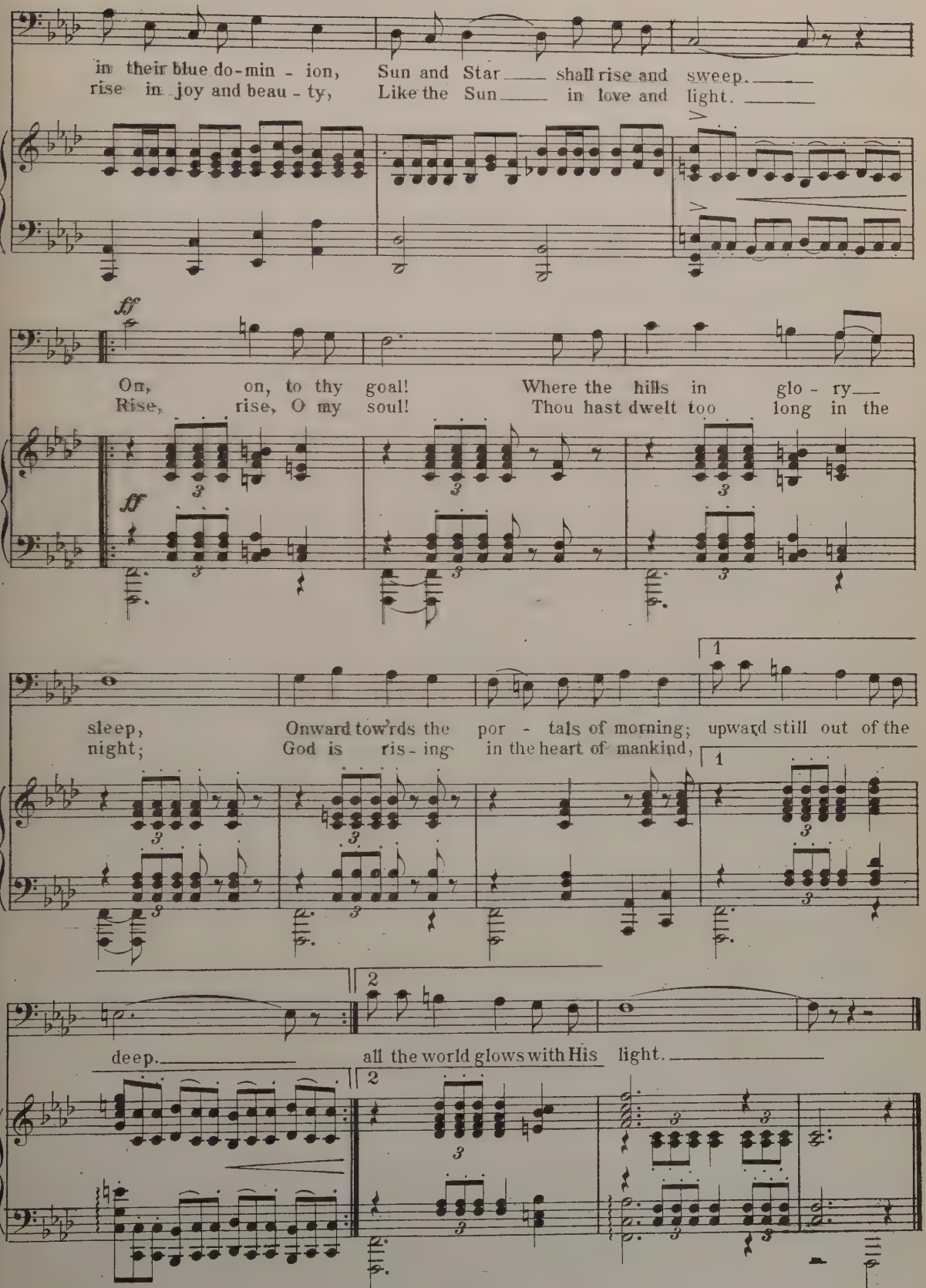
ARISE, O SOUL!

From "March Slav"

FREDERIC MANLEY

P. I. TSCHAIKOVSKI
Arr. by Henry F. Gilbert

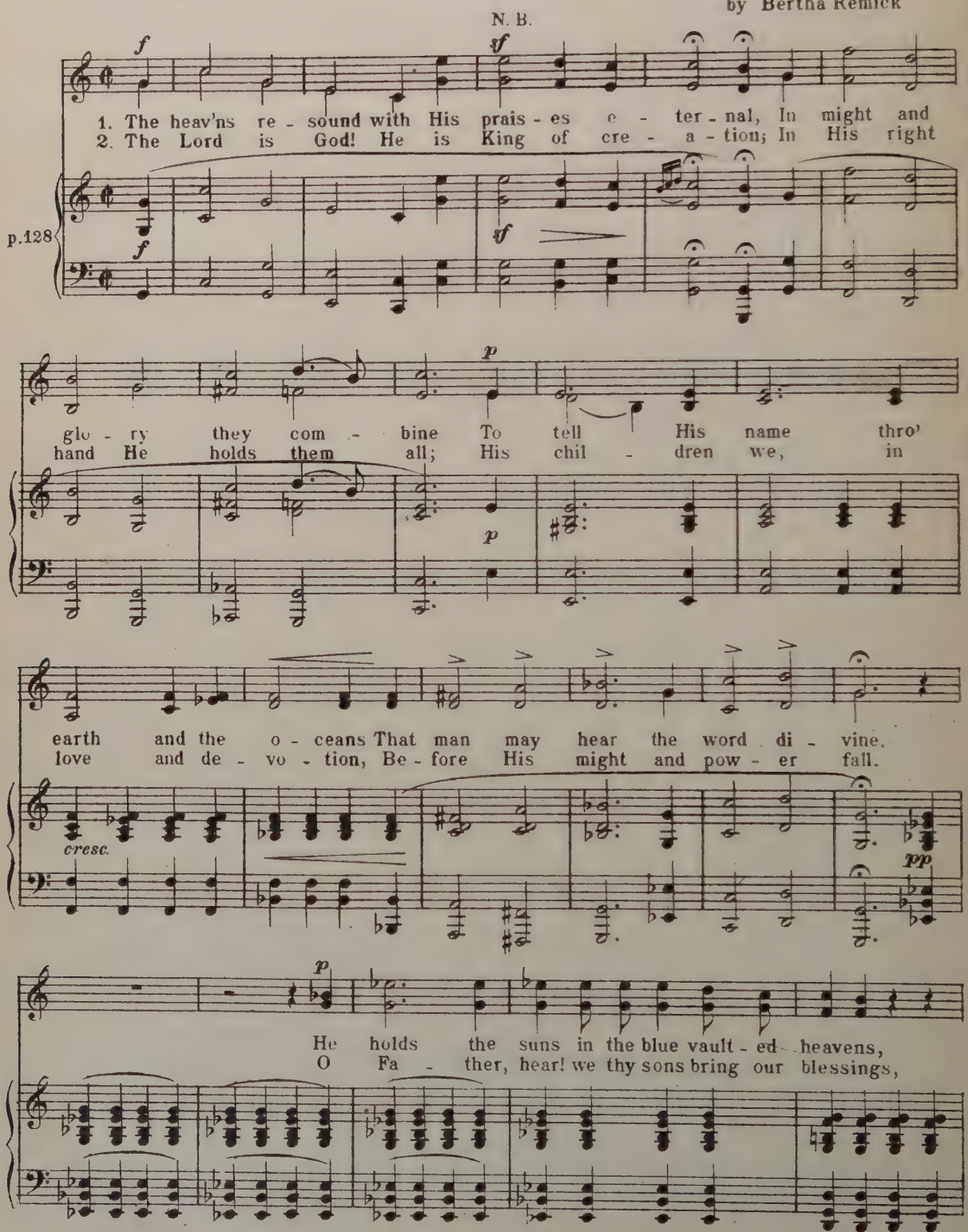

Moderato
f
1. On, on, O my soul! Tho' the way be star - less and
2. Rise, rise, O my soul! Thou hast dwelt too long in the
p.100
mf
steep; On-ward still thro' darkness and tem-pest, Thro' the dread gloom of the
night; God is ris - ing in the heart of mankind; All the world glows with His
cresc
deep. Soon o - ver the tem - pest and dark - ness
light. Now aft - er long years of sin and ha - tred,
3 3 3 3
cresc.
Like gold - en ea - gles Ex - ult - ing
Aft-er a - ges of sor - row Man doth a -


in their blue do-min - ion, Sun and Star shall rise and sweep.
rise in joy and beau - ty, Like the Sun in love and light.
ff
On, on, to thy goal! Where the hills in glo - ry
Rise, rise, O my soul! Thou hast dwelt too long in the
ff
sleep, Onward towrds the por - tals of morning; upward still out of the
night; God is ris - ing in the heart of mankind,
1
1
deep. all the world glows with His light.
2
2

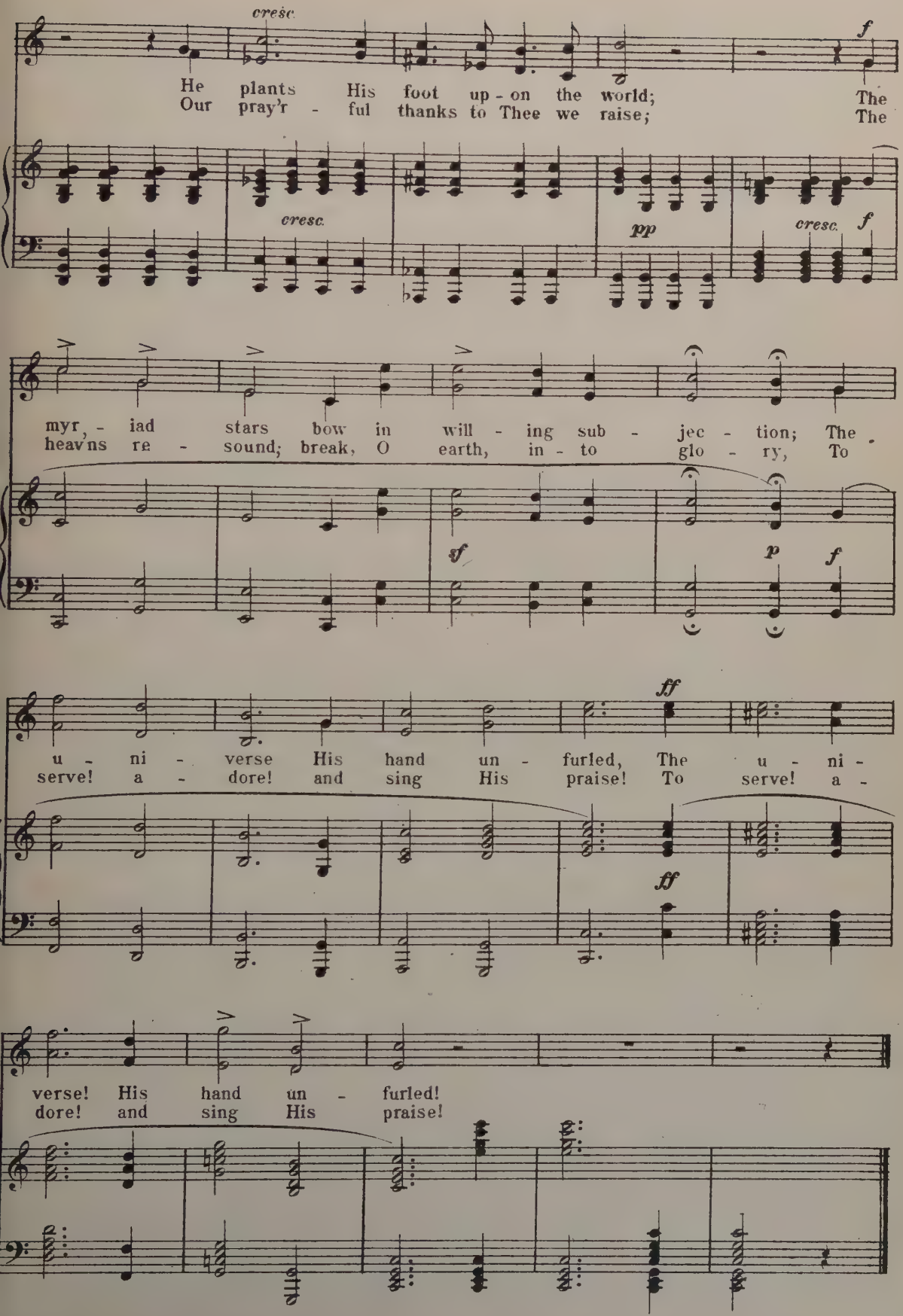
THE HEAVENS RESOUND

ANDREAS HOFER

Arranged from BEETHOVEN
by Bertha Remick

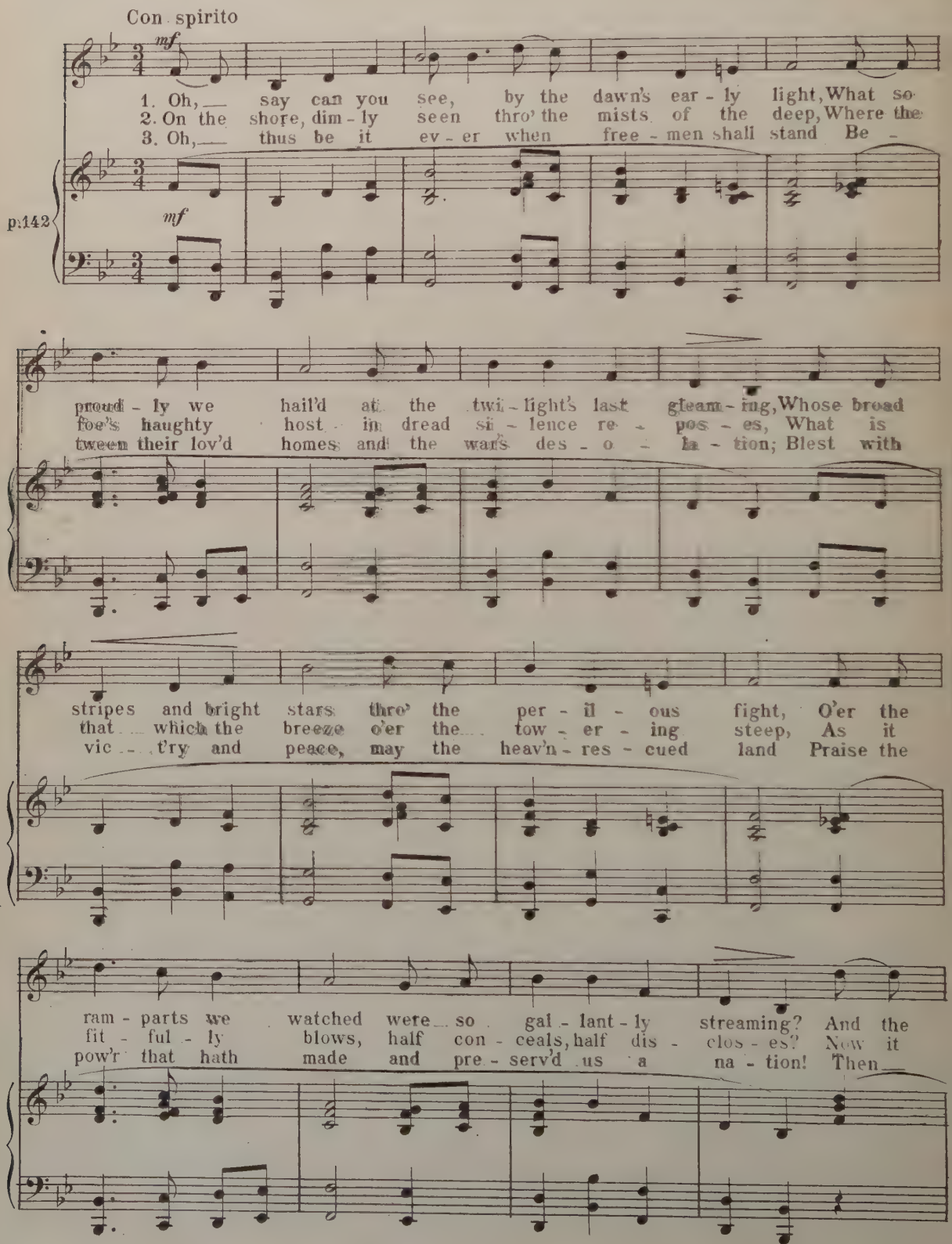

N. B.
1. The heav'ns re - sound with His prais - es e - ter - nal, In might and
2. The Lord is God! He is King of cre - a - tion; In His right
p.128
glo - ry they com - bine To tell His name thro'
hand He holds them all; His chil - dren we, in
earth and the o - ceans That man may hear the word di - vine.
love and de - vo - tion, Be - fore His might and pow - er fall.
cresc.
He holds the suns in the blue vault - ed heavens,
O Fa - ther, hear! we thy sons bring our blessings,

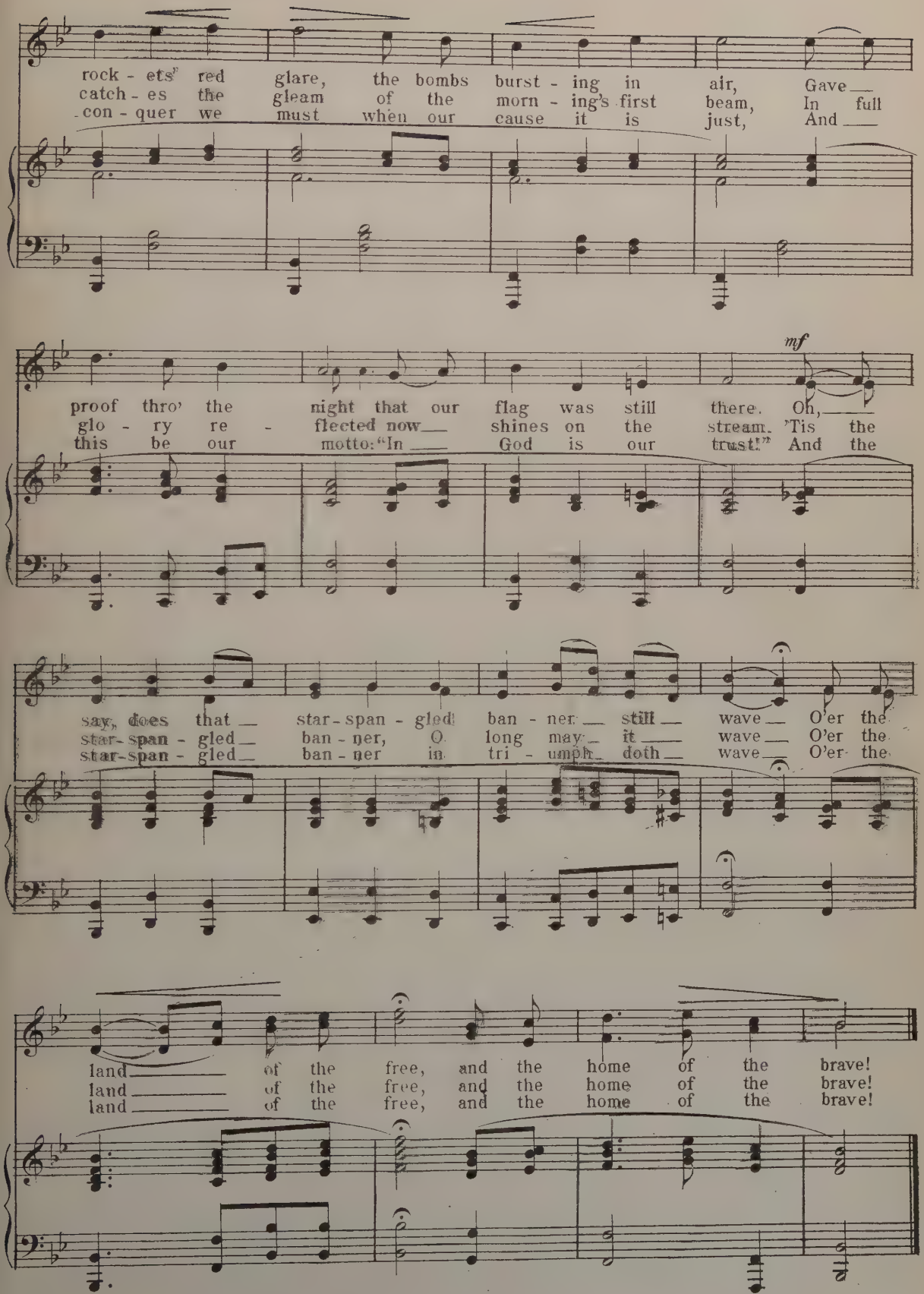
N. B. The harmony is here revised and will so appear in next edition of Student's book; schools using older editions of Students Book will be supplied with corrected copies of this page on request.


cresc.
He plants His foot up - on the world; The
Our pray'r - ful thanks to Thee we raise; The
cresc.
pp
cresc.
f
myr, - iad stars bow in will - ing sub - jec - tion; The -
heav'ns re - sound; break, O earth, in - to glo - ry, To
sf
p
f
ff
u - ni - verse His hand un - furled, The u - ni -
serve! a - dore! and sing His praise! To serve! a -
ff
verse! His hand un - furled!
dore! and sing His praise!

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY — JOHN STAFFORD SMITH

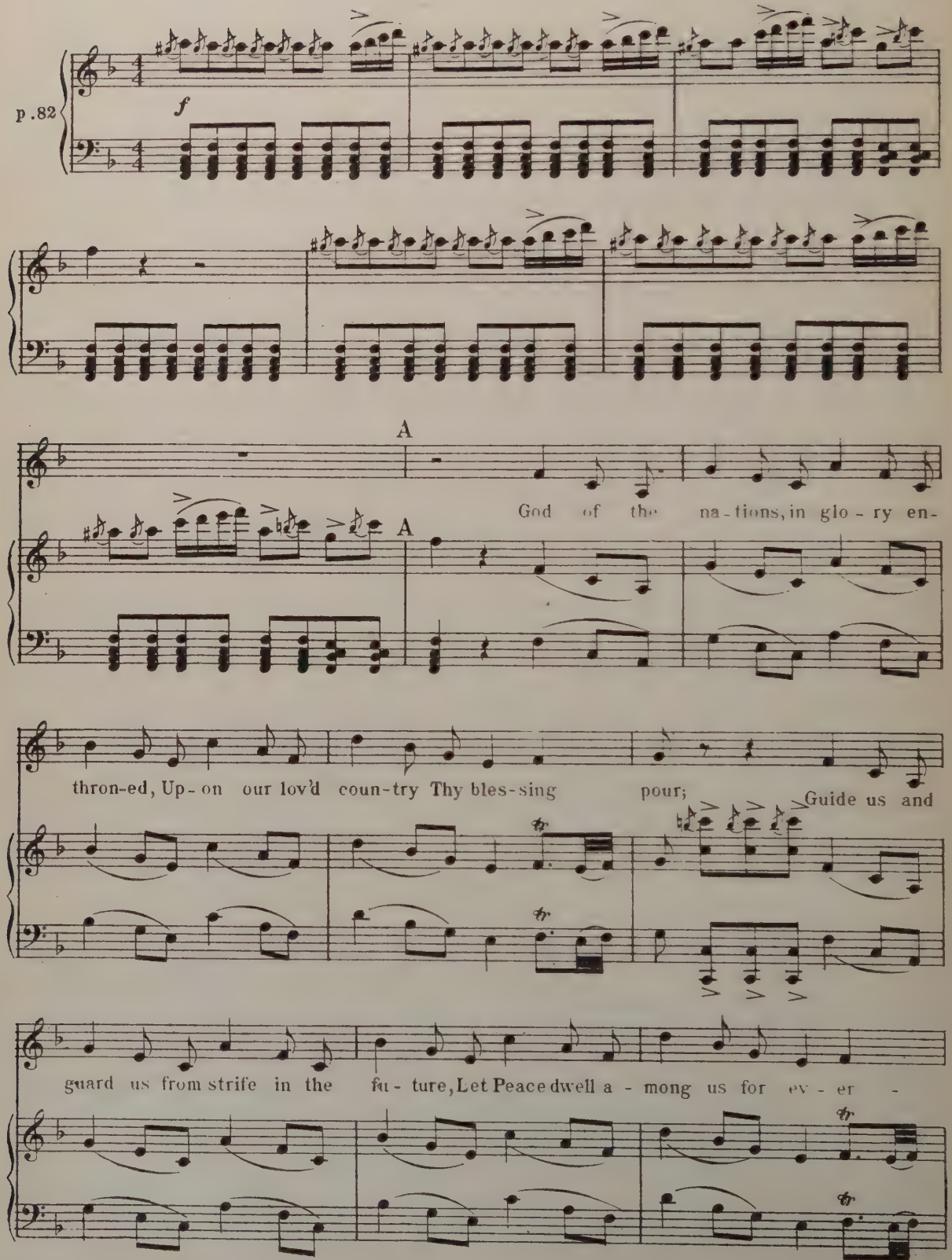

Con spirito
mf
1. Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so
2. On the shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the
3. Oh, thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand Be -
p.142
proud - ly we hail'd at the twi - light's last gleam - ing, Whose broad
foe's haughty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is
tween their lov'd homes and the war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with
stripes and bright stars thro' the per - il - ous fight, O'er the
that which the breeze o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it
vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n - res - cued land Praise the
ram - parts we watched were so gal - lant - ly streaming? And the
fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it
pow'r that hath made and pre - serv'd us a na - tion! Then

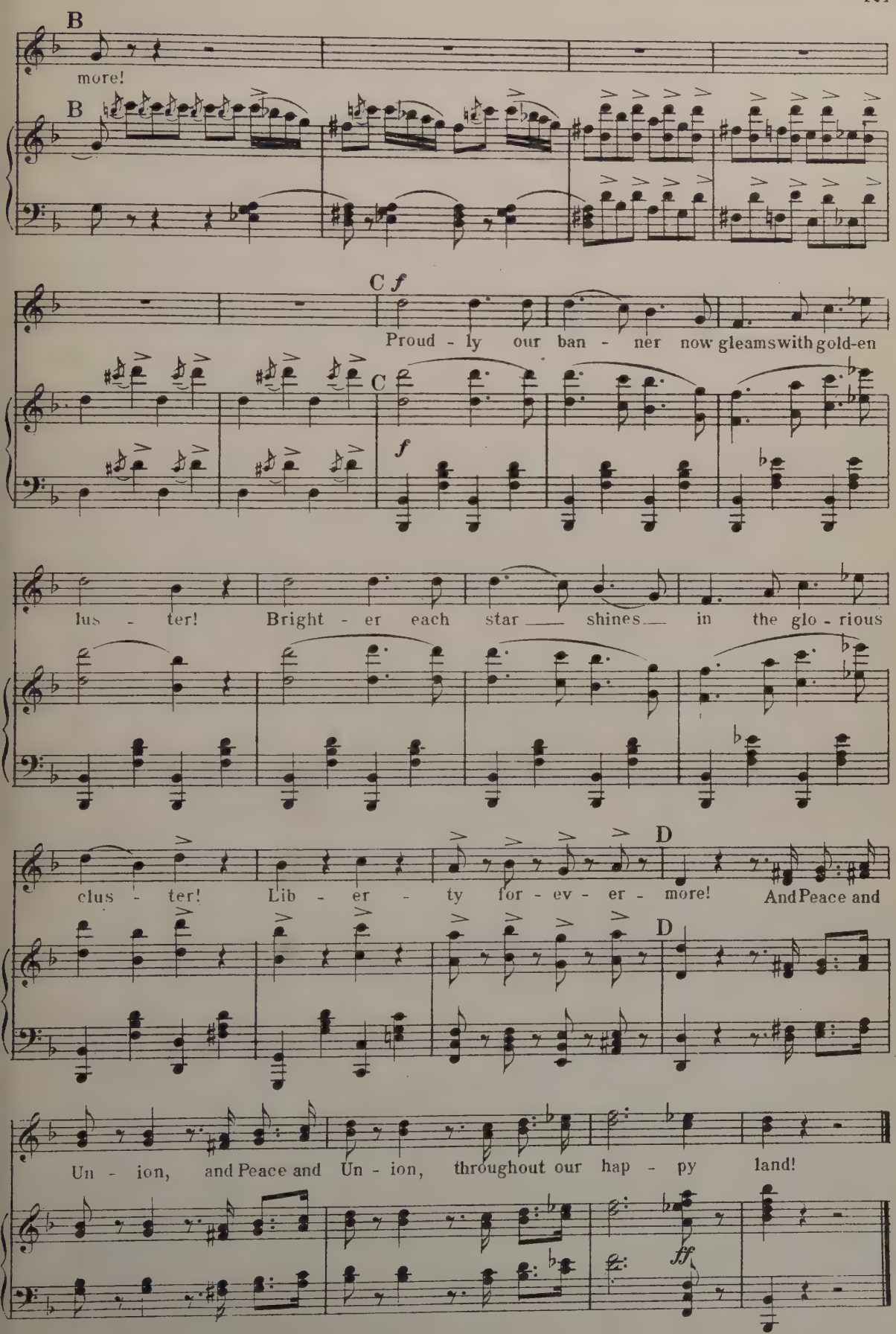

rock - ets' red glare, the bombs burst - ing in air, Gave
catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first beam, In full
con - quer we must when our cause it is just, And
mf
proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh,
glo - ry re - flected now shines on the stream. 'Tis the
this be our motto: "In God is our trust!" And the
say, does that star - span - gled ban - ner still wave O'er the
star - span - gled ban - ner, O long may it wave O'er the
star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph doth wave O'er the
land of the free, and the home of the brave!
land of the free, and the home of the brave!
land of the free, and the home of the brave!

ANVIL CHORUS

From "Il Trovatore"

VERDI

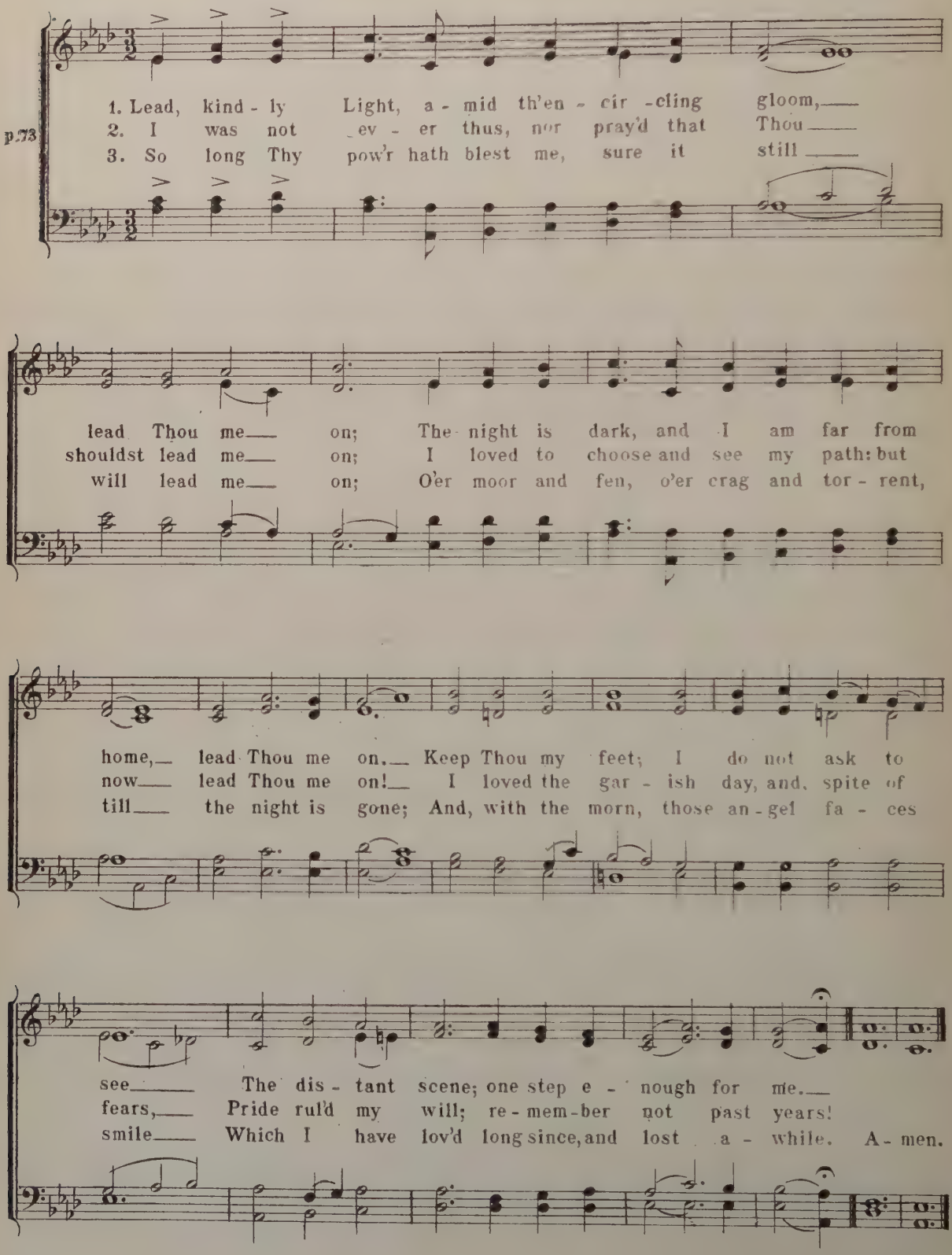

p. 82
f
A
A
God of the na-tions, in glo-ry en-
thron-ed, Up-on our lov'd coun-try Thy bles-sing pour;
Guide us and
guard us from strife in the fu-ture, Let Peace dwell a-mong us for ev-er -


B
more!
B
C f
Proud - ly our ban - ner now gleams with gold-en
C
f
lus - ter! Bright - er each star shines in the glo - rious
D
clus - ter! Lib - er - ty for - ev - er - more! And Peace and
D
Un - ion, and Peace and Un - ion, throughout our hap - py land!
ff

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

JOHN B. DYKES

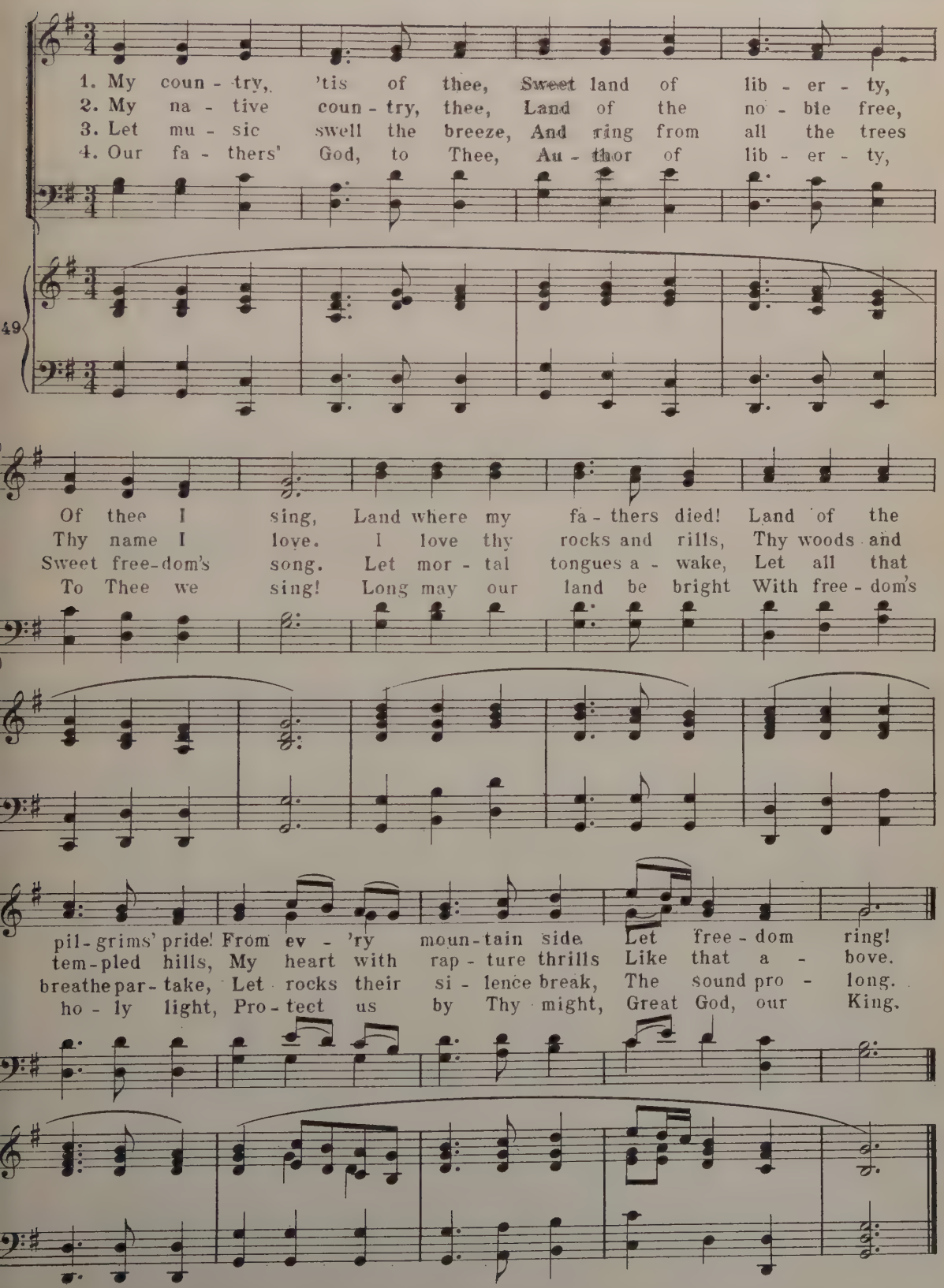

p.73
1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en - cir - cling gloom,
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still
lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from
shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path: but
will lead me on; O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent,
home, lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to
now lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of
till the night is gone; And, with the morn, those an - gel fa - ces
see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
fears, Pride rul'd my will; re - mem - ber not past years!
smile Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while. A - men.

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE

(AMERICA)

SAMUEL F. SMITH

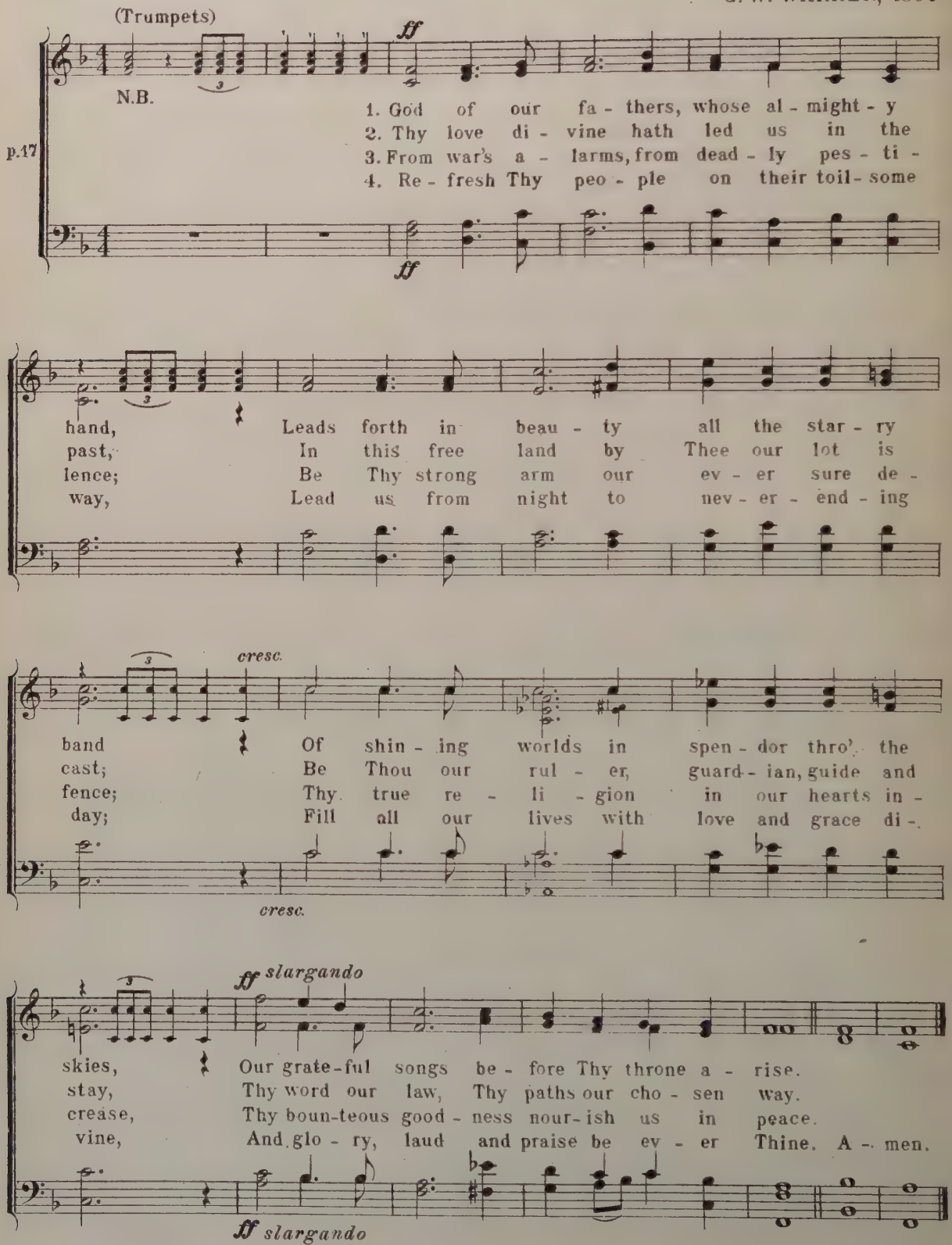
HENRY CAREY


1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
49
Of thee I sing, Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the
Thy name I love. I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song. Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
To Thee we sing! Long may our land be bright With free - dom's
pil - grims' pride! From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
tem - pled hills, My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par - take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

NATIONAL HYMN

D.C. ROBERTS, 1876

G.W. WARREN, 1892


(Trumpets)
ff
N.B.
p.17
1. God of our fa - thers, whose al - might - y
2. Thy love di - vine hath led us in the
3. From war's a - larms, from dead - ly pes - ti -
4. Re - fresh Thy peo - ple on their toil - some
ff
hand, Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry
past, In this free land by Thee our lot is
lence; Be Thy strong arm our ev - er sure de -
way, Lead us from night to nev - er - end - ing
cresc.
band Of shin - ing worlds in spen - dor thro' the
cast; Be Thou our rul - er, guard - ian, guide and
fence; Thy true re - li - gion in our hearts in -
day; Fill all our lives with love and grace di -
cresc.
ff slargando
skies, Our grate-ful songs be - fore Thy throne a - rise.
stay, Thy word our law, Thy paths our cho - sen way.
crease, Thy boun-teous good - ness nour-ish us in peace.
vine, And glo - ry, laud and praise be ev - er Thine. A - men.
ff slargando

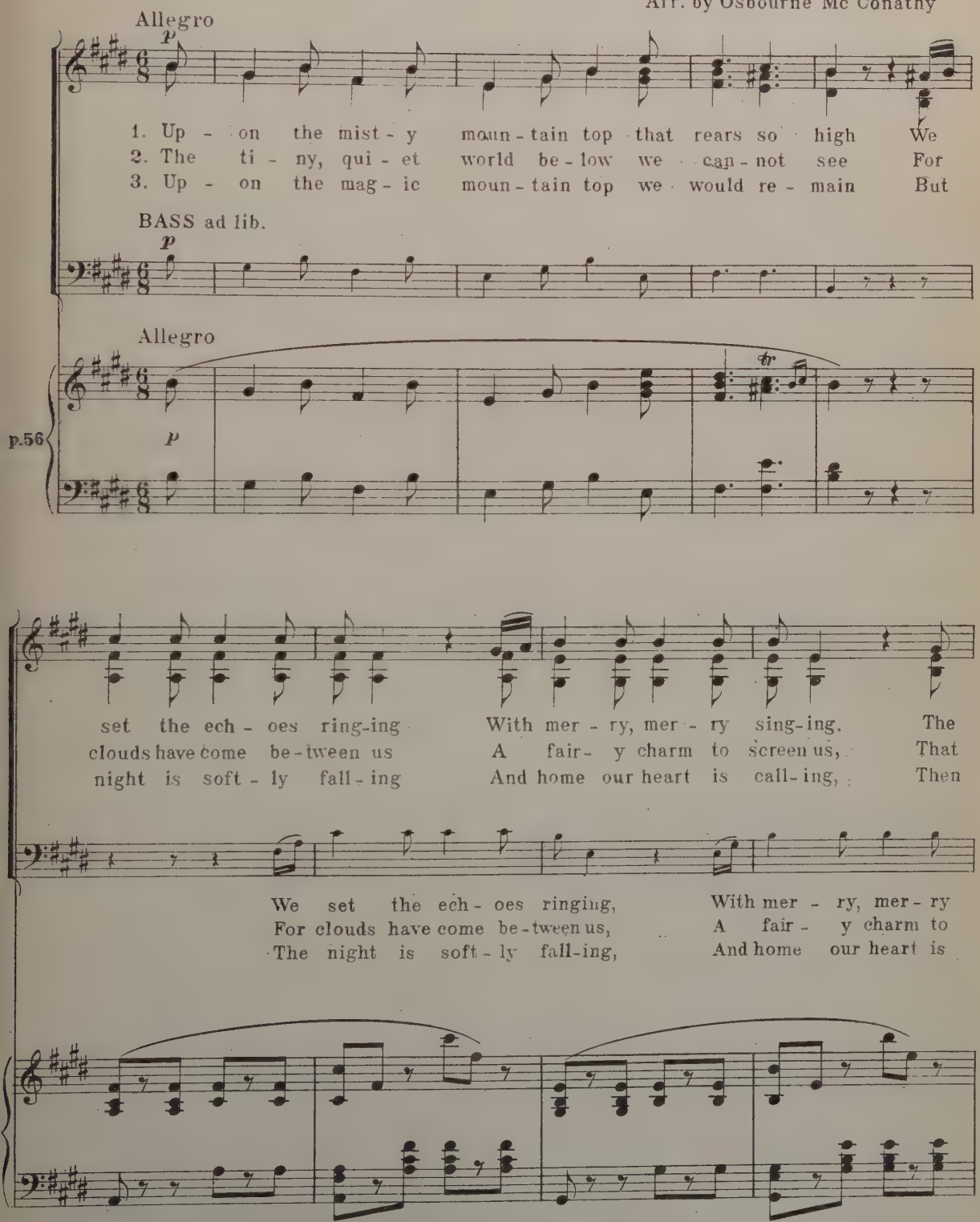
N.B. The small notes are to be used only in piano accompaniment.

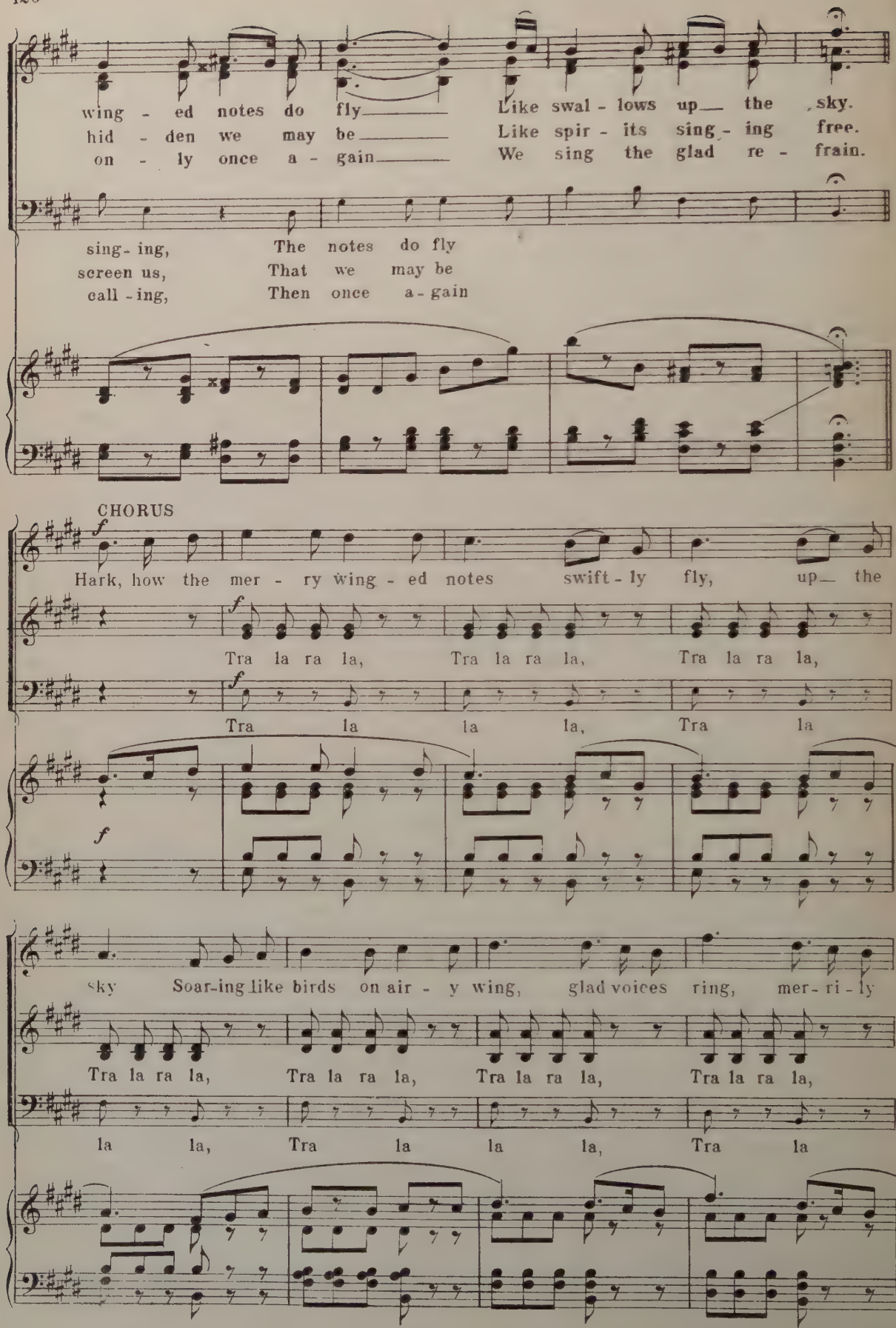
THE MERRY MAKERS

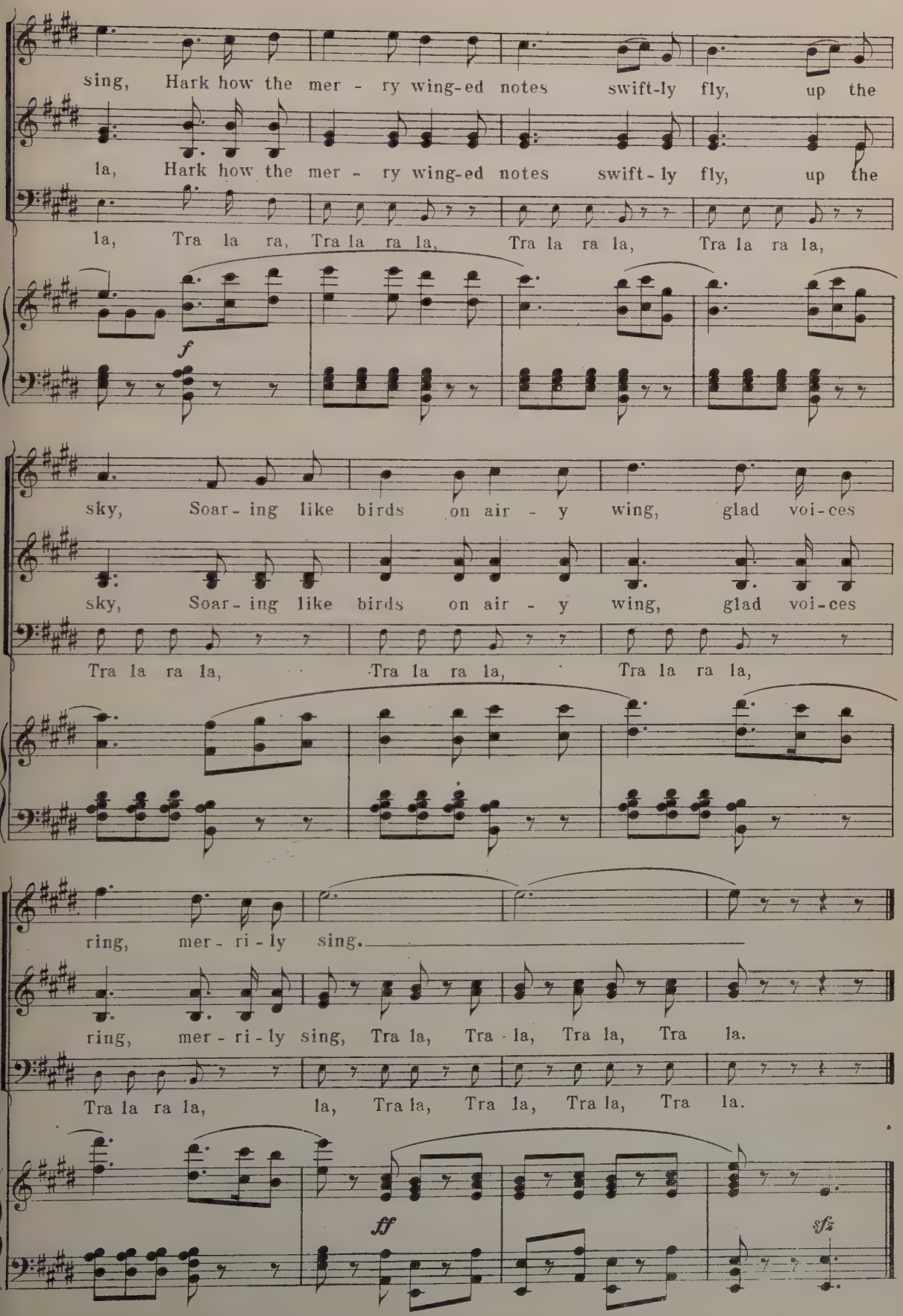
S. S. A. (ad lib. B.)

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

FRANZ VON SUPPÉ
Arr. by Osbourne Mc Conathy


Allegro
p
1. Up - on the mist - y moun - tain top that rears so high We
2. The ti - ny, qui - et world be - low we can - not see For
3. Up - on the mag - ic moun - tain top we would re - main But
BASS ad lib.
p
Allegro
p
p.56
set the ech - oes ring-ing With mer - ry, mer - ry sing-ing. The
clouds have come be-tween us A fair - y charm to screen us, That
night is soft - ly fall - ing And home our heart is call-ing, Then
We set the ech - oes ringing, With mer - ry, mer - ry
For clouds have come be-tween us, A fair - y charm to
The night is soft - ly fall-ing, And home our heart is

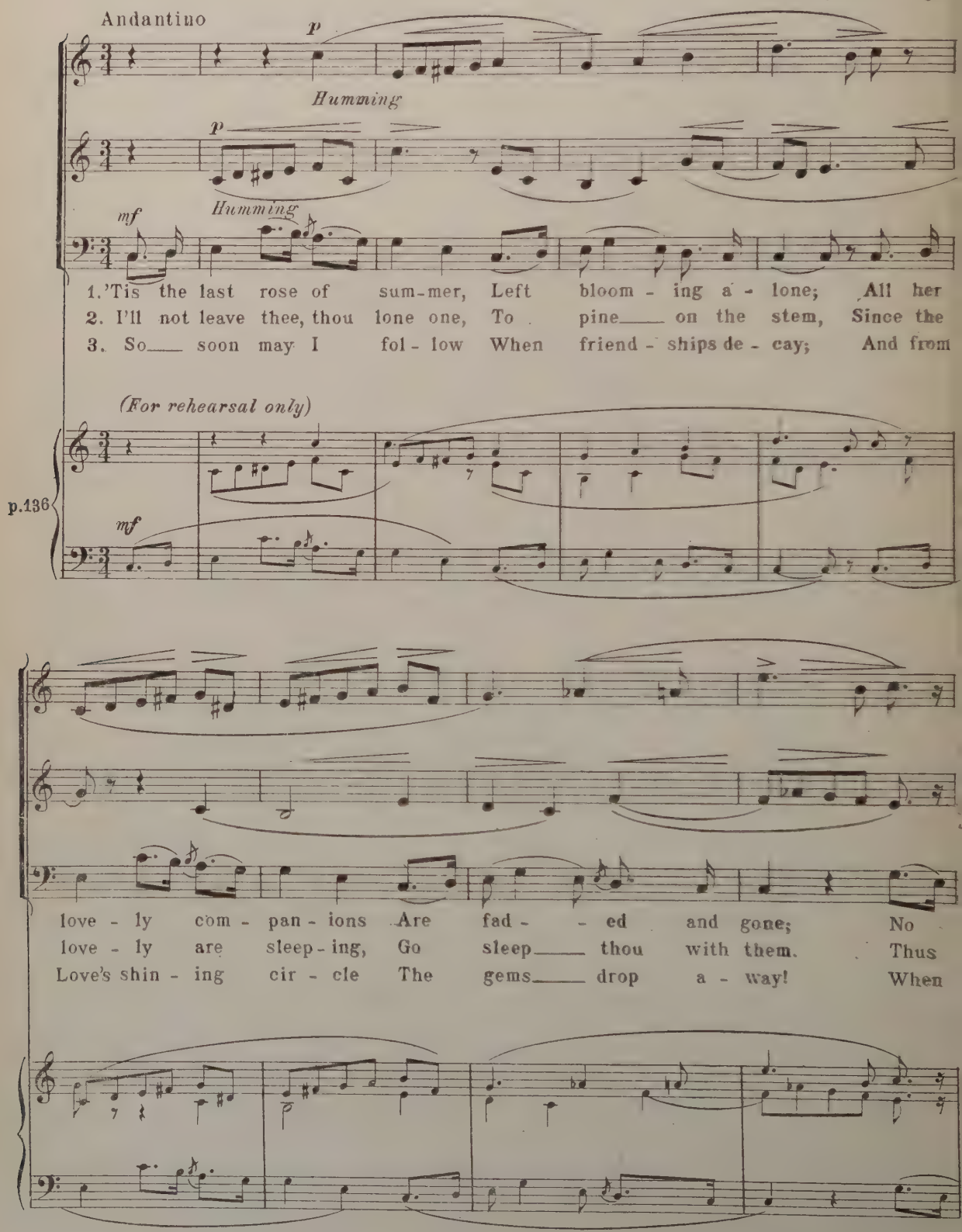

wing - ed notes do fly
Like swal - lows up the sky.
hid - den we may be
Like spir - its sing - ing free.
on - ly once a - gain
We sing the glad re - frain.
sing - ing, The notes do fly
screen us, That we may be
call - ing, Then once a - gain
CHORUS
Hark, how the mer - ry wing - ed notes swift - ly fly, up the
Tra la ra la, Tra la ra la, Tra la ra la,
Tra la la la, Tra la
sky Soar-ing like birds on air - y wing, glad voices ring, mer - ri - ly
Tra la ra la, Tra la ra la, Tra la ra la, Tra la ra la,
la la, Tra la la la, Tra la


sing, Hark how the mer - ry wing-ed notes swift-ly fly, up the
la, Hark how the mer - ry wing-ed notes swift-ly fly, up the
la, Tra la ra, Tra la ra la, Tra la ra la, Tra la ra la,
f
sky, Soar-ing like birds on air - y wing, glad voi-ces
sky, Soar-ing like birds on air - y wing, glad voi-ces
Tra la ra la, Tra la ra la, Tra la ra la,
ring, mer - ri - ly sing.
ring, mer - ri - ly sing, Tra la, Tra - la, Tra la, Tra la.
Tra la ra la, la, Tra la, Tra la, Tra la, Tra la.
ff
sfz

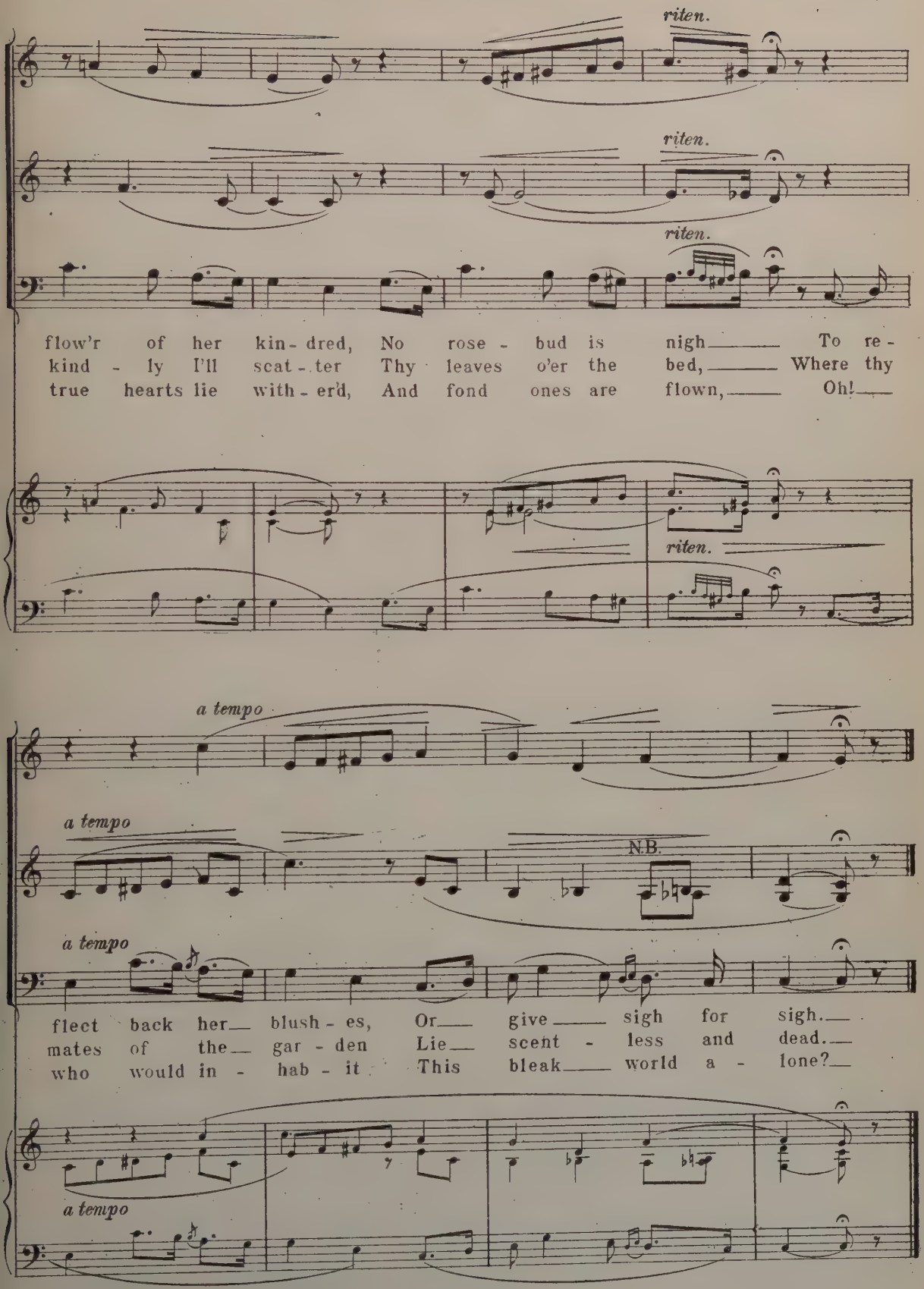
'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

THOMAS MOORE

Old Irish Air
Arr. by Carl Engel


Andantino
p
Humming
p
Humming
mf
1.'Tis the last rose of sum-mer, Left bloom - ing a - lone; All her
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem, Since the
3. So soon may I fol - low When friend - ships de - cay; And from
(For rehearsal only)
p.136
mf
love - ly com - pan - ions Are fad - - ed and gone; No
love - ly are sleep - ing, Go sleep thou with them. Thus
Love's shin - ing cir - cle The gems drop a - way! When

N.B. Pay particular attention to syncopations and chromatic progressions.


riten.
riten.
riten.
flow'r of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is nigh To re -
kind - ly I'll scat - ter Thy leaves o'er the bed, Where thy
true hearts lie with - er'd, And fond ones are flown, Oh!
riten.
a tempo
a tempo
N.B.
a tempo
flect back her blush - es, Or give sigh for sigh.
mates of the gar - den Lie scent - less and dead.
who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone?
a tempo

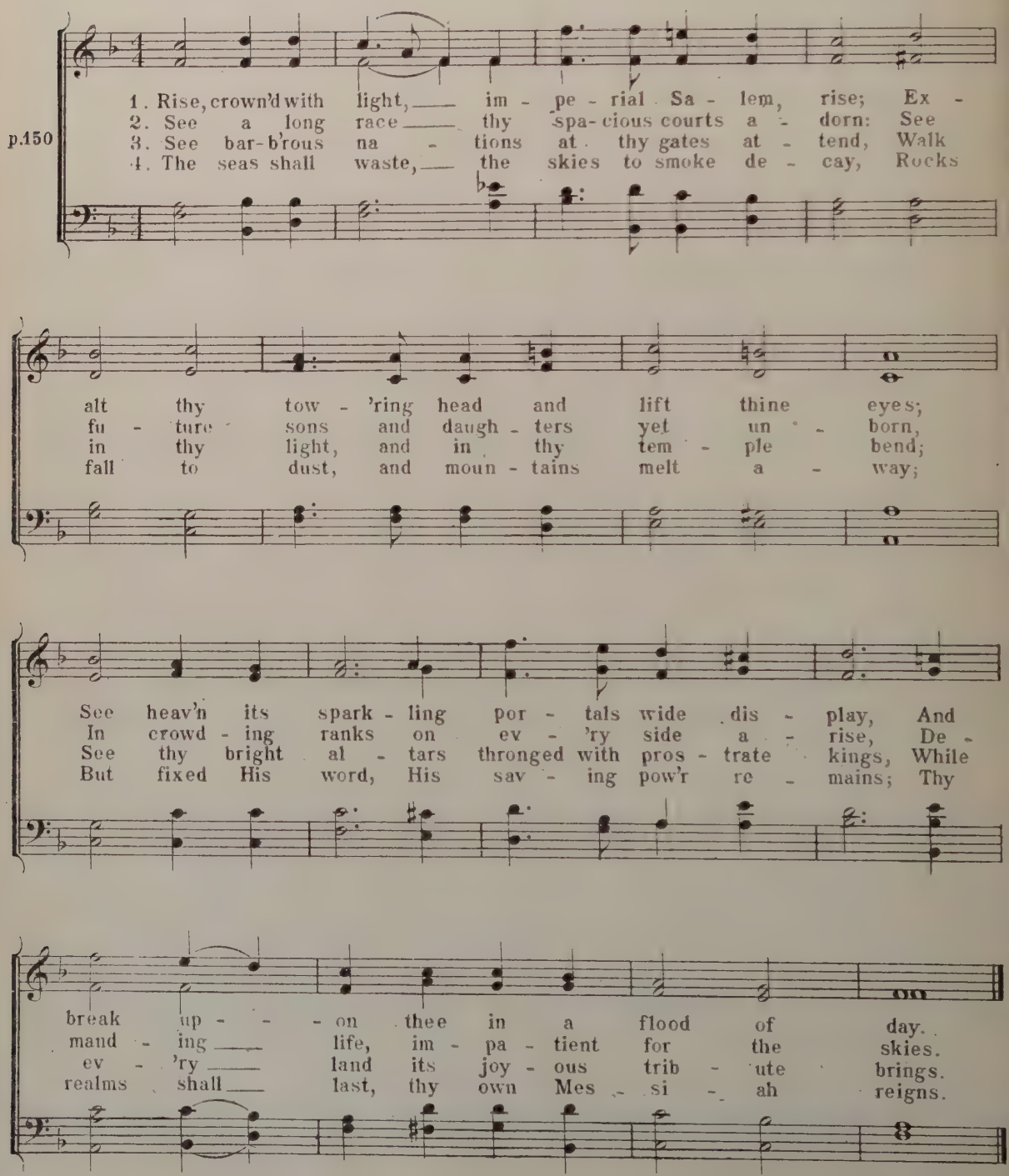
N.B. Upper or lower notes; if sufficient voices, divide.

RISE, CROWNED WITH LIGHT

(Moscow)

A. POPE, 1720

A. F. LWOFF, 1833


p.150
1. Rise, crown'd with light, im - pe - rial Sa - lem, rise; Ex -
2. See a long race thy spa - cious courts a - dorn: See
3. See bar-b'rous na - tions at thy gates at - tend, Walk
4. The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke de - cay, Rocks
alt thy tow - 'ring head and lift thine eyes;
fu - ture sons and daugh - ters yet un - born,
in thy light, and in thy tem - ple bend;
fall to dust, and moun - tains melt a - way;
See heav'n its spark - ling por - tals wide dis - play, And
In crowd - ing ranks on ev - 'ry side a - rise, De -
See thy bright al - tars thronged with pros - trate kings, While
But fixed His word, His sav - ing pow'r re - mains; Thy
break up - - - on thee in a flood of day.
mand - ing life, im - pa - tient for the skies.
ev - 'ry land its joy - ous trib - ute brings.
realms shall last, thy own Mes - si - ah reigns.

THE DANCERS

FREDERIC MANLEY

S.A.B.

Arr. from P. LACOME
By Henry F. Gilbert

With spirit (♩.= 64)

f

Come where the vi - ols are sing-ing, And the mer - ry laugh-ter of

f

O hear the

10

f

beau-ty is ringing, Where the lad-dies and the las-sies

So clear, O come, Yes,

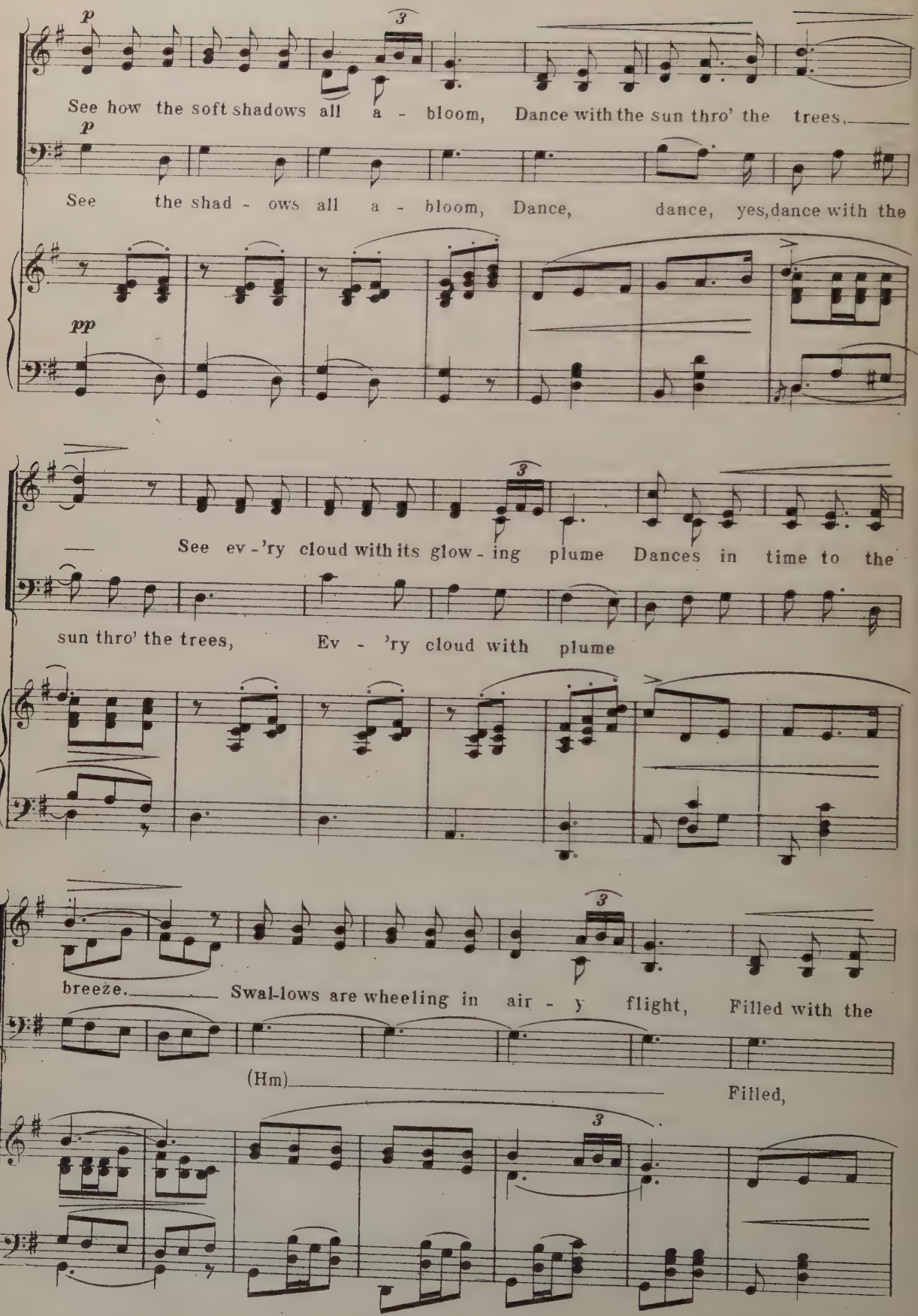
Fine

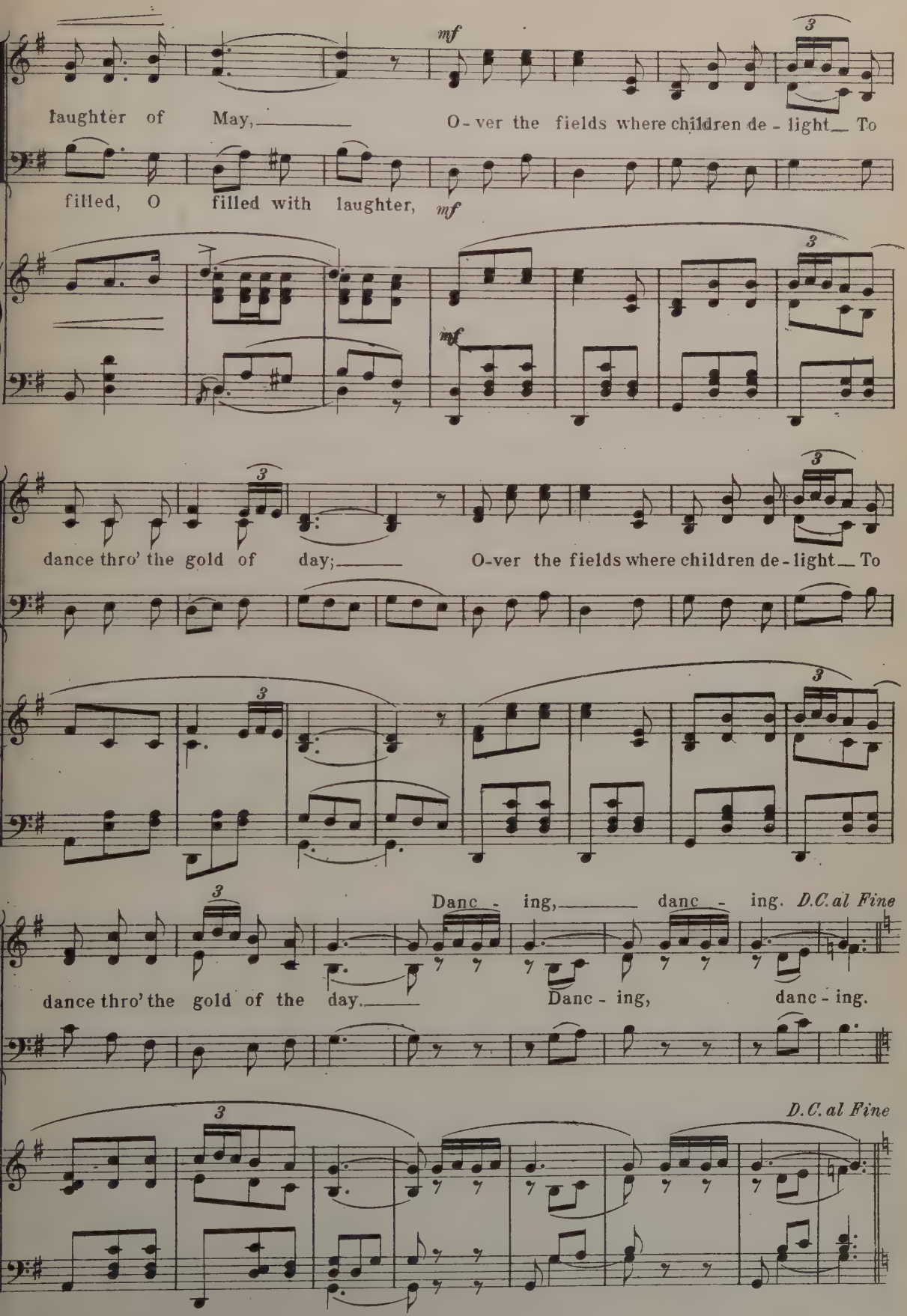
Dance as spright-ly as leaves in the breeze.

come, Dance like leaves in the breeze, in the breeze.

Fine

Ped. *


p
See how the soft shadows all a - bloom, Dance with the sun thro' the trees,
p
See the shad - ows all a - bloom, Dance, dance, yes, dance with the
pp
See ev - 'ry cloud with its glow - ing plume Dances in time to the
sun thro' the trees, Ev - 'ry cloud with plume
breeze. Swal-lows are wheeling in air - y flight, Filled with the
(Hm)
Filled,


laughter of May, O-ver the fields where children de-light To
filled, O filled with laughter,
mf
dance thro' the gold of day; O-ver the fields where children de-light To
Danc-ing, danc-ing. D.C. al Fine
dance thro' the gold of the day. Danc-ing, danc-ing.
D.C. al Fine

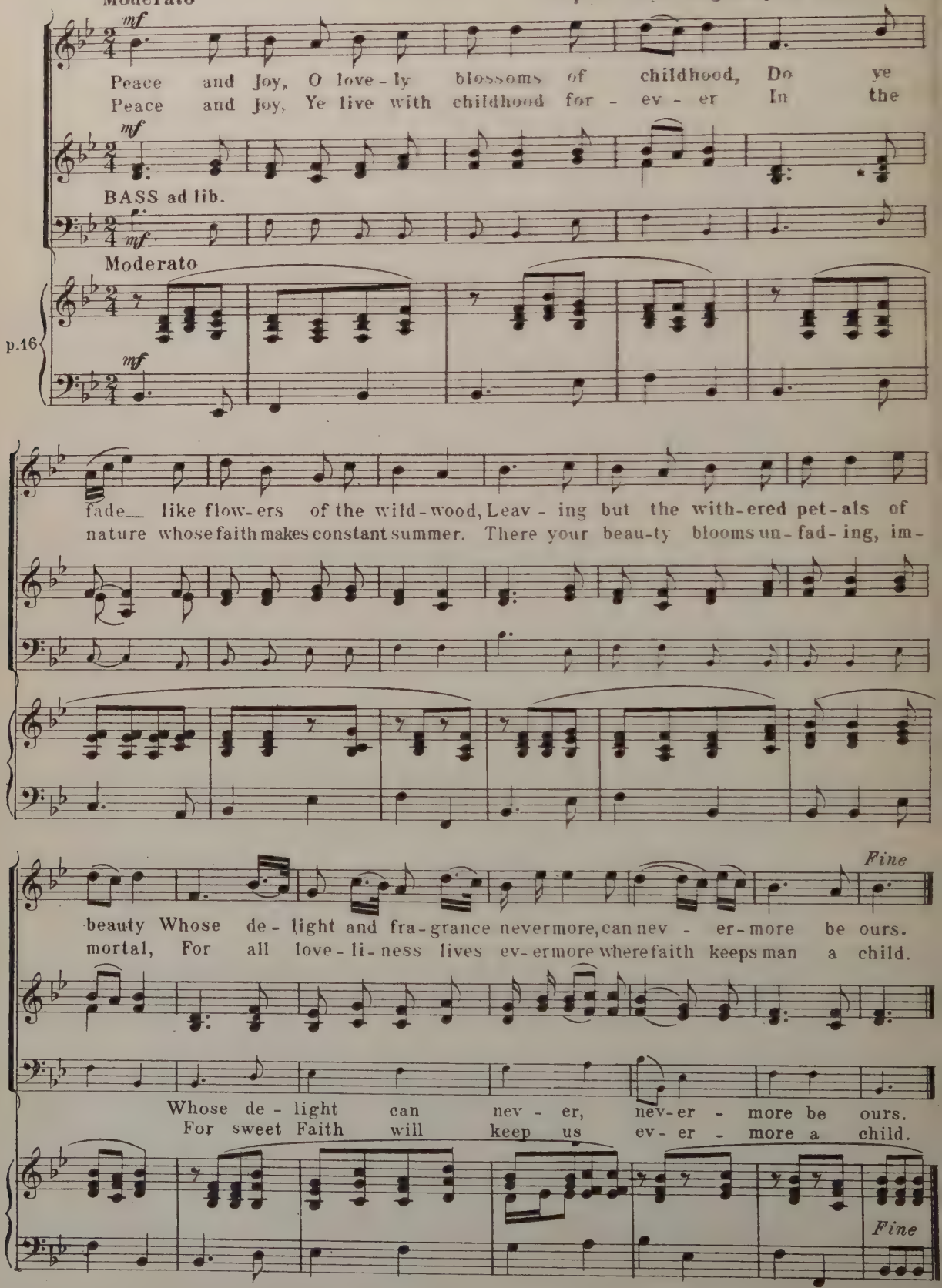
HAPPY CHILDHOOD

FREDERIC MANLEY

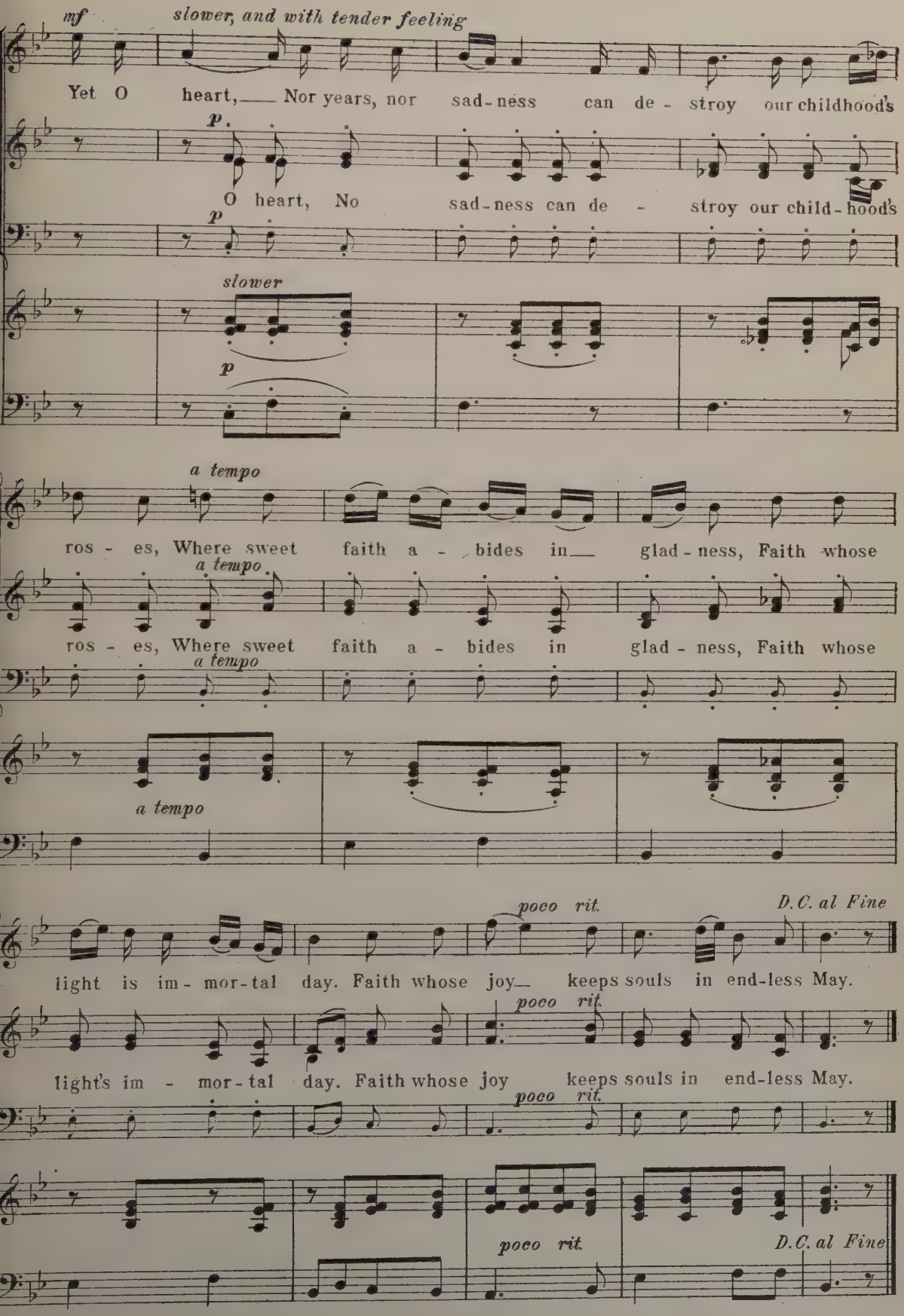
"Marriage of Figaro"

W.A. MOZART

Adapted and arranged by N. Cliffod Page


Moderato
mf
Peace and Joy, O love-ly blossoms of childhood, Do ye
Peace and Joy, Ye live with childhood for-ev-er In the
BASS ad lib.
Moderato
p.16
fade like flow-ers of the wild-wood, Leav-ing but the with-ered pet-als of
nature whose faith makes constant summer. There your beau-ty blooms un-fad-ing, im-
Fine
beauty Whose de-light and fra-grance nevermore, can nev-er-more be ours.
mortal, For all love-li-ness lives ev-ermore where faith keeps man a child.
Whose de-light can nev-er, nev-er-more be ours.
For sweet Faith will keep us ev-er-more a child.
Fine

* The small notes in Alto-Tenor part are to be sung when there are no Basses


mf
slower, and with tender feeling
Yet O heart,— Nor years, nor sad-ness can de - stroy our childhood's
p
O heart, No sad-ness can de - stroy our child-hood's
p
slower
p
a tempo
ros - es, Where sweet faith a - bides in— glad-ness, Faith whose
a tempo
ros - es, Where sweet faith a - bides in glad-ness, Faith whose
a tempo
a tempo
poco rit.
D.C. al Fine
light is im-mor-tal day. Faith whose joy— keeps souls in end-less May.
poco rit.
light's im - mor-tal day. Faith whose joy keeps souls in end-less May.
poco rit.
poco rit.
D.C. al Fine

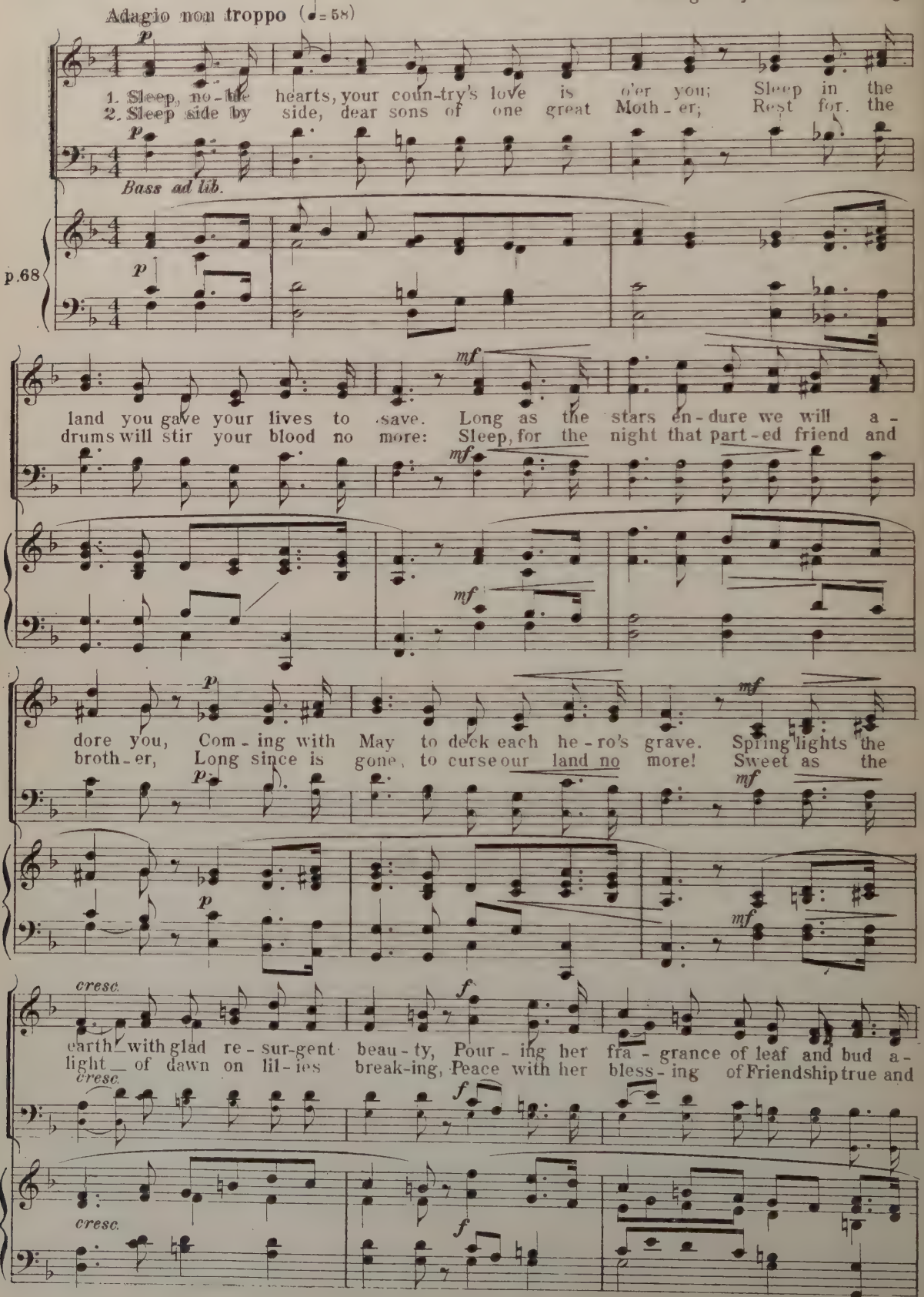
SLEEP, NOBLE HEARTS

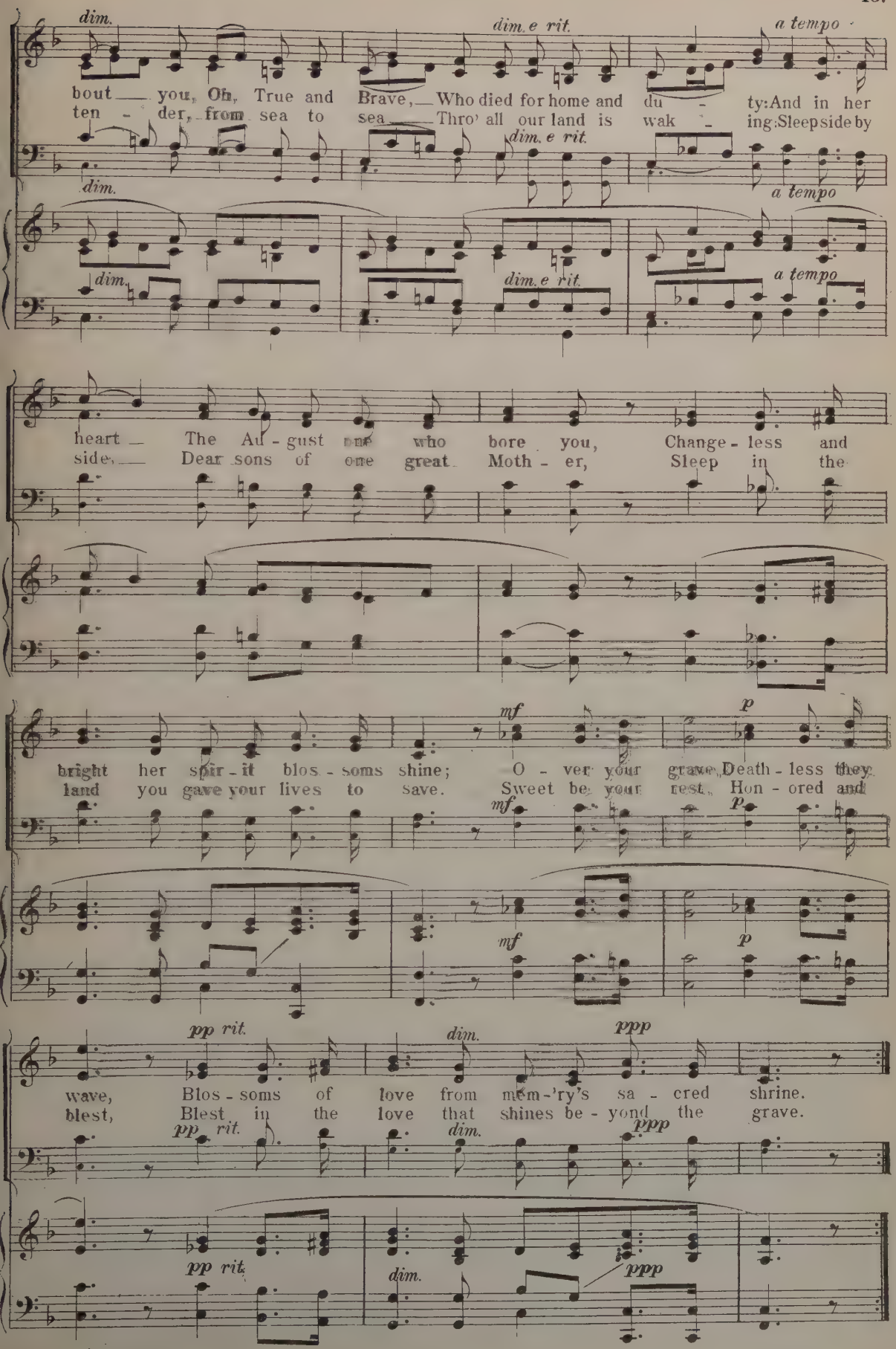
(A Memorial Song)

FREDERIC MANLEY

F. MENDELSSOHN

Arranged by N. Clifford Page

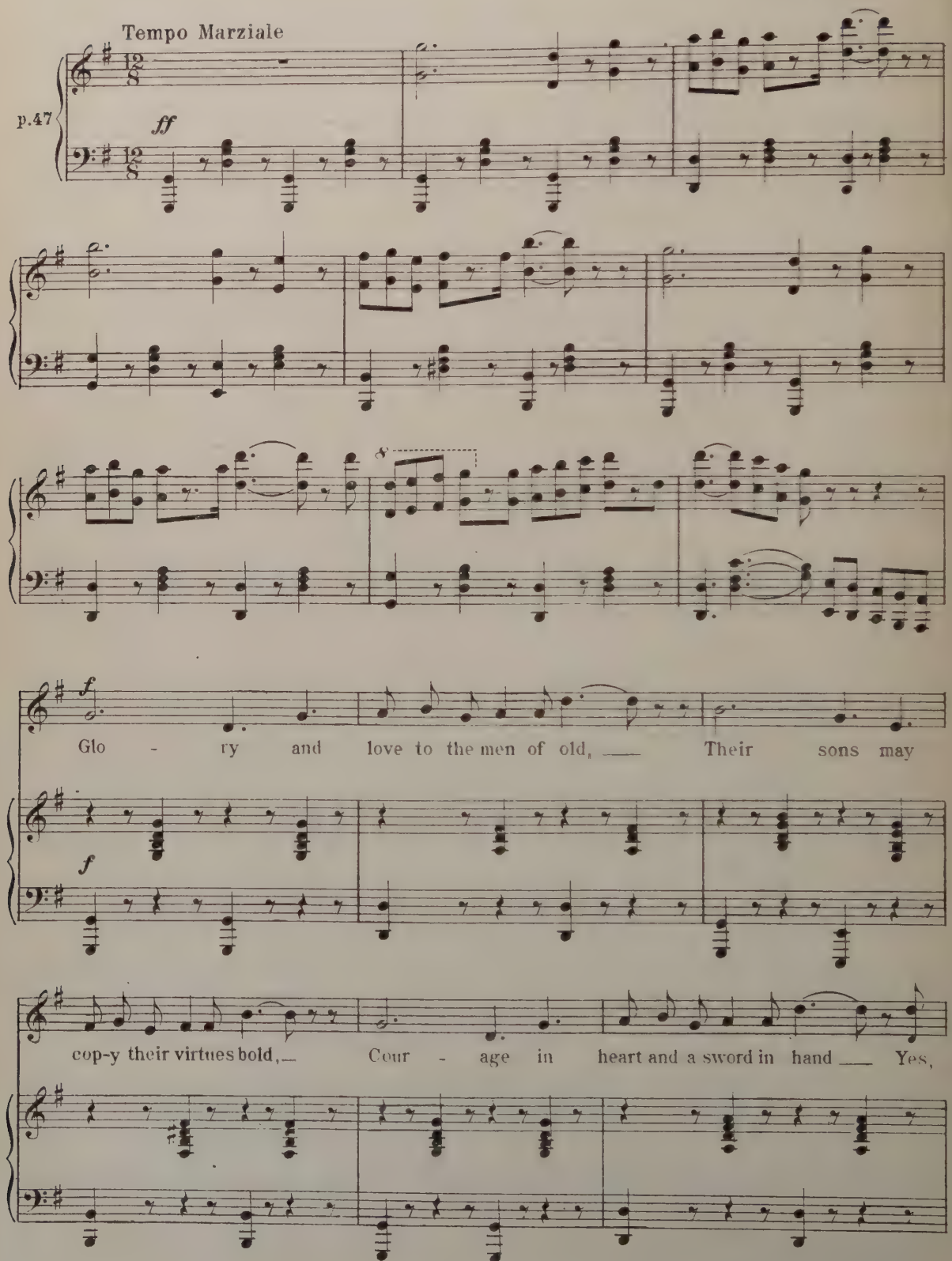

Adagio non troppo (♩= 58)
p
1. Sleep, no-ble hearts, your coun-try's love is o'er you; Sleep in the
2. Sleep side by side, dear sons of one great Moth-er; Rest for the
Bass ad lib.
p.68
land you gave your lives to save. Long as the stars en-dure we will a-
drums will stir your blood no more: Sleep, for the night that part-ed friend and
mf
dore you, Com-ing with May to deck each he-ro's grave. Spring lights the
broth-er, Long since is gone, to curse our land no more! Sweet as the
cresc.
earth with glad re-sur-gent beau-ty, Pour-ing her fra-grance of leaf and bud a-
light of dawn on lil-ies break-ing, Peace with her bless-ing of Friendship true and
f

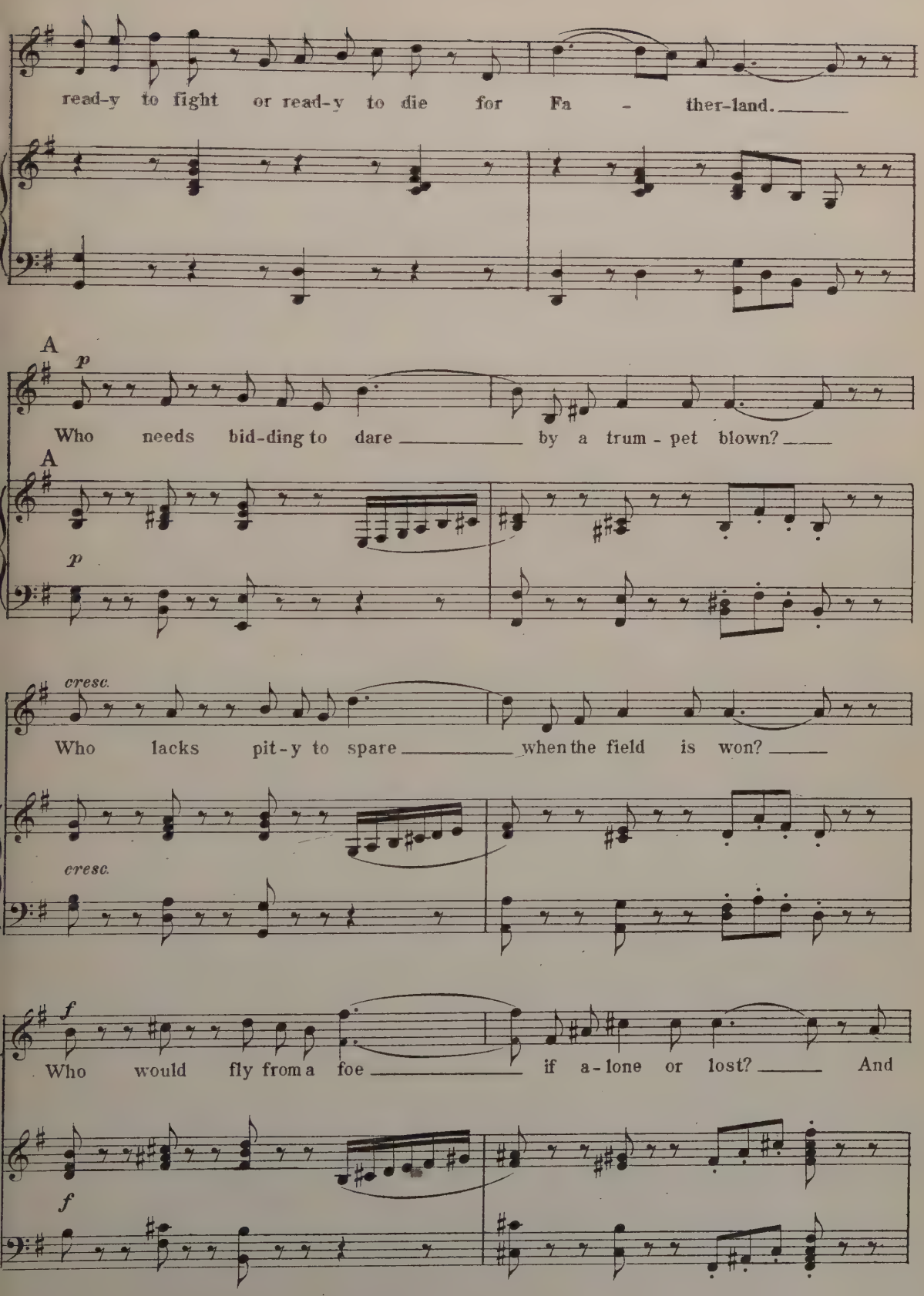

dim.
dim. e rit.
a tempo
bout you, Oh, True and Brave, Who died for home and du - ty: And in her
ten - der, from sea to sea Thro' all our land is wak - ing: Sleep side by
heart The Au - gust one who bore you, Change - less and
side, Dear sons of one great Moth - er, Sleep in the
mf
p
bright her spir - it blos - soms shine; O - ver your grave Death - less they
land you gave your lives to save. Sweet be your rest, Hon - ored and
pp rit.
ppp
wave, Blos - soms of love from mem - 'ry's sa - cred shrine.
blest, Blest in the love that shines be - yond the grave.

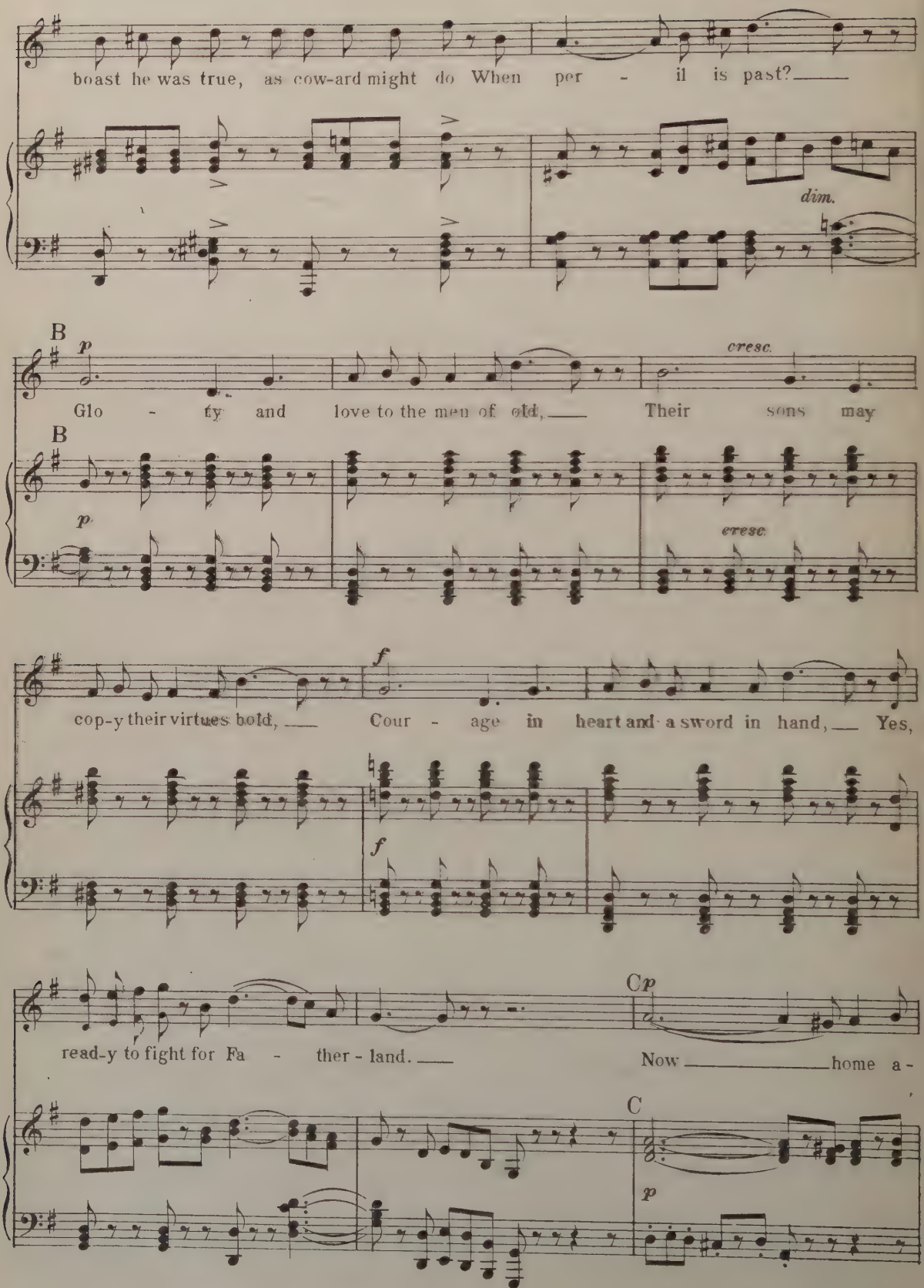
SOLDIER'S CHORUS

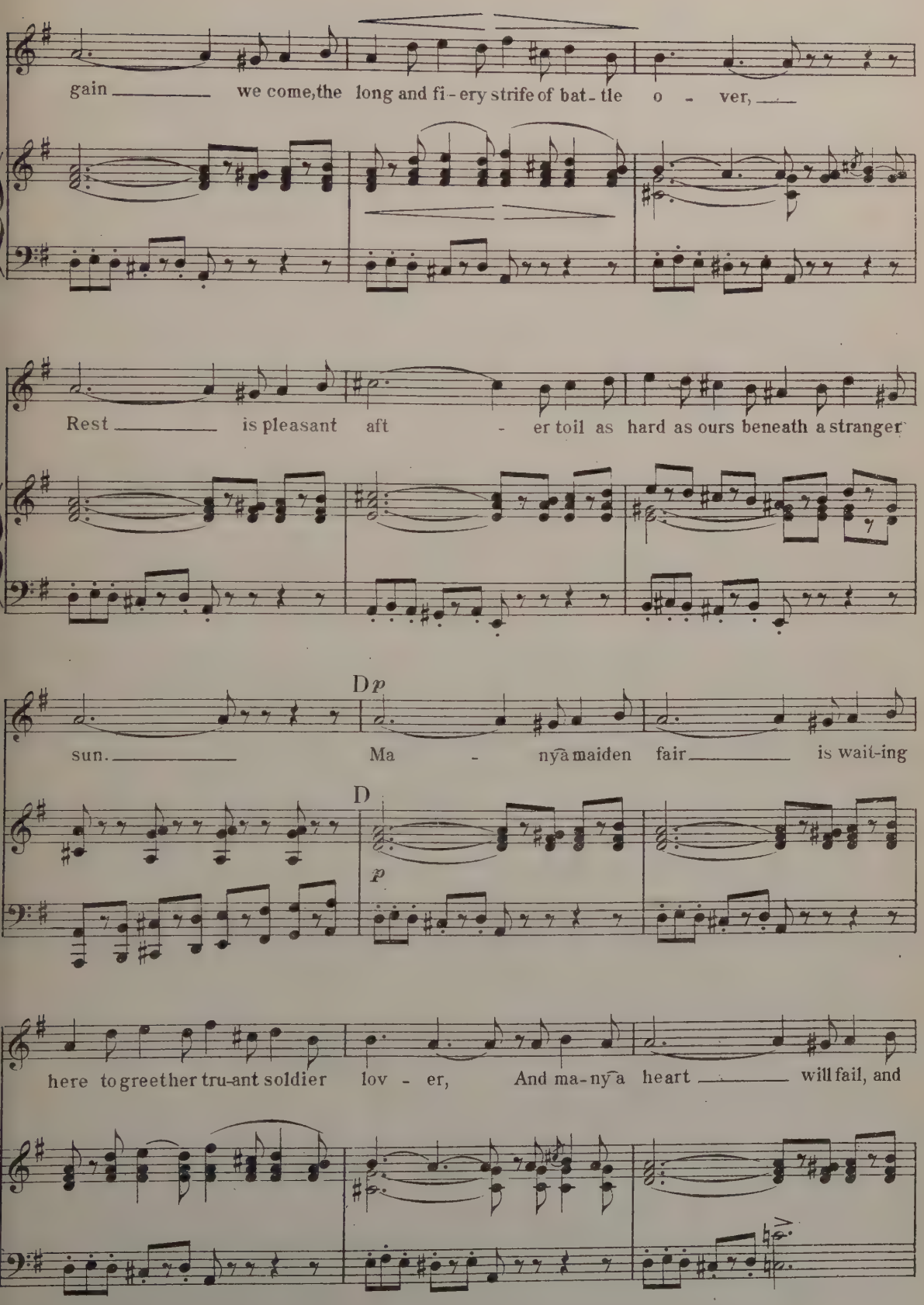
From "Faust"

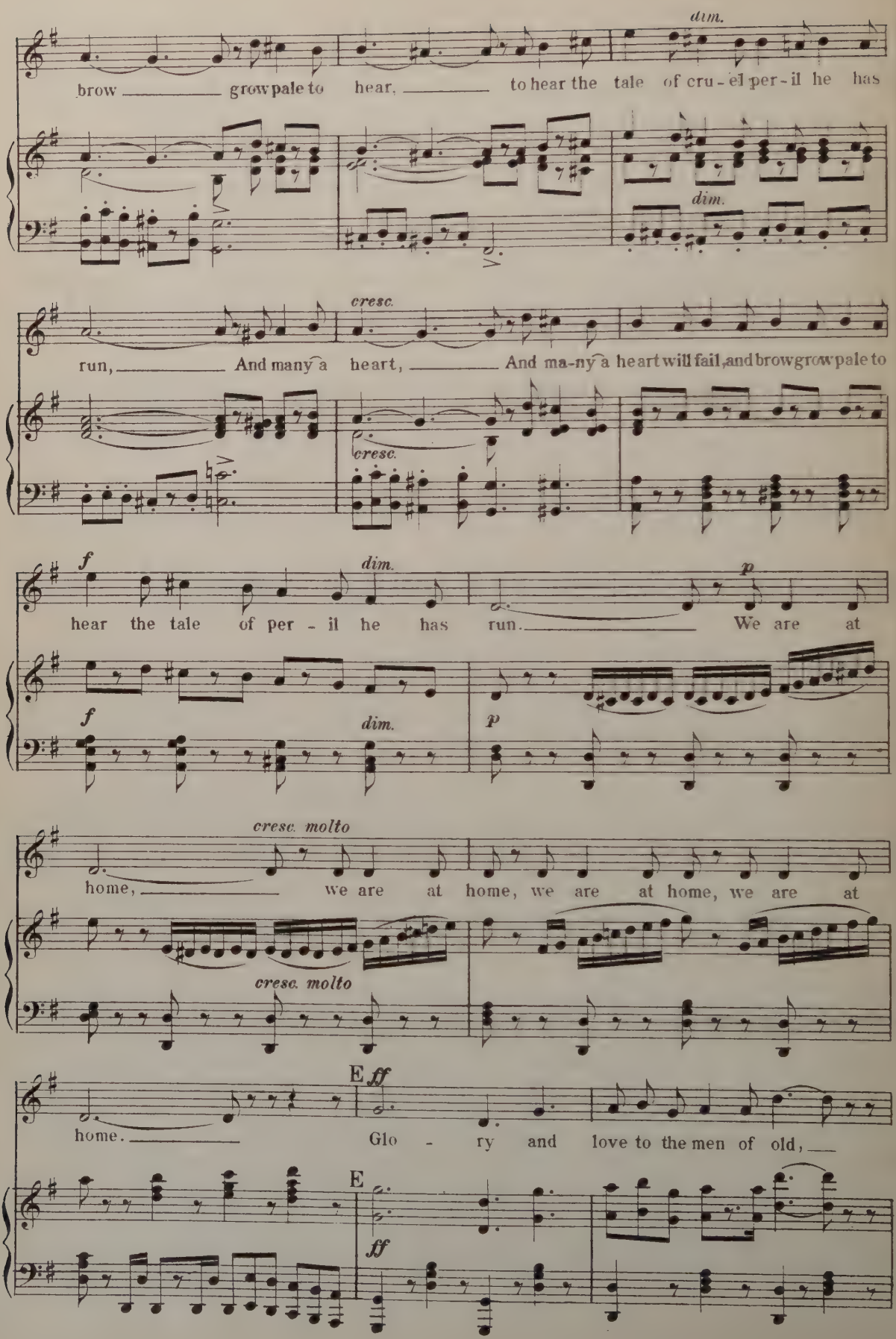
CHARLES GOUNOD

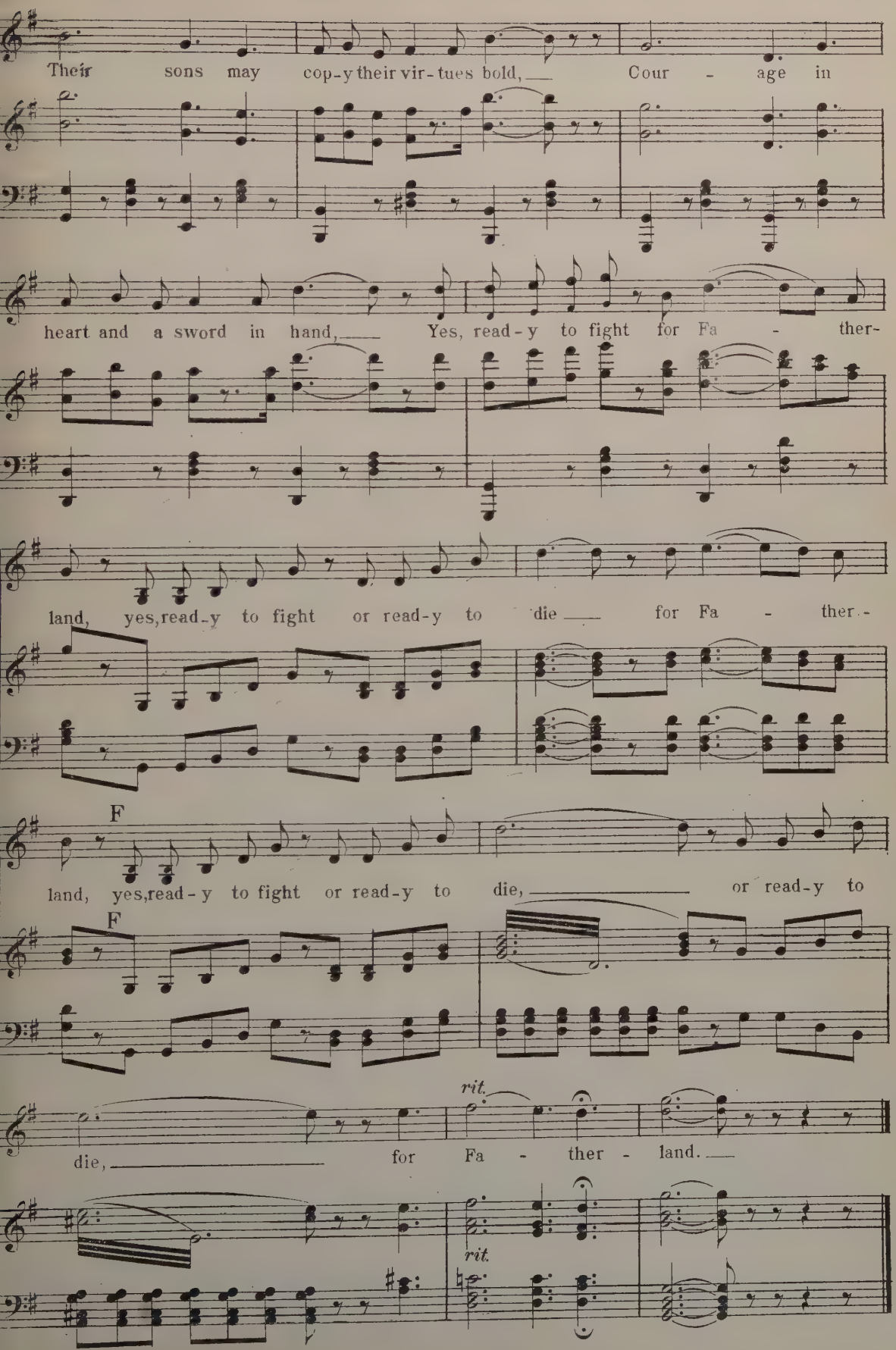

Tempo Marziale
p.47
ff
8
f
Glo - ry and love to the men of old, ___ Their sons may
f
cop-y their virtues bold, ___ Cour - age in heart and a sword in hand ___ Yes,


read-y to fight or read-y to die for Fa - ther-land.
A
p
Who needs bid-ding to dare by a trum - pet blown?
A
p
cresc.
Who lacks pit-y to spare when the field is won?
cresc.
f
Who would fly from a foe if a-lone or lost? And
f


boast he was true, as cow-ard might do When per - il is past?
dim.
B
p
cresc.
Glo - ty and love to the men of old, Their sons may
B
p
cresc.
f
cop-y their virtues bold, Cour - age in heart and a sword in hand, Yes,
f
C
p
read-y to fight for Fa - ther - land. Now home a -
C
p


gain we come, the long and fi - ery strife of bat - tle o - ver,
Rest is pleasant aft - er toil as hard as ours beneath a stranger
D p
sun. Ma - nyà maiden fair is wait-ing
D
p
here to greet her tru-ant soldier lov - er, And ma-nyà heart will fail, and

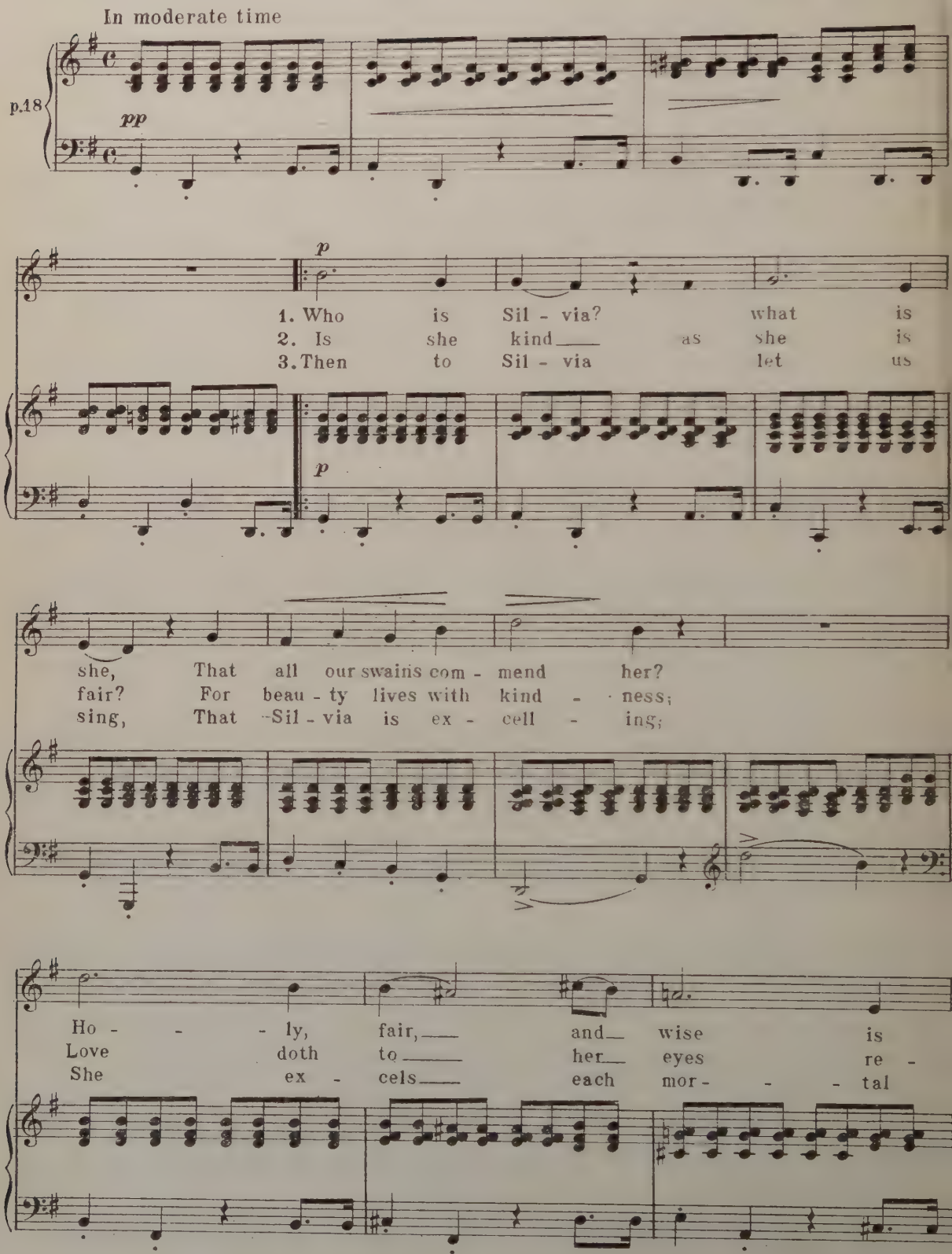

dim.
brow grow pale to hear, to hear the tale of cru - el per - il he has
dim.
cresc.
run, And many a heart, And ma-ny a heart will fail, and brow grow pale to
cresc.
f
dim.
p
hear the tale of per - il he has run. We are at
f
dim.
p
cresc. molto
home, we are at home, we are at home, we are at
cresc. molto
E
ff
home. Glo - ry and love to the men of old,
E
ff

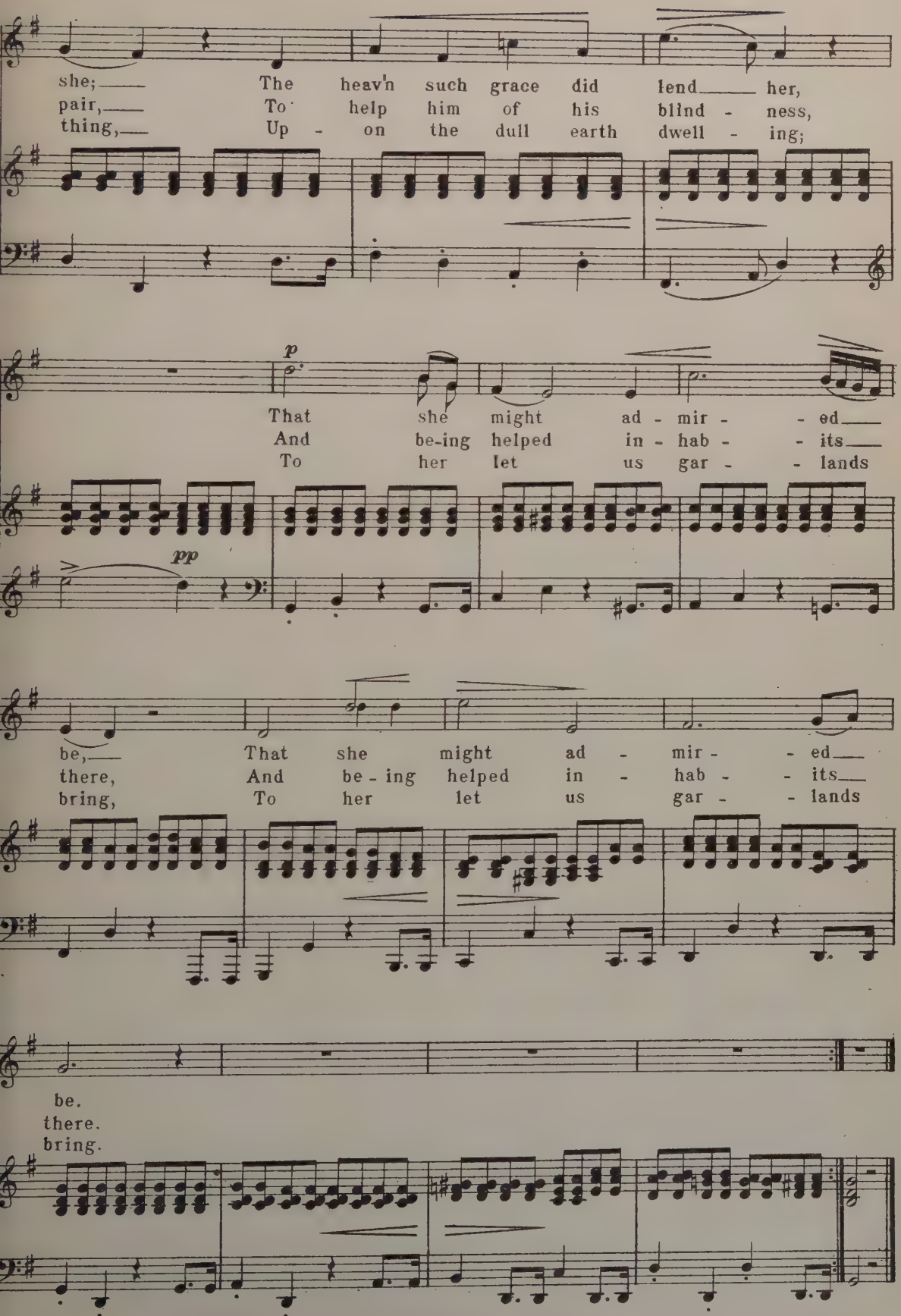

Their sons may cop-y their vir-tues bold, Cour - age in
heart and a sword in hand, Yes, read-y to fight for Fa - ther-
land, yes, read-y to fight or read-y to die for Fa - ther -
F
land, yes, read-y to fight or read-y to die, or read-y to
F
rit.
die, for Fa - ther - land.
rit.

WHO IS SILVIA?

Wm SHAKESPEARE

FRANZ SCHUBERT

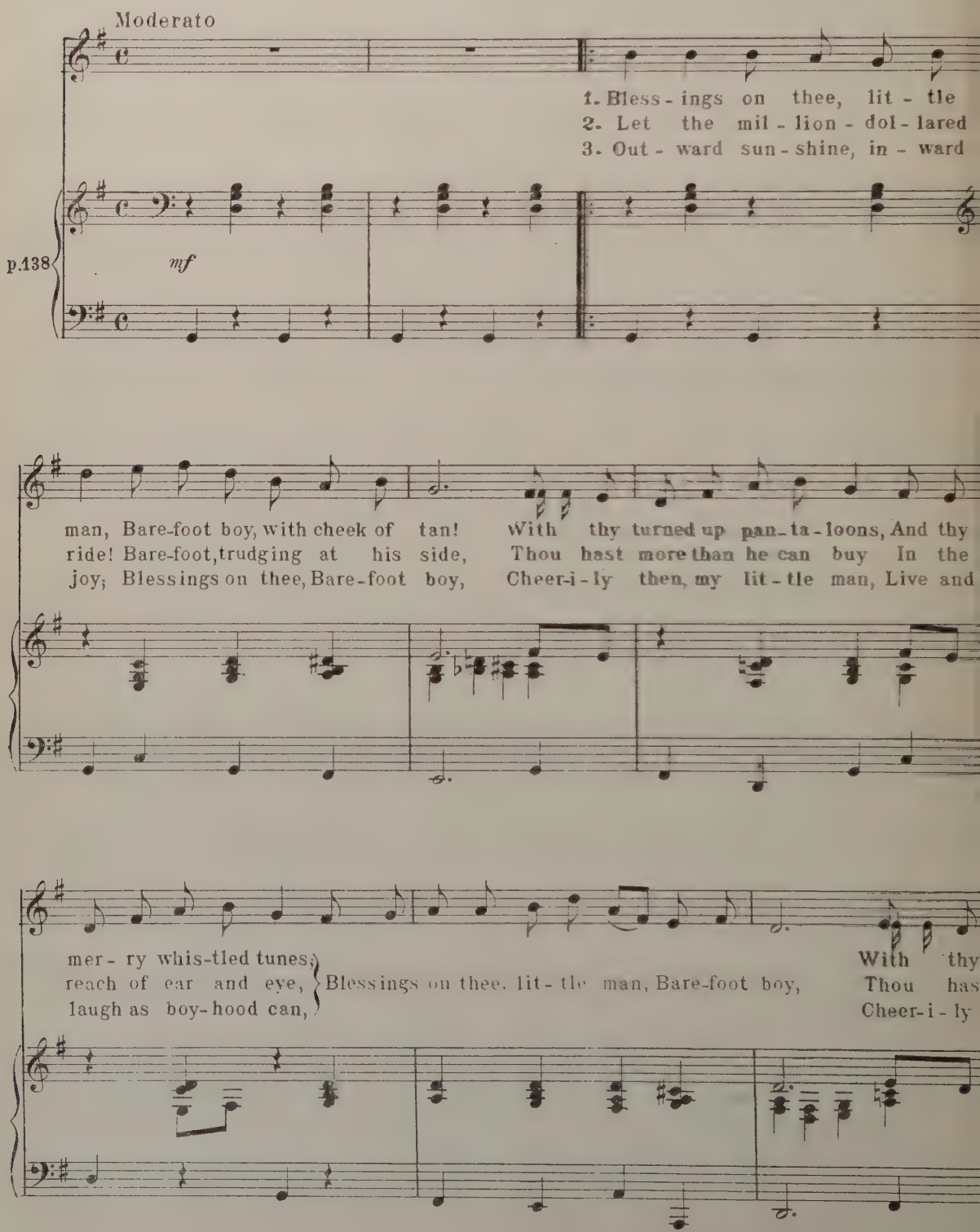

In moderate time
p.18
pp
p
1. Who is Sil - via? what is
2. Is she kind as she is
3. Then to Sil - via let us
p
she, That all our swains com - mend her?
fair? For beau - ty lives with kind - ness;
sing, That Sil - via is ex - cell - ing;
Ho - - - ly, fair, and wise is
Love doth to her eyes re -
She ex - cels each mor - - - tal

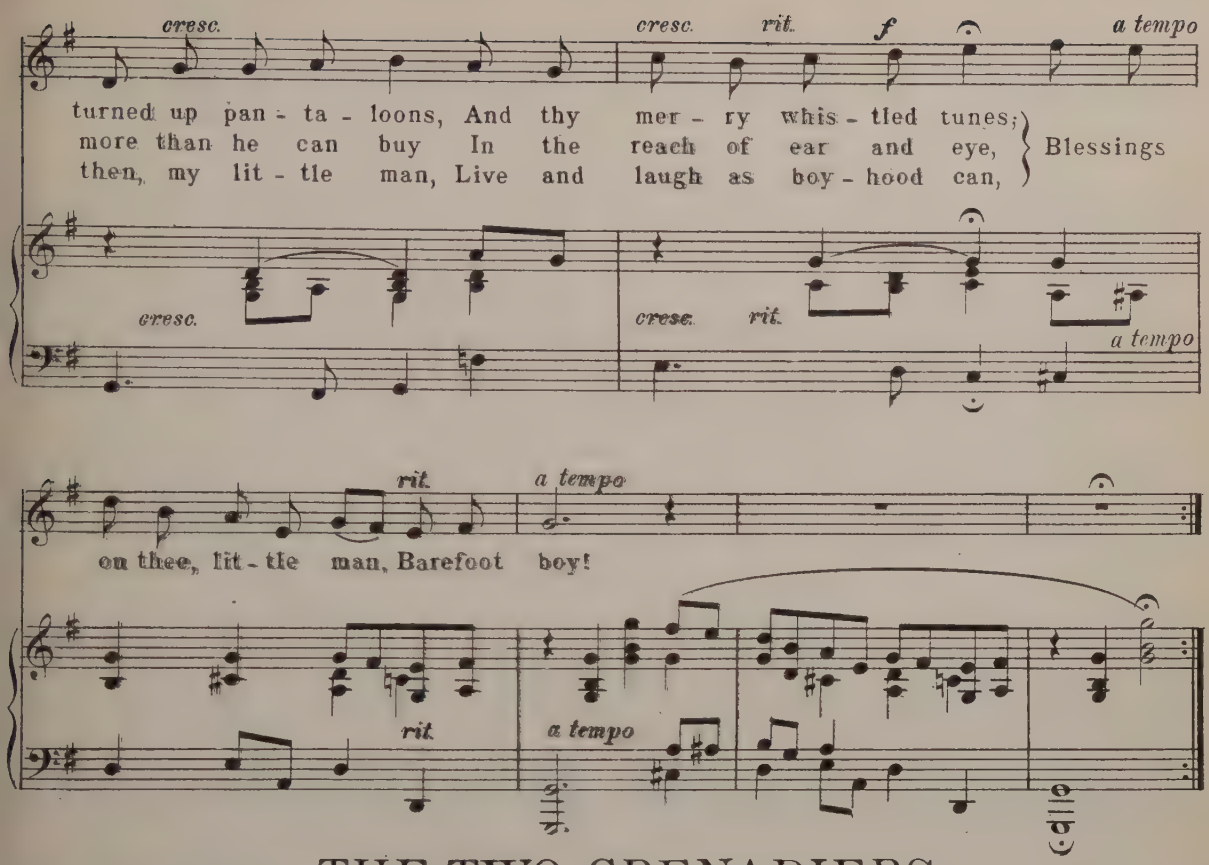

she; The heav'n such grace did lend her,
pair, To help him of his blind - ness,
thing, Up - on the dull earth dwell - ing;
p
That she might ad - mir - ed
And be-ing helped in - hab - its
To her let us gar - lands
pp
be, That she might ad - mir - ed
there, And be - ing helped in - hab - its
bring, To her let us gar - lands
be.
there.
bring.

THE BAREFOOT BOY

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

CLAYTON JOHNS


Moderato
1. Bless - ings on thee, lit - tle
2. Let the mil - lion - dol - lared
3. Out - ward sun - shine, in - ward
p.138
mf
man, Bare-foot boy, with cheek of tan! With thy turned up pan-ta-loons, And thy
ride! Bare-foot, trudging at his side, Thou hast more than he can buy In the
joy; Blessings on thee, Bare-foot boy, Cheer-i-ly then, my lit-tle man, Live and
mer- ry whis-tled tunes;
reach of ear and eye,
laugh as boy-hood can,
Blessings on thee, lit-tle man, Bare-foot boy,
With thy
Thou has
Cheer-i-ly

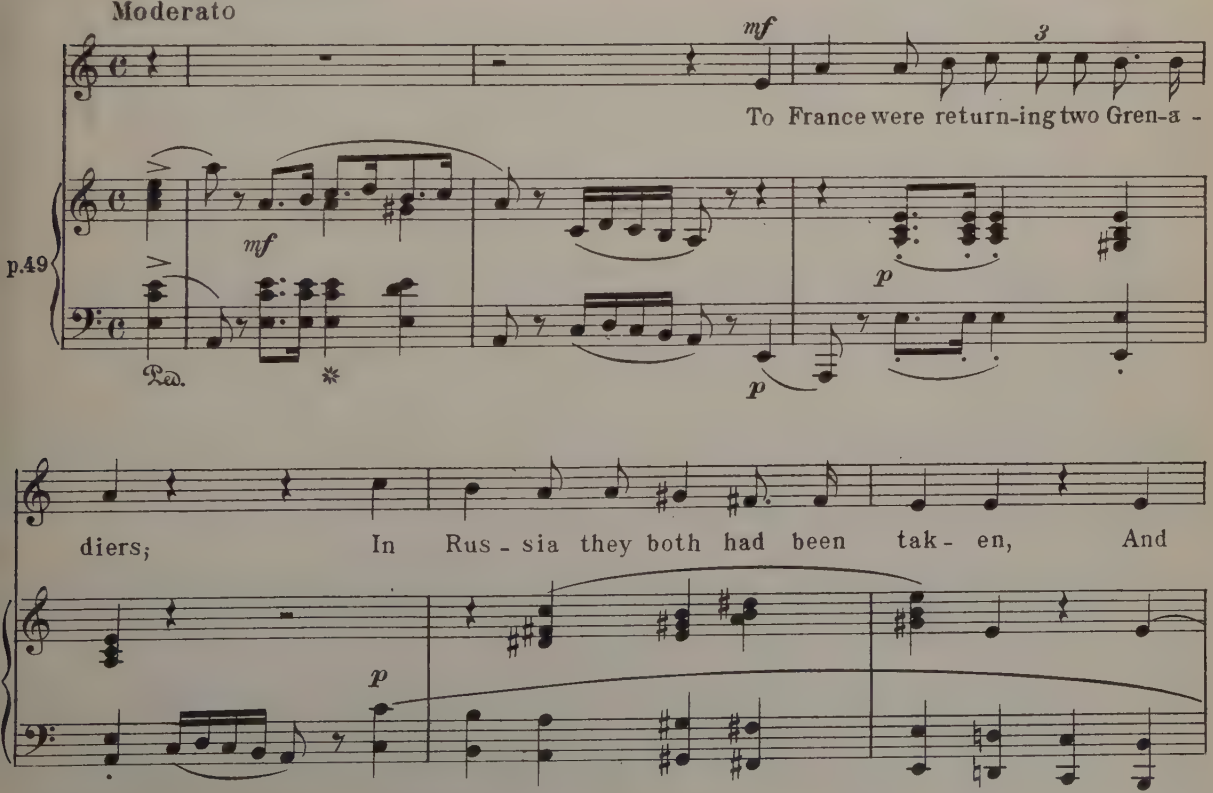

cresc.
cresc. rit. f a tempo
turned up pan - ta - loons, And thy mer - ry whis - tled tunes;
more than he can buy In the reach of ear and eye,
then, my lit - tle man, Live and laugh as boy - hood can,
Blessings
cresc.
cresc. rit.
a tempo
rit. a tempo
on thee, lit - tle man, Barefoot boy!
rit.
a tempo

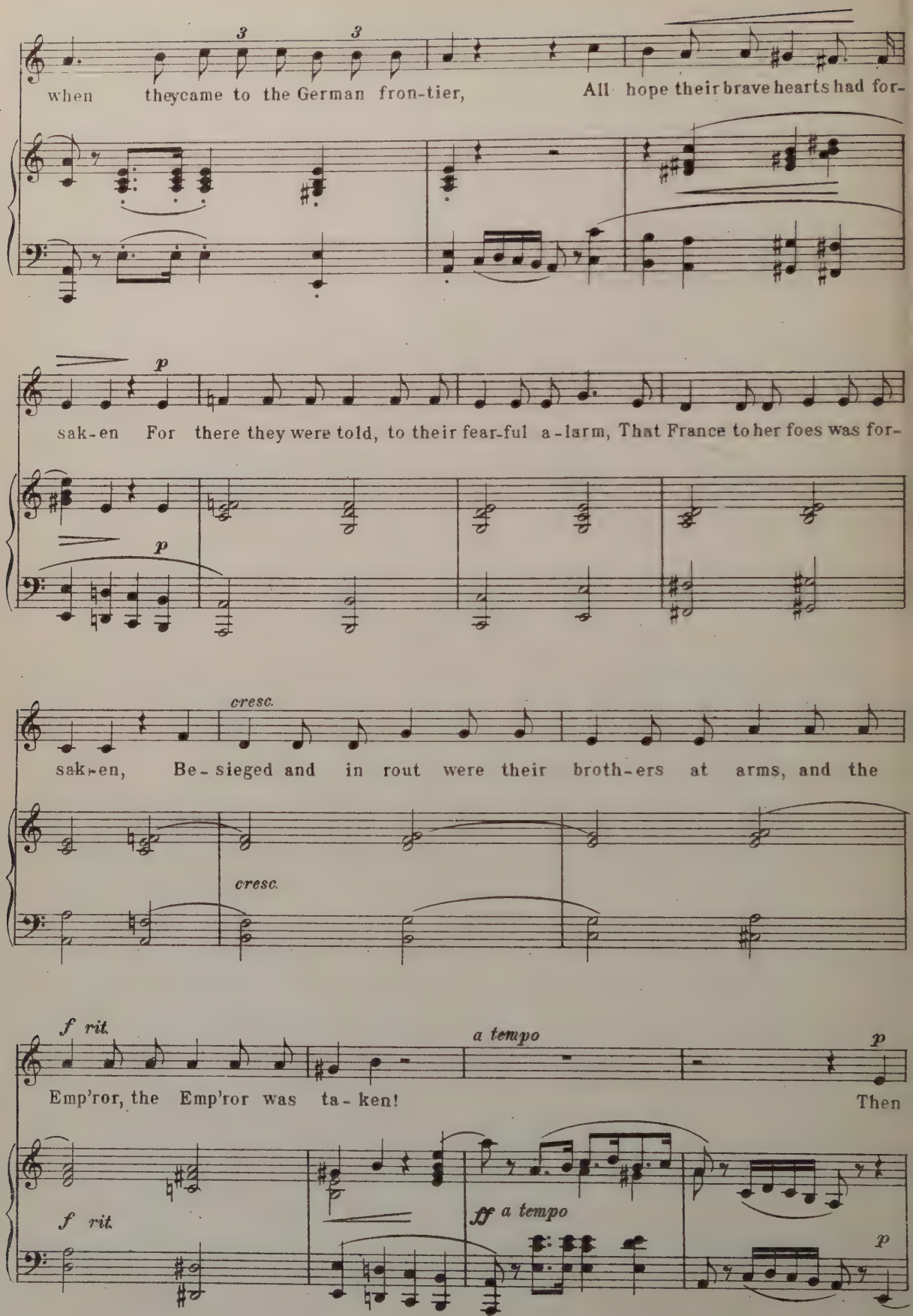
THE TWO GRENADIERS

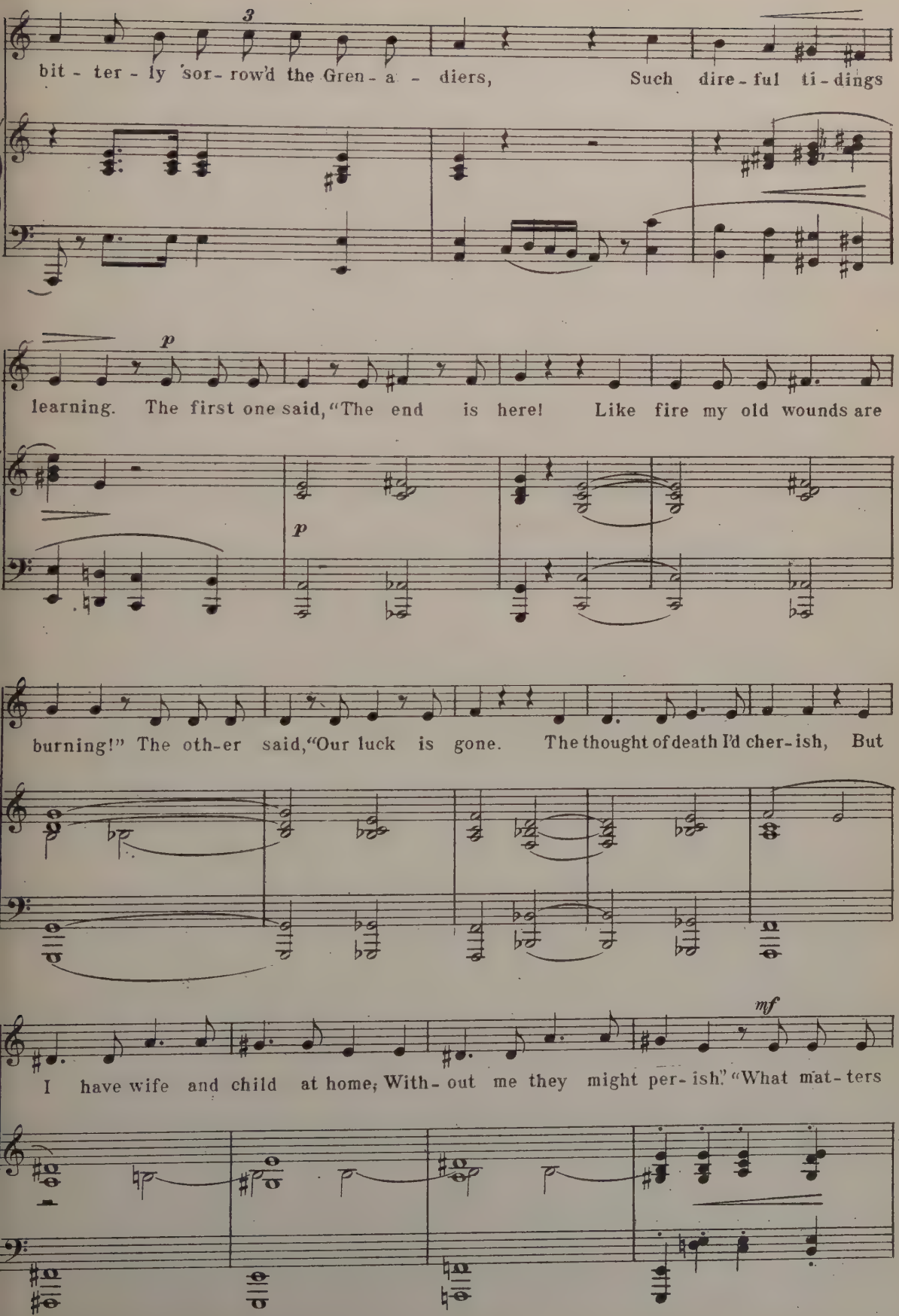
HEINRICH HEINE
Tr. by Frederic Field Bullard

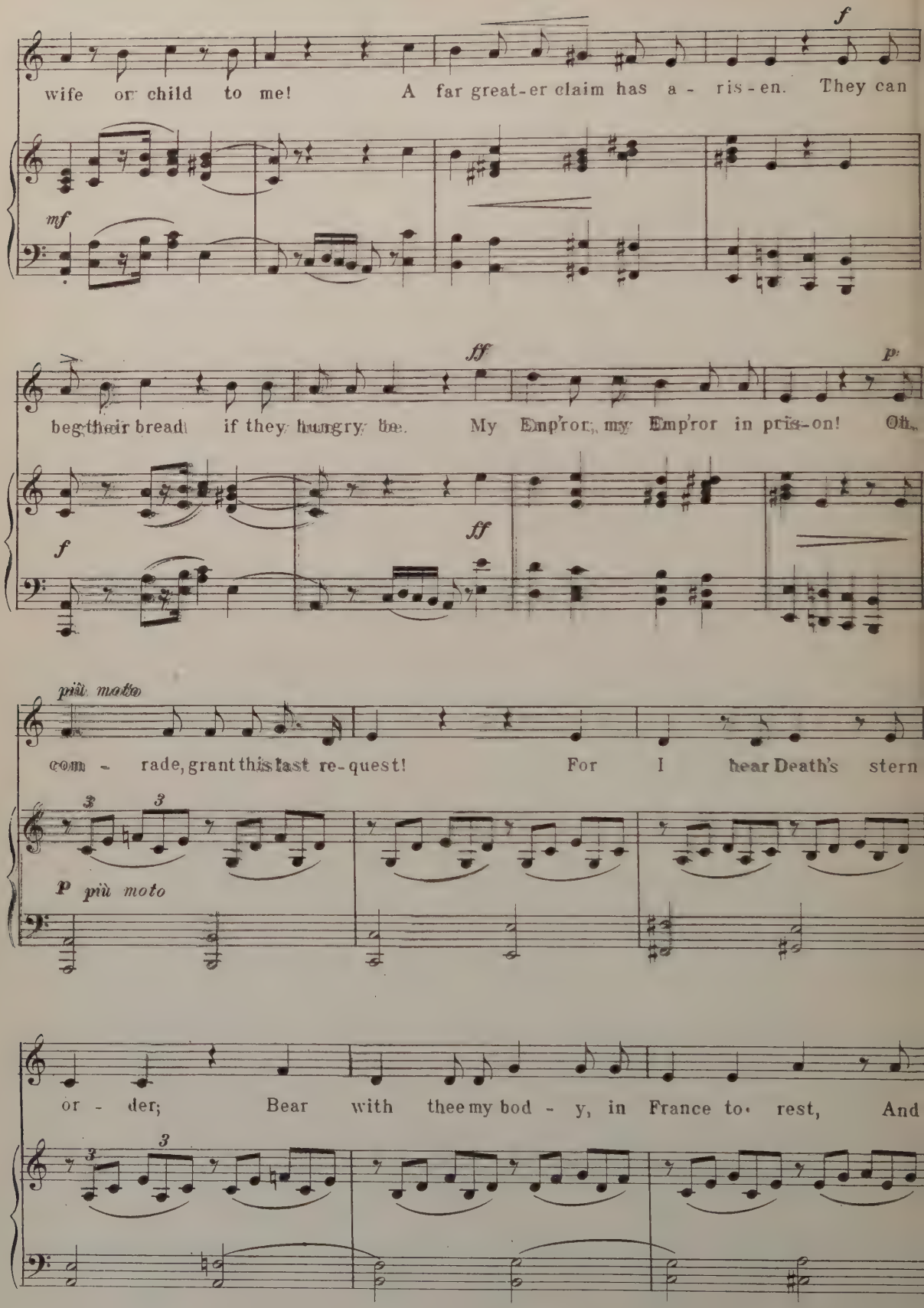
ROBERT SCHUMANN

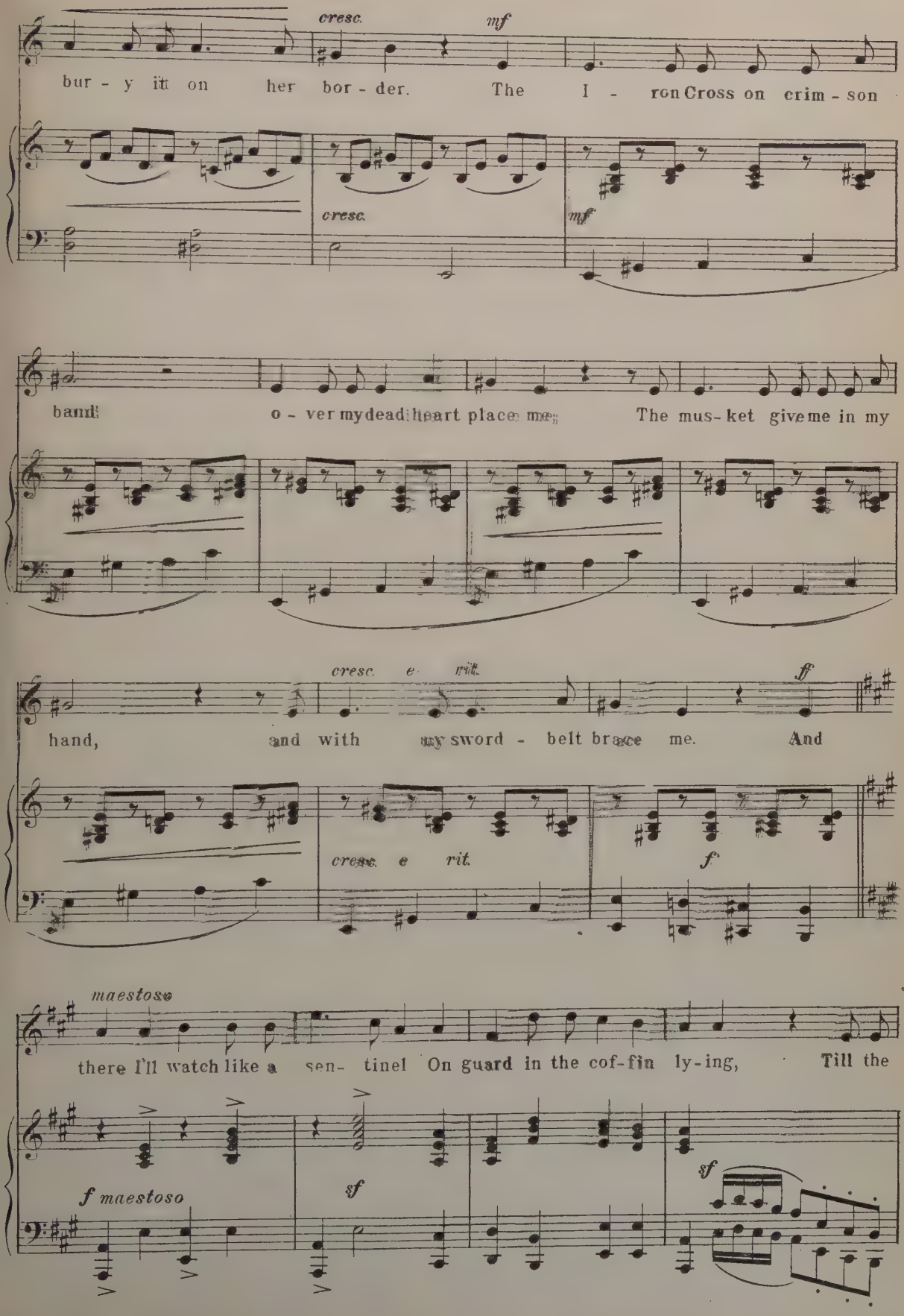
Moderato

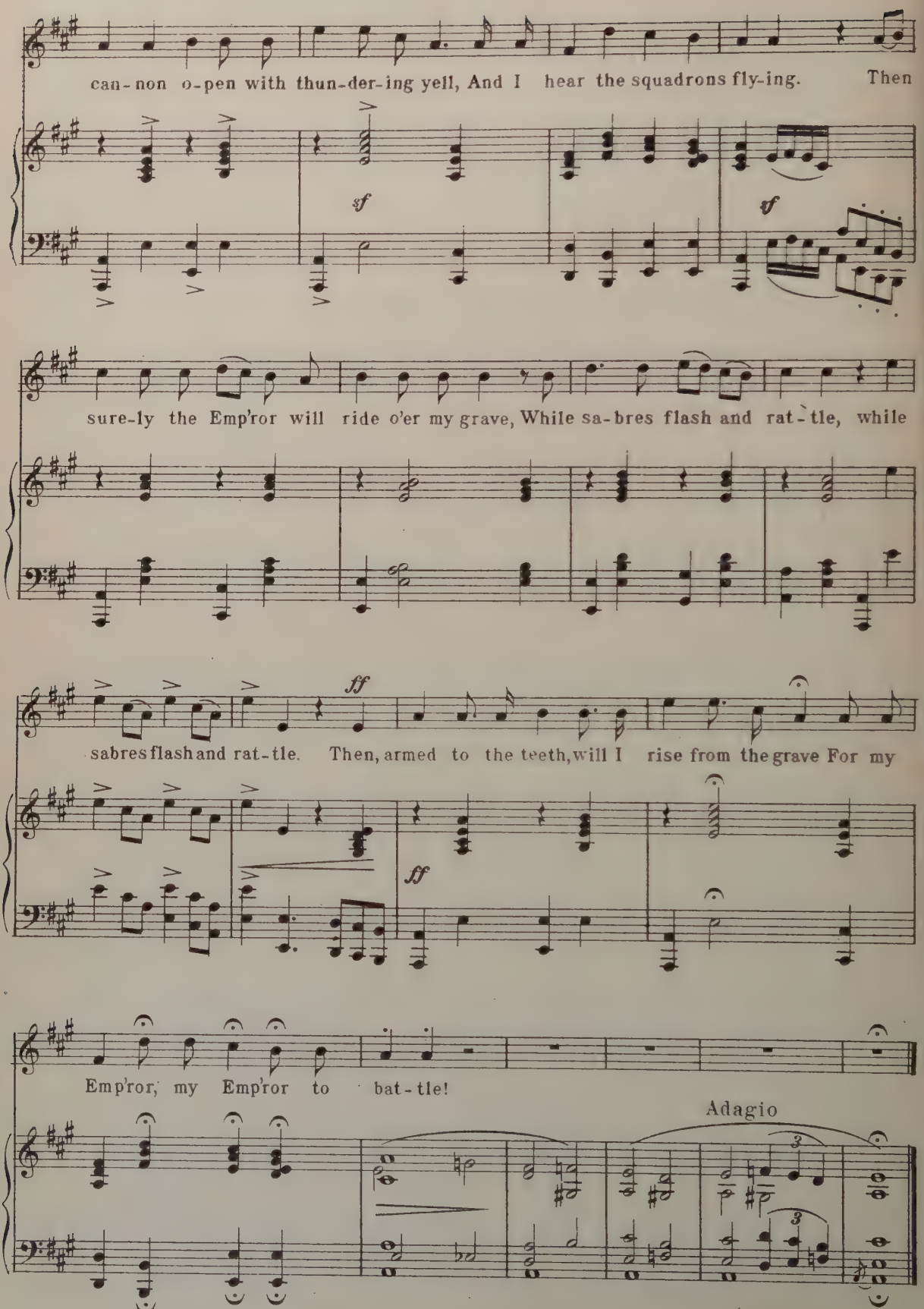



when they came to the German fron-tier, All hope their brave hearts had for-
p
sak-en For there they were told, to their fear-ful a-larm, That France to her foes was for-
p
sak-en, cresc. Be-sieged and in rout were their broth-ers at arms, and the
cresc.
f rit.
Emp'ror, the Emp'ror was ta-ken!
a tempo
p
Then
f rit.
ff a tempo
p


bit - ter - ly 'sor - row'd the Gren - a - diers, Such dire - ful ti - dings
learning. The first one said, "The end is here! Like fire my old wounds are
burning!" The oth-er said, "Our luck is gone. The thought of death I'd cher-ish, But
I have wife and child at home; With - out me they might per - ish." "What mat - ters


wife or child to me! A far great-er claim has a - ris-en. They can
f
mf
beg their bread if they hungry be. My Emp'ror, my Emp'ror in pris-on! Oh,
ff
p
f
ff
più moto
com - rade, grant this last re-quest! For I hear Death's stern
3
3
p più moto
or - der; Bear with thee my bod - y, in France to- rest, And
3
3

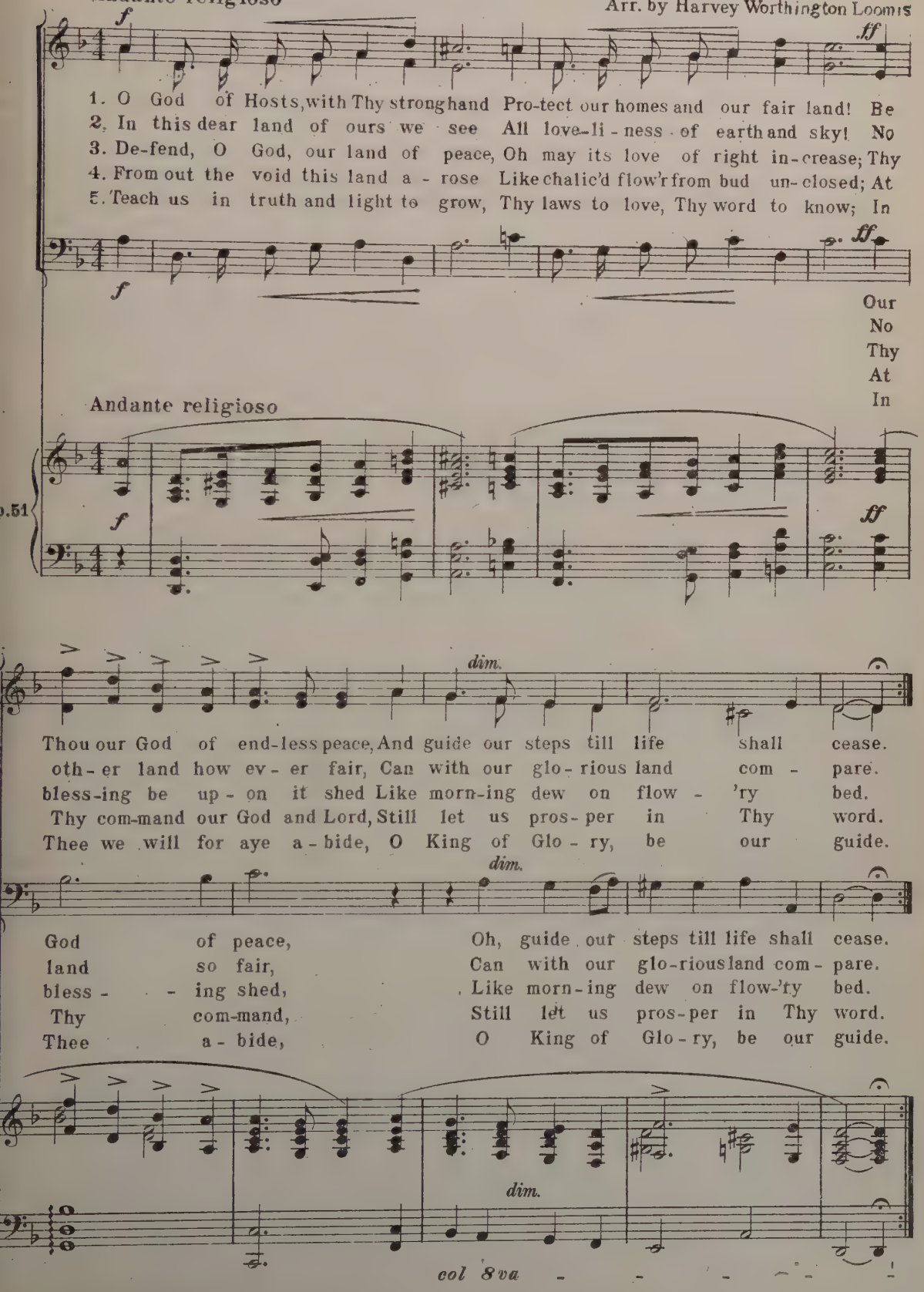

cresc.
mf
bur - y it on her bor - der. The I - ron Cross on crim - son
cresc.
mf
band! o - ver my dead heart place me; The mus - ket give me in my
cresc. e rit.
ff
hand, and with my sword - belt brace me. And
cresc. e rit.
f
maestoso
there I'll watch like a sen - tinel On guard in the cof - fin ly - ing, Till the
f maestoso
sf
sf


can-non o-pen with thun-der-ing yell, And I hear the squadrons fly-ing. Then
sf
sf
sure-ly the Emp'ror will ride o'er my grave, While sa-bres flash and rat-tle, while
ff
sabres flash and rat-tle. Then, armed to the teeth, will I rise from the grave For my
ff
Emp'ror, my Emp'ror to bat-tle!
Adagio

PSALM OF PEACE

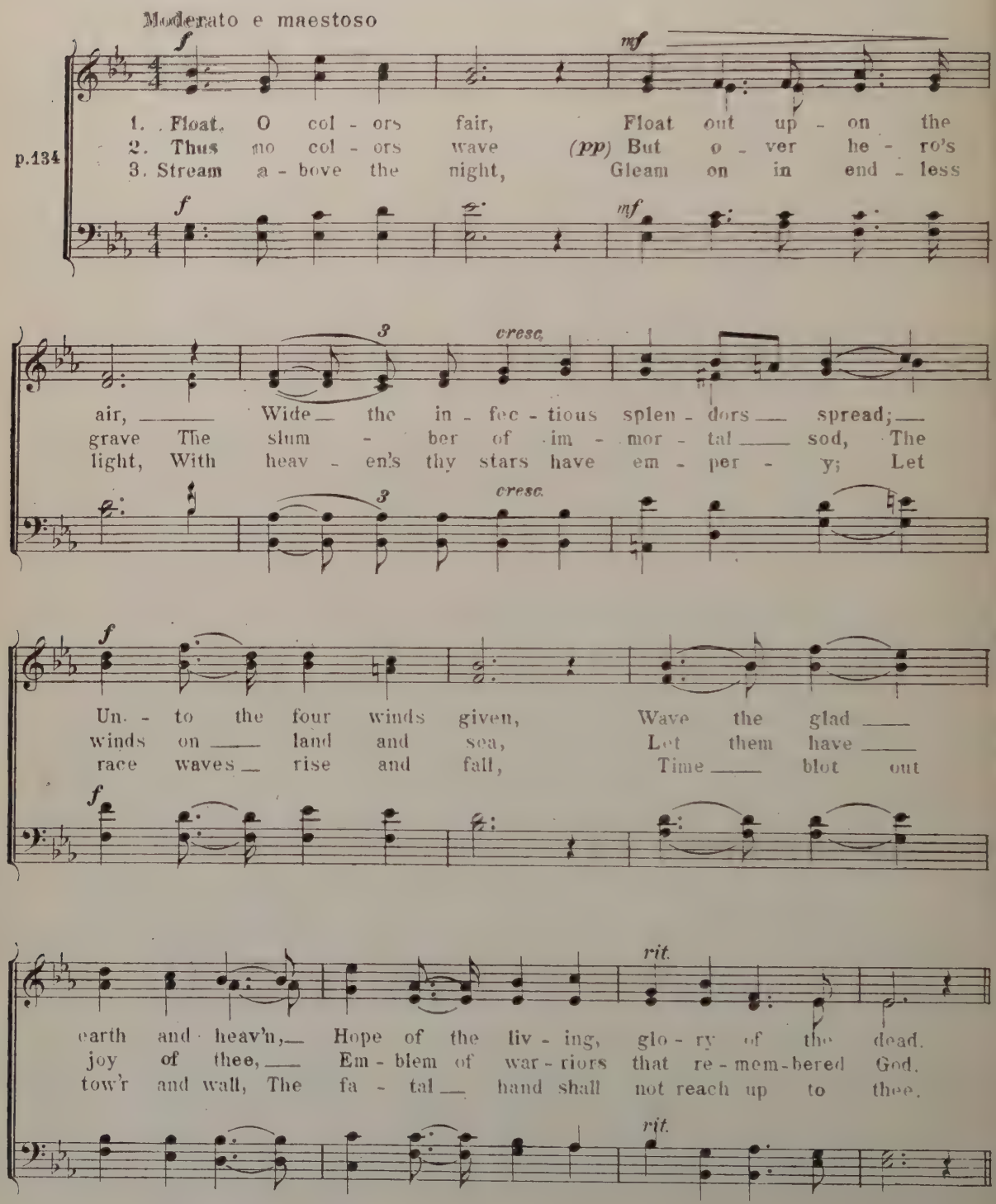
RALFSEN

EDVARD GRIEG
Arr. by Harvey Worthington Loomis


Andante religioso
f
ff
1. O God of Hosts, with Thy strong hand Pro-tect our homes and our fair land! Be
2. In this dear land of ours we see All love-li-ness of earth and sky! No
3. De-fend, O God, our land of peace, Oh may its love of right in-crease; Thy
4. From out the void this land a-rose Like chalic'd flow'r from bud un-closed; At
5. Teach us in truth and light to grow, Thy laws to love, Thy word to know; In
Our
No
Thy
At
In
Andante religioso
dim.
Thou our God of end-less peace, And guide our steps till life shall cease.
oth-er land how ev-er fair, Can with our glo-rious land com-pare.
bless-ing be up-on it shed Like morn-ing dew on flow-'ry bed.
Thy com-mand our God and Lord, Still let us pros-per in Thy word.
Thee we will for aye a-bide, O King of Glo-ry, be our guide.
dim.
God of peace, Oh, guide our steps till life shall cease.
land so fair, Can with our glo-rious land com-pare.
bless-ing shed, Like morn-ing dew on flow-'ry bed.
Thy com-mand, Still let us pros-per in Thy word.
Thee a-bide, O King of Glo-ry, be our guide.
dim.
col 8va

TO THE AMERICAN FLAG

JOHN VANCE CHENEY — HENRY K. HADLEY

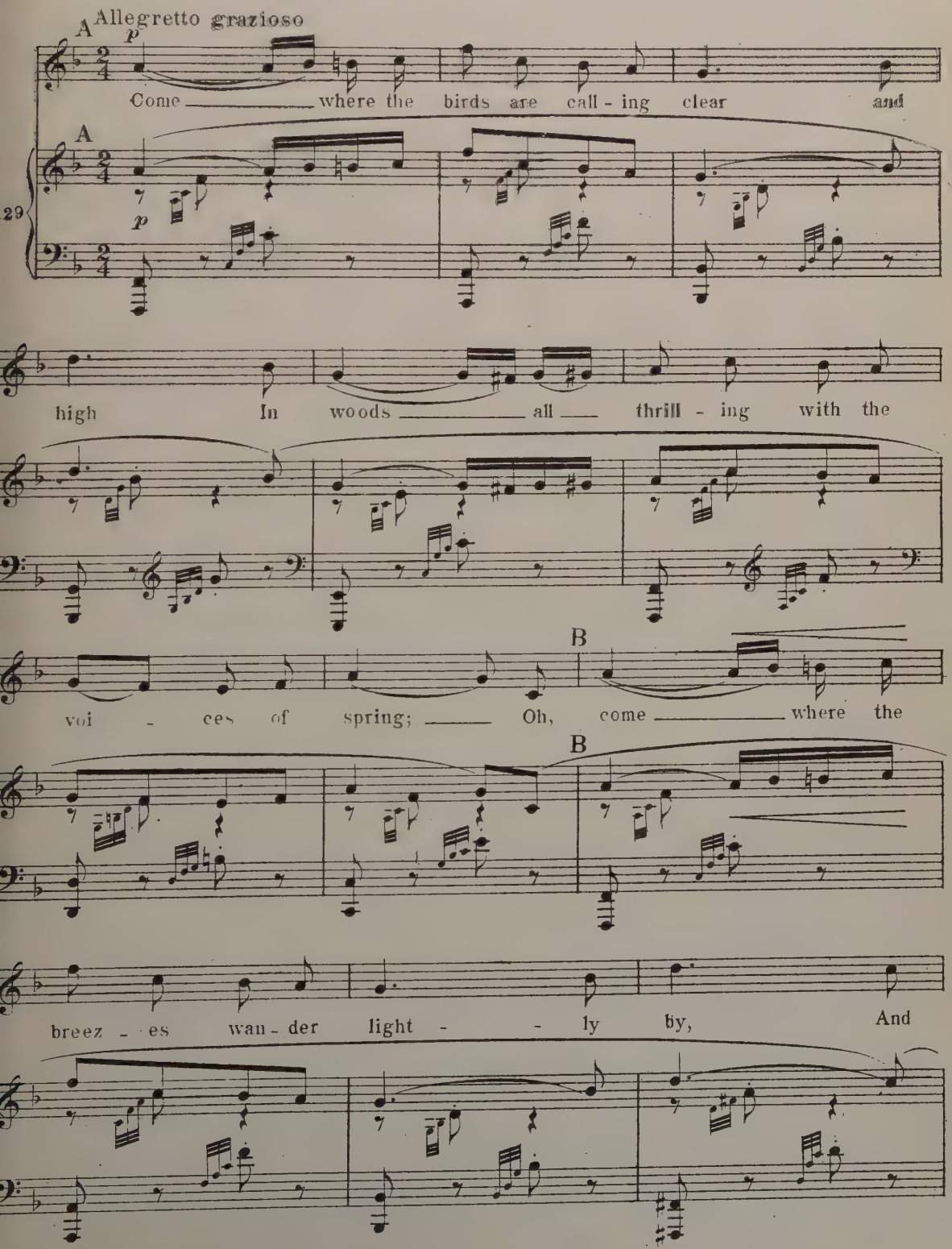

Moderato e maestoso
f
mf
1. Float, O col - ors fair, Float out up - on the
2. Thus no col - ors wave (pp) But o - ver he - ro's
3. Stream a - bove the night, Gleam on in end - less
p.134
f
mf
3
cresc.
air, Wide the in - fec - tious splen - dors spread;
grave The slum - ber of im - mor - tal sod, The
light, With heav - en's thy stars have em - per - y; Let
3
cresc.
f
Un - to the four winds given, Wave the glad
winds on land and sea, Let them have
race waves rise and fall, Time blot out
f
rit.
earth and heav'n, Hope of the liv - ing, glo - ry of the dead.
joy of thee, Em - blem of war - riors that re - mem - bered God.
tow'r and wall, The fa - tal hand shall not reach up to thee.
rit.

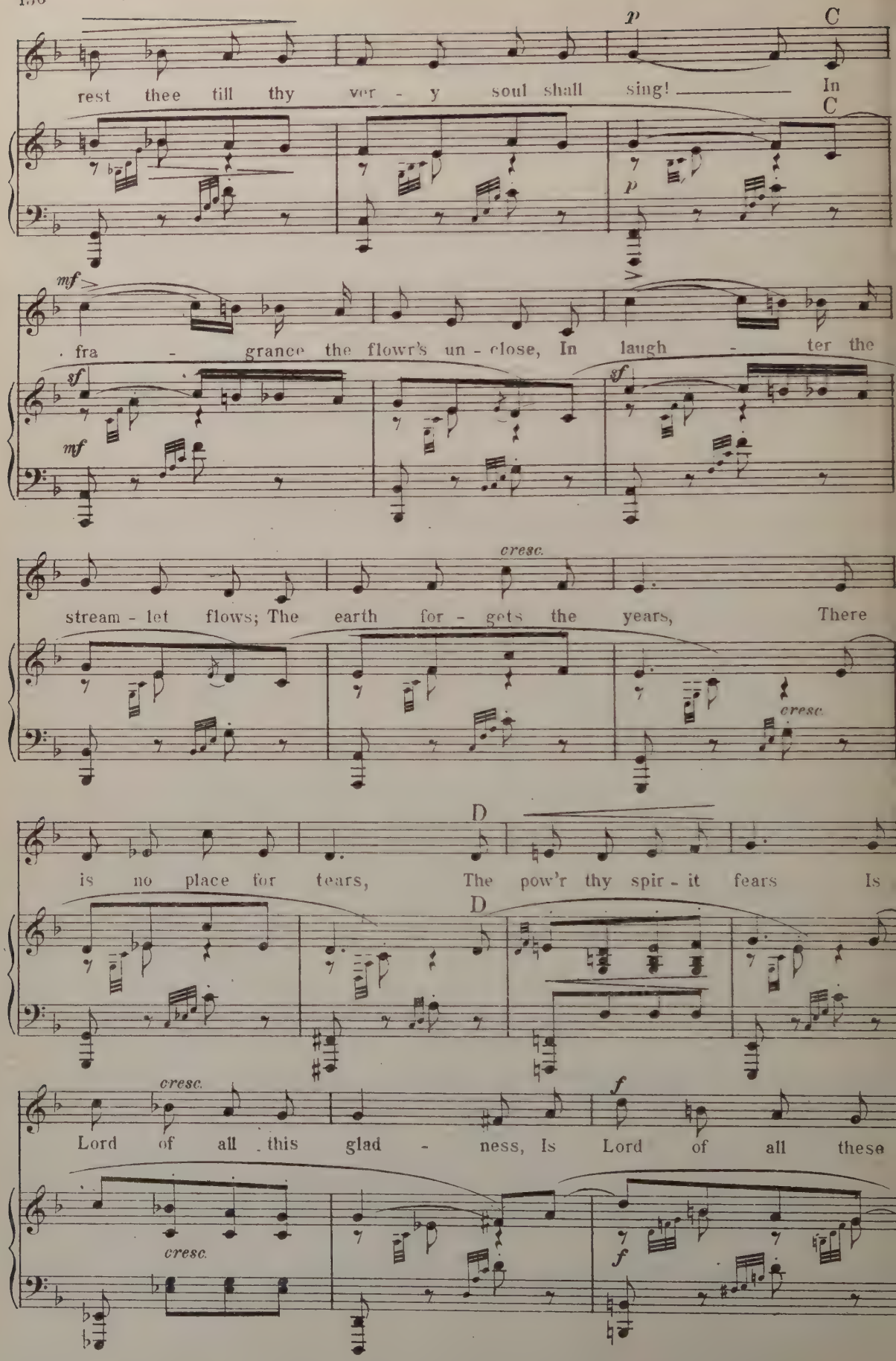
SPRING SONG

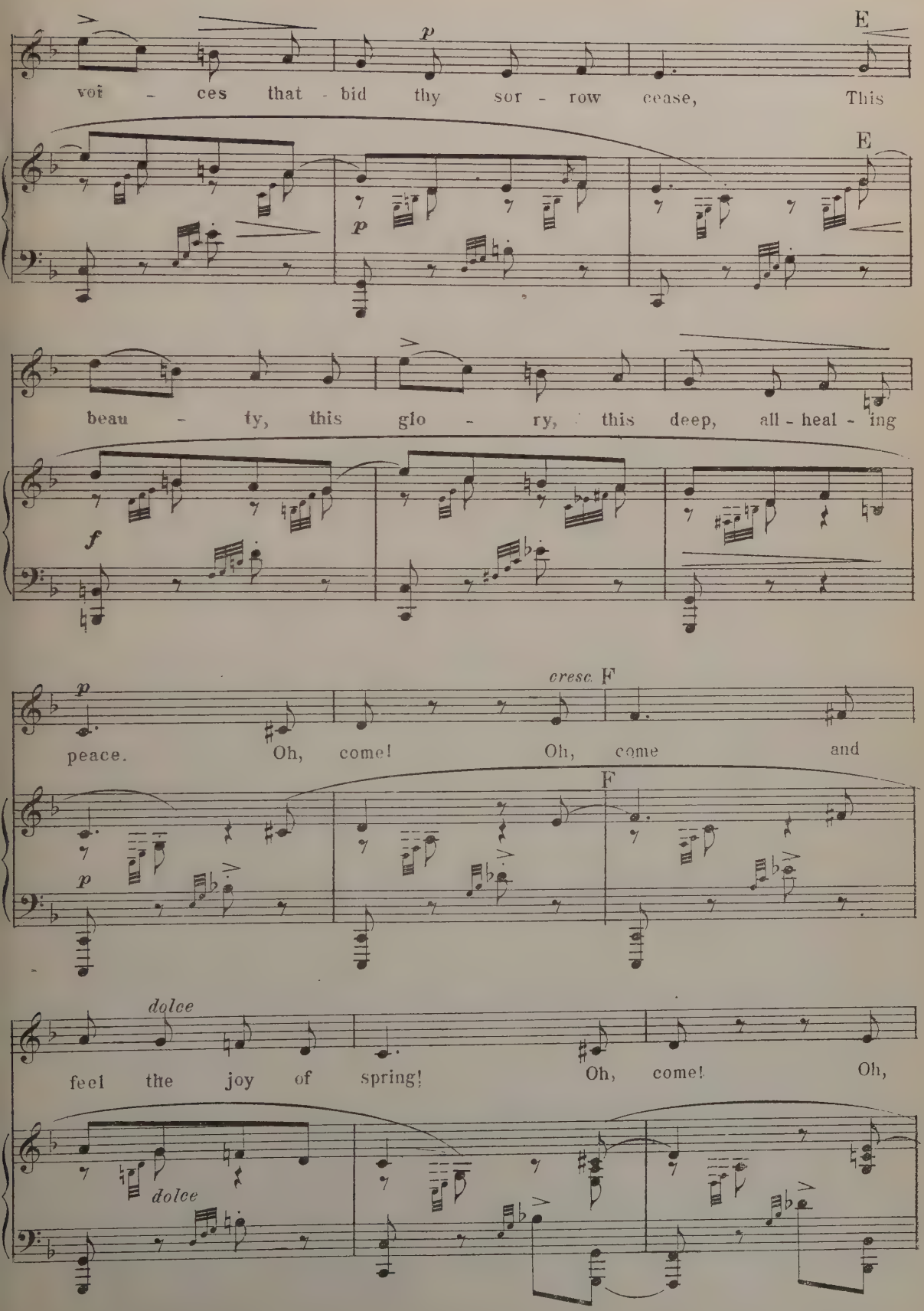
This song is given in the Student's Edition in the Key of G

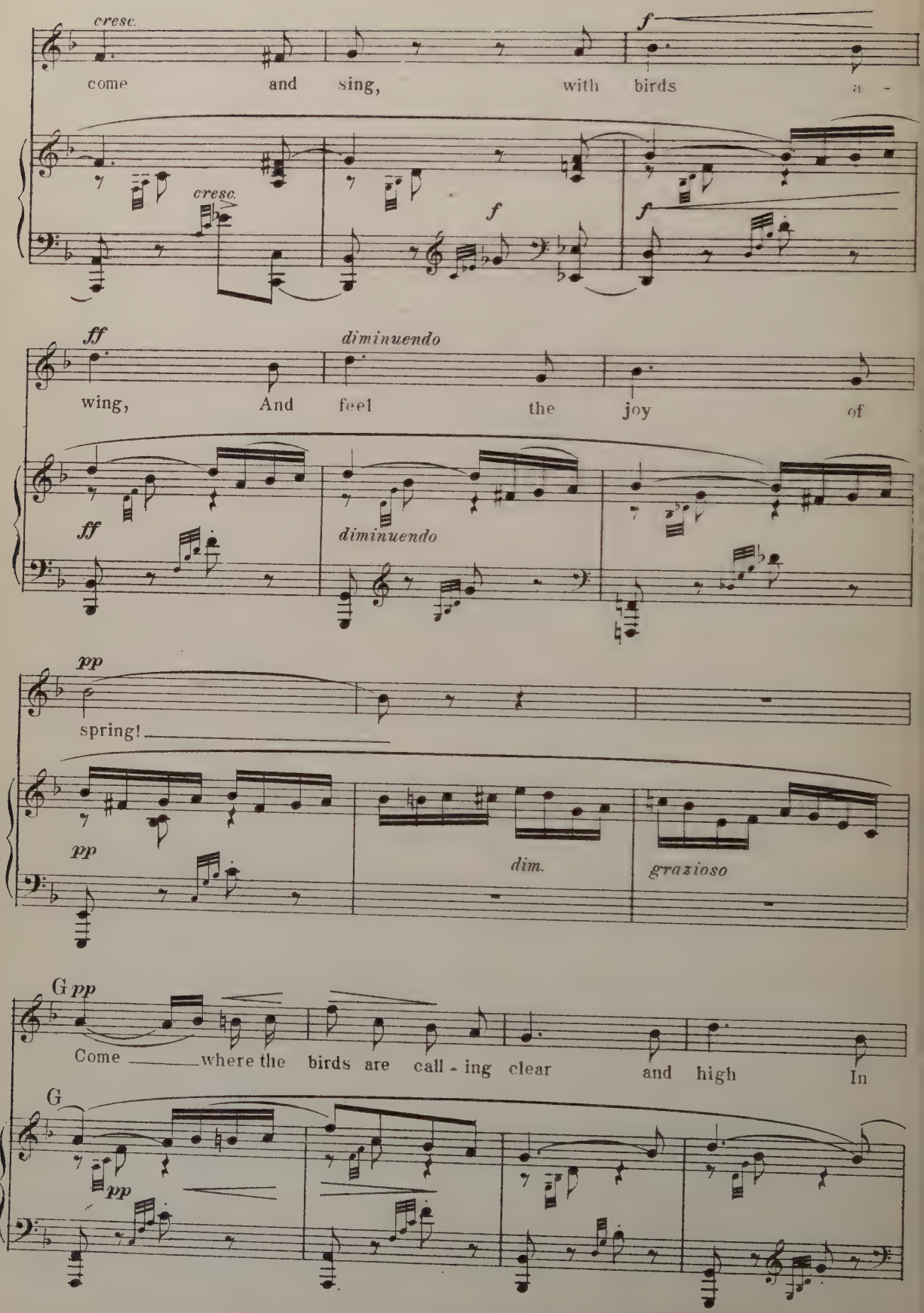
MARY T. LOUGHLIN

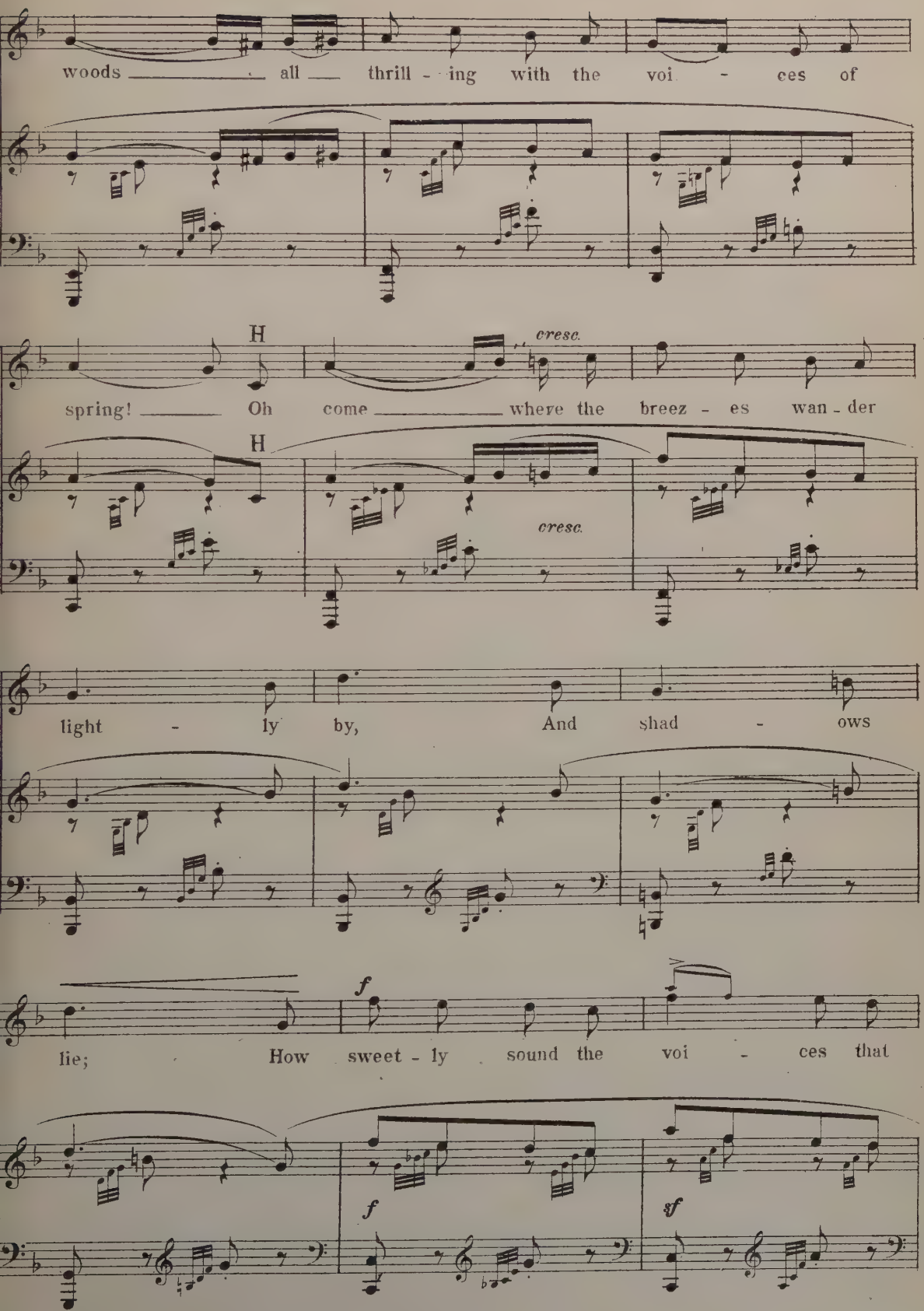
FELIX MENDELSSOHN - BARTHOLDY

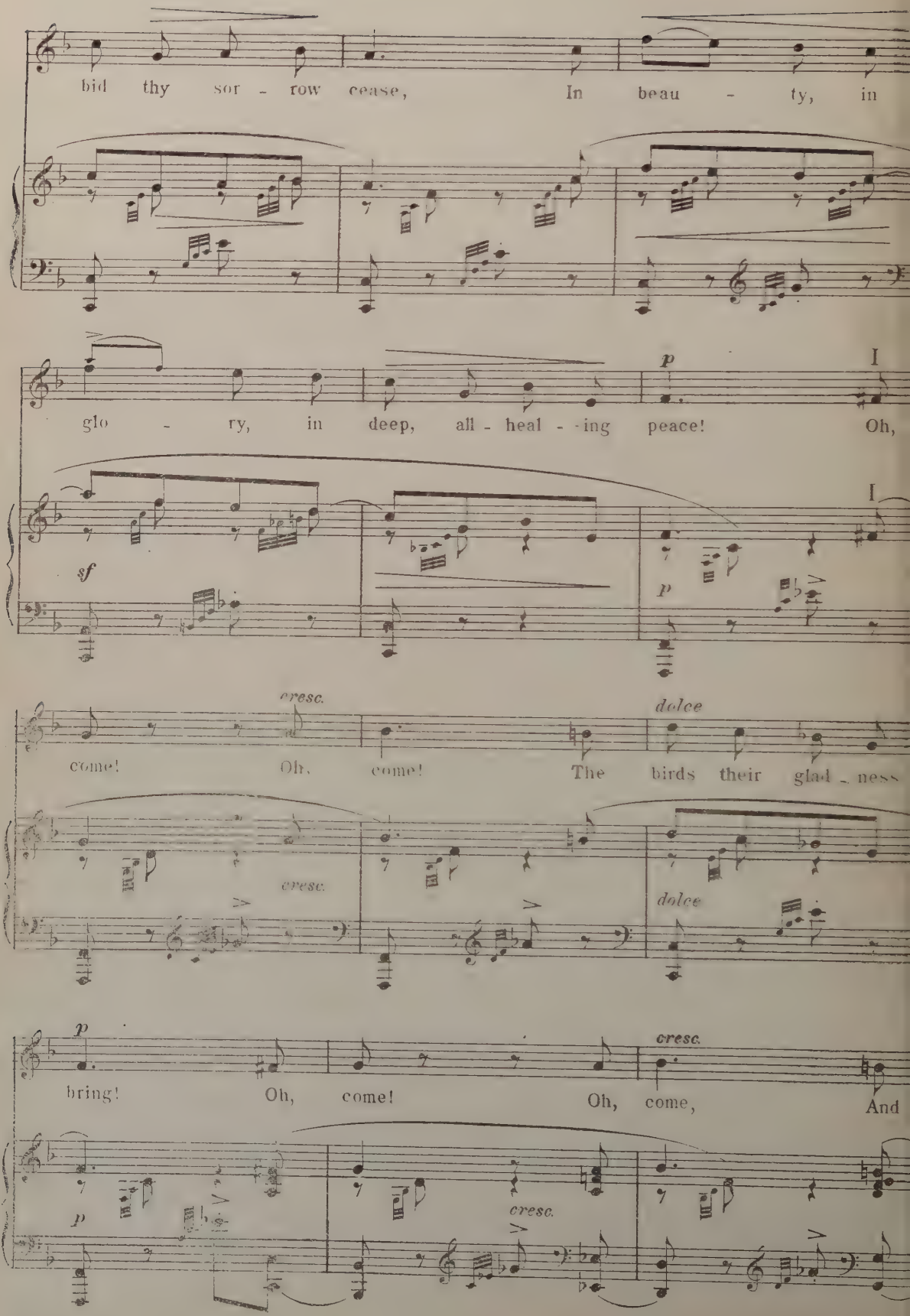

A
Allegretto grazioso
p
Come where the birds are call - ing clear and
A
29
p
high In woods all thrill - ing with the
B
voi - ces of spring; Oh, come where the
B
breez - es wan - der light - - ly by, And

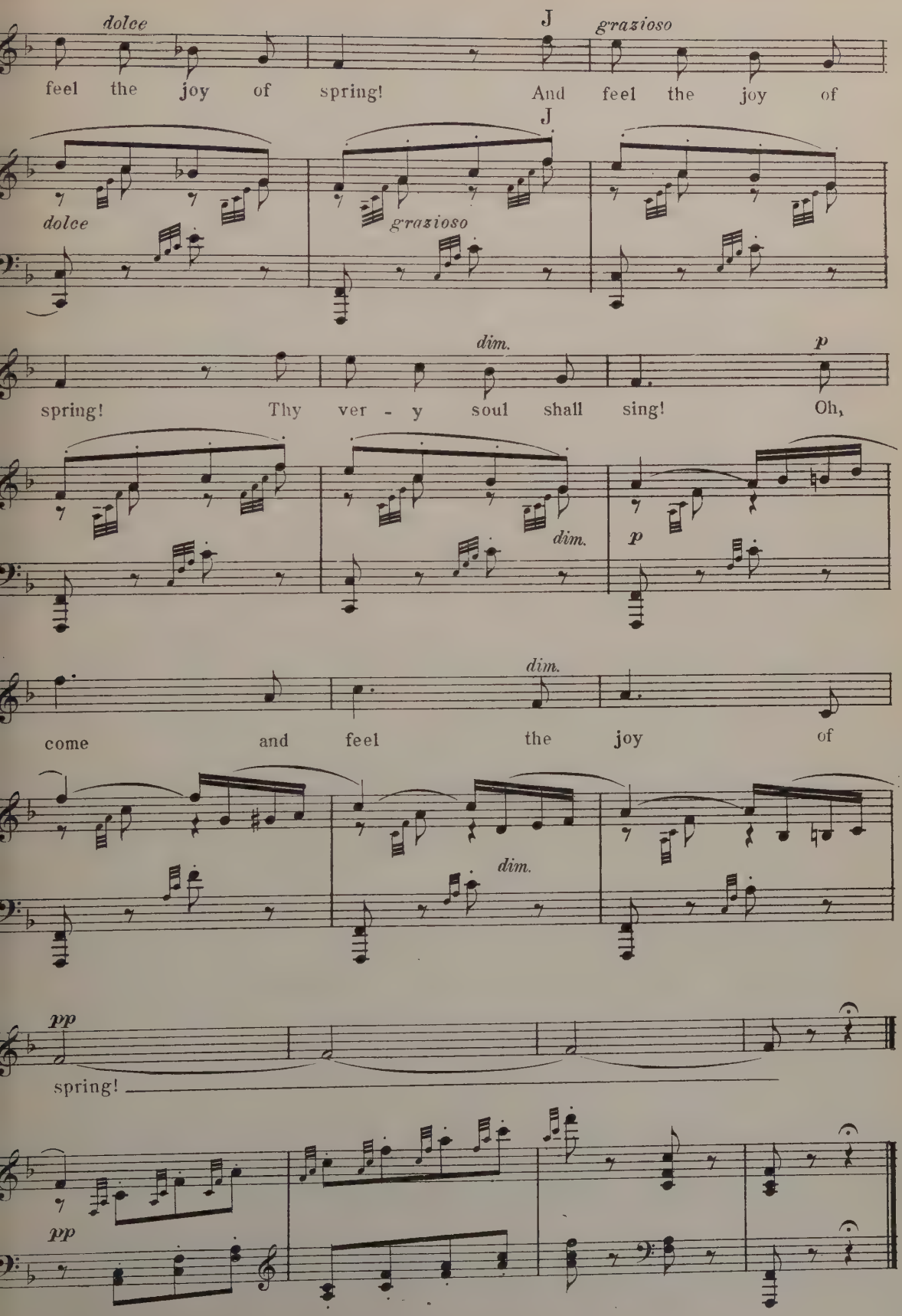

p
C
rest thee till thy ver - y soul shall sing! In
C
p
mf
fra - grance the flowr's un - close, In laugh - ter the
sf
mf
cresc.
stream - let flows; The earth for - gets the years, There
cresc.
D
is no place for tears, The pow'r thy spir - it fears Is
D
cresc.
Lord of all this glad - ness, Is Lord of all these
f
cresc.
f


E
p
voi - ces that - bid thy sor - row cease, This
E
p
beau - ty, this glo - ry, this deep, all - heal - ing
f
cresc.
F
p
peace. Oh, come! Oh, come and
F
p
dolce
feel the joy of spring! Oh, come! Oh,
dolce


cresc.
come and sing, with birds
cresc.
f
f
f
ff
diminuendo
wing, And feel the joy of
ff
diminuendo
pp
spring!
pp
dim.
grazioso
G pp
Come where the birds are call - ing clear and high In
G
pp


woods all thrill - ing with the voi - ces of
H
cresc.
spring! Oh come where the breez - es wan - der
H
cresc.
light - ly by, And shad - ows
f
lie; How sweet - ly sound the voi - ces that
f
sf

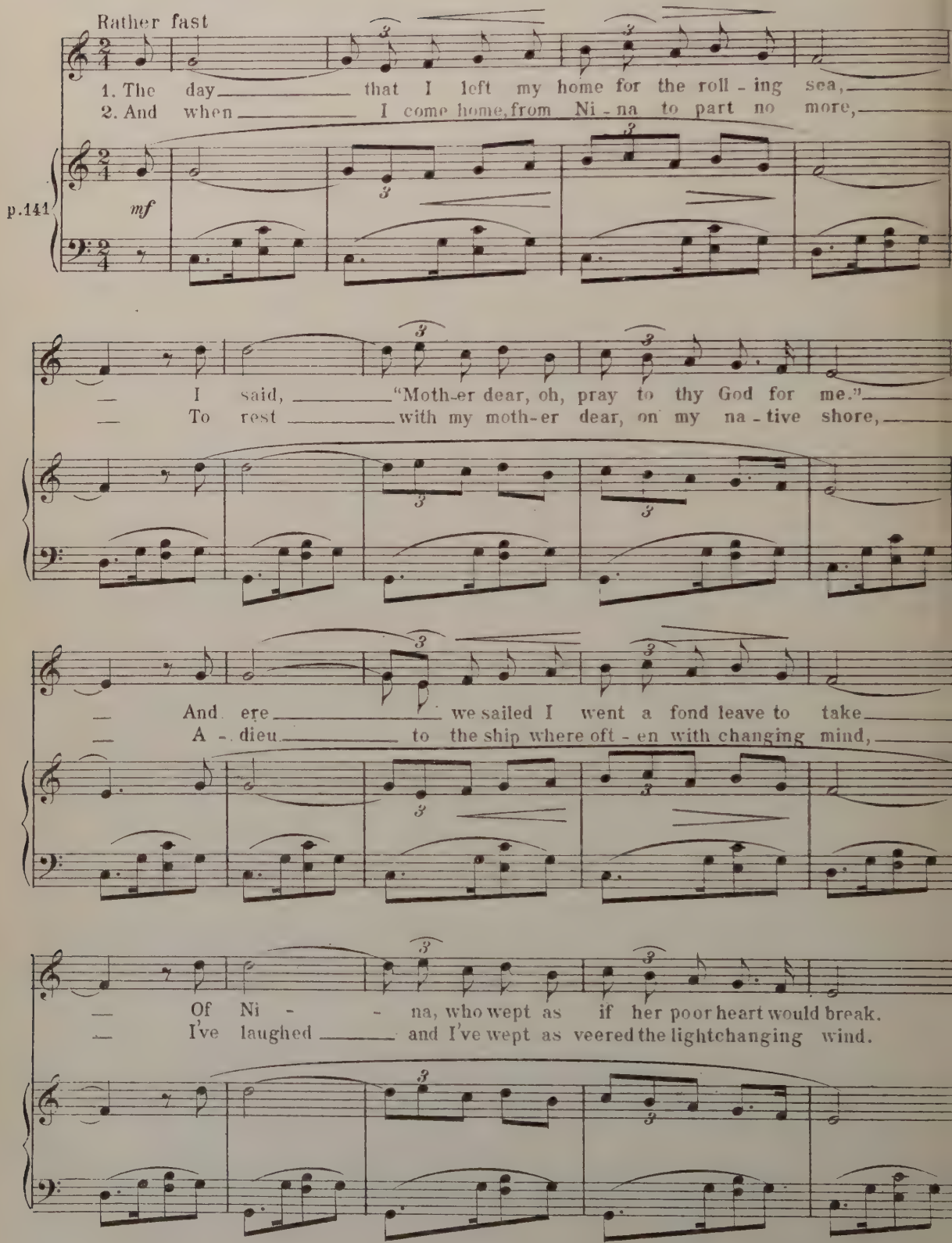

bid thy sor - row cease, In beau - ty, in
glo - ry, in deep, all - heal - ing peace! Oh,
sf
p
I
cresc.
dolce
come! Oh, come! The birds their glad - ness
cresc.
dolce
p
bring! Oh, come! Oh, come, And
cresc.

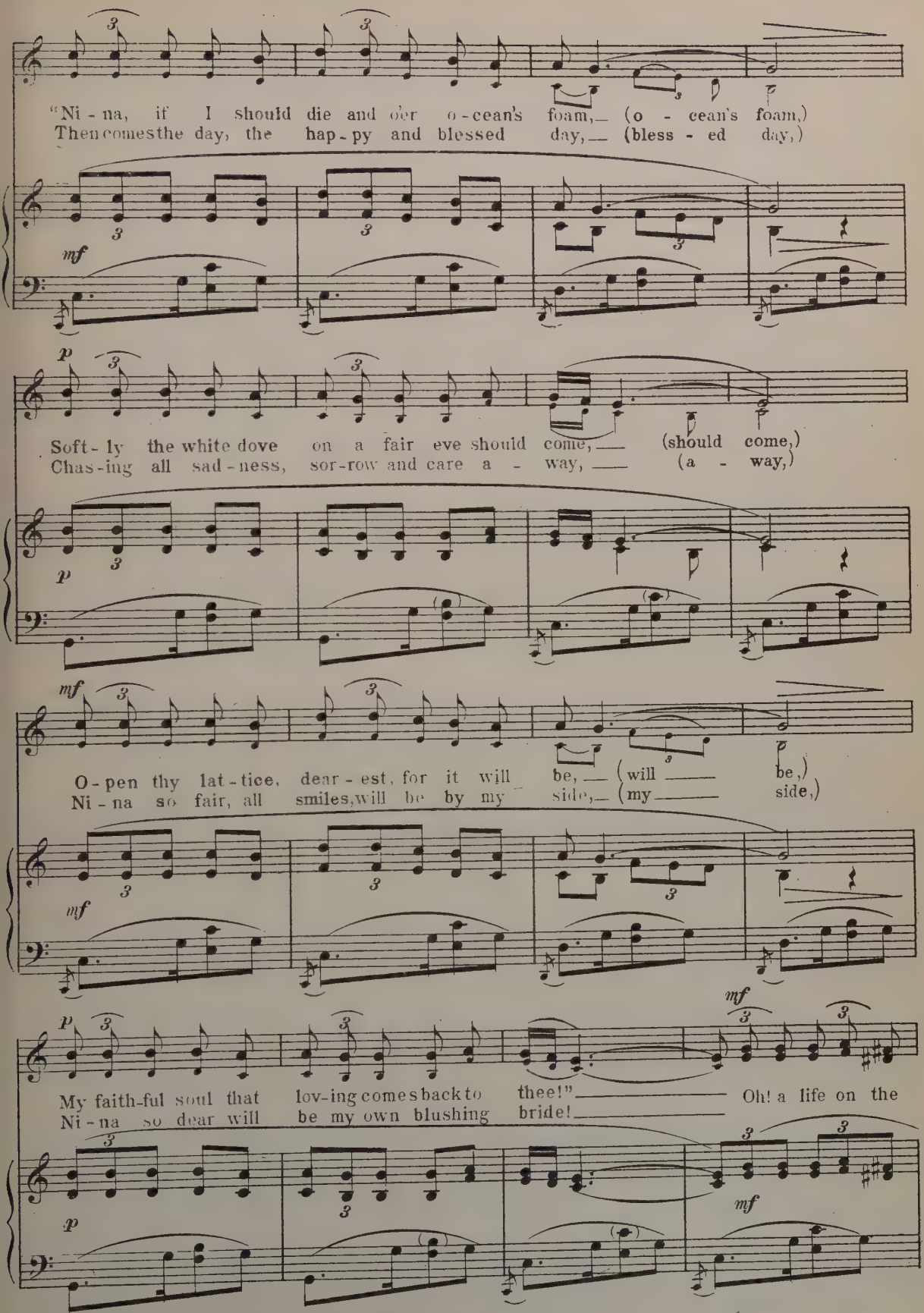

dolce
feel the joy of spring!
J
grazioso
And feel the joy of
dolce
J
grazioso
dim.
p
spring! Thy ver - y soul shall sing! Oh,
dim.
p
dim.
come and feel the joy of
dim.
pp
spring!
pp

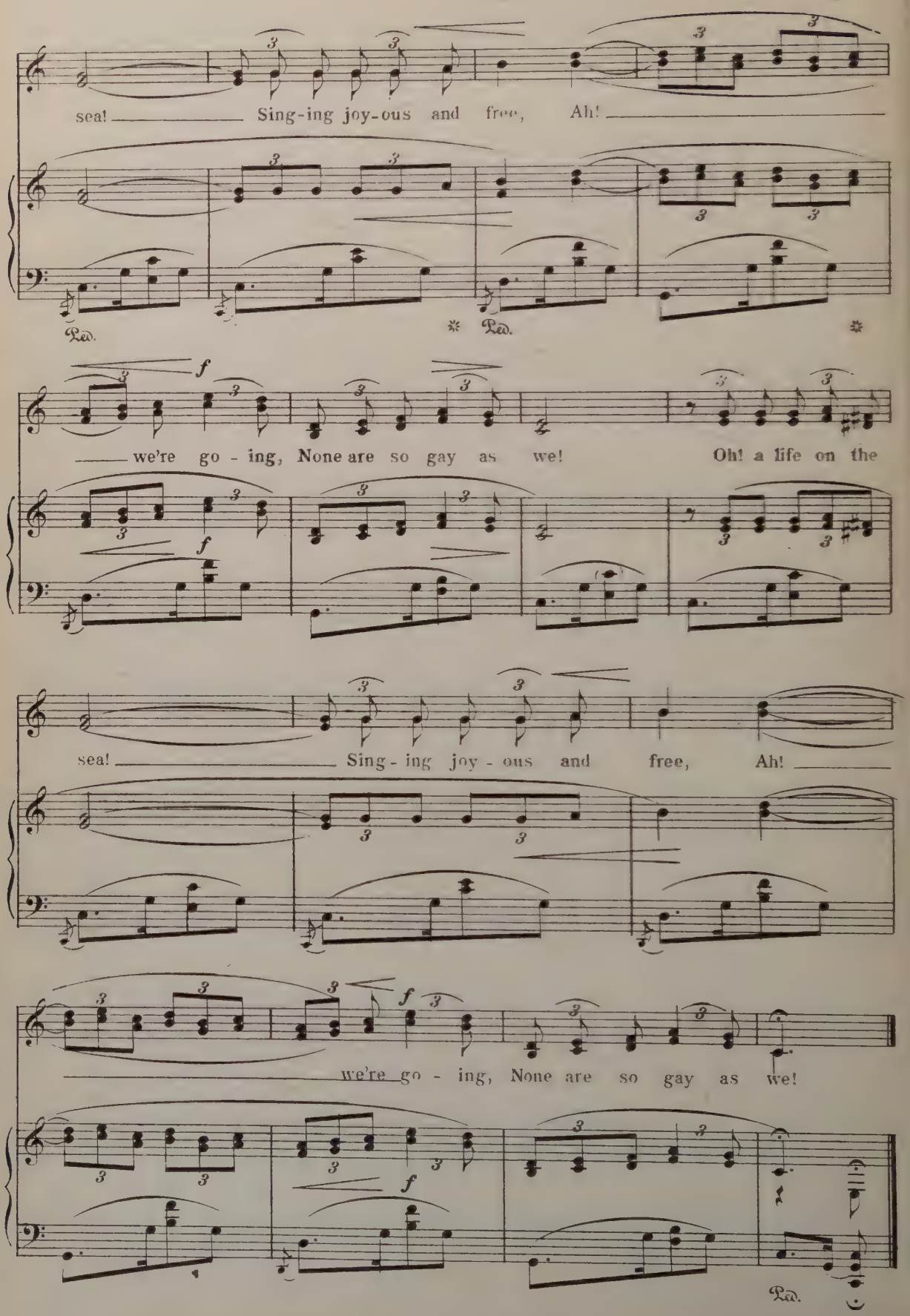
LA PALOMA

English words anonymous

SEBASTIAN YRADIER


Rather fast
1. The day that I left my home for the roll - ing sea,
2. And when I come home, from Ni - na to part no more,
p. 141
mf
I said, "Moth-er dear, oh, pray to thy God for me."
To rest with my moth-er dear, on my na - tive shore,
And ere we sailed I went a fond leave to take
A - dieu to the ship where oft - en with changing mind,
Of Ni - na, who wept as if her poor heart would break.
I've laughed and I've wept as veered the lightchanging wind.

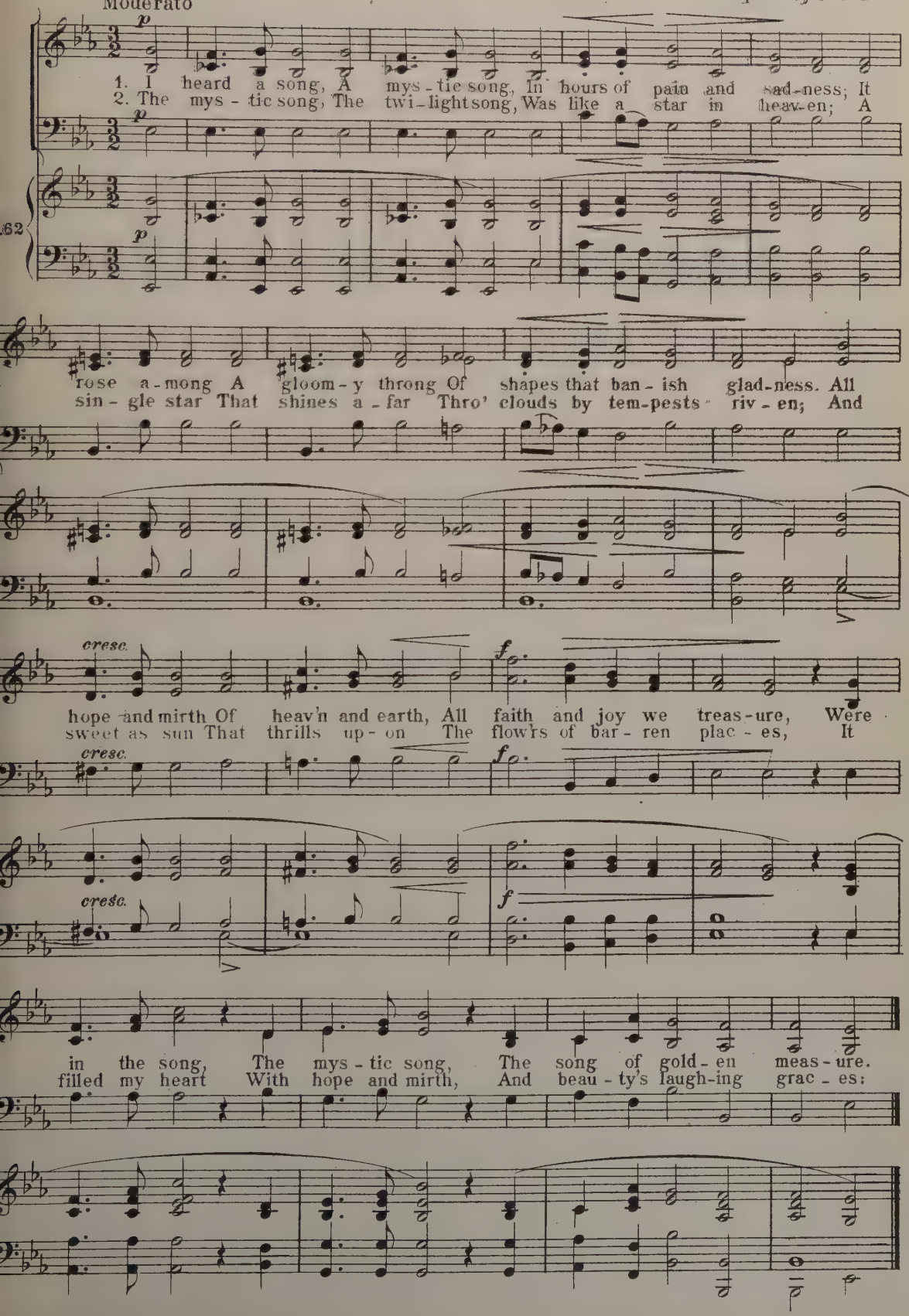

"Ni - na, if I should die and o'er o - cean's foam,— (o - cean's foam,)
Then comes the day, the hap - py and blessed day,— (bless - ed day,)
mf
p
Soft - ly the white dove on a fair eve should come,— (should come,)
Chas - ing all sad - ness, sor - row and care a - way,— (a - way,)
p
mf
O - pen thy lat - tice, dear - est, for it will be,— (will — be,)
Ni - na so fair, all smiles, will be by my side,— (my — side,)
mf
p
mf
My faith-ful soul that lov-ing comes back to thee!"— Oh! a life on the
Ni - na so dear will be my own blushing bride!—
p
mf


sea! Sing-ing joy-ous and free, Ah!
Ped. * Ped. *
f
we're go - ing, None are so gay as we! Oh! a life on the
f
sea! Sing - ing joy - ous and free, Ah!
f
we're go - ing, None are so gay as we!
f
Ped.

A SONG AT TWILIGHT

FREDERIC MANLEY

GERMAN FOLKSONG
Adapted by H.F.G.


Moderato
p
1. I heard a song, A mys - tic song, In hours of pain and sad-ness; It
2. The mys - tic song, The twi - light song, Was like a star in heav-en; A
rose a-mong A gloom - y throng Of shapes that ban - ish glad-ness. All
sin - gle star That shines a - far Thro' clouds by tem-pests riv - en; And
cresc.
f
hope and mirth Of heav'n and earth, All faith and joy we treas-ure, Were
sweet as sun That thrills up - on The flow'rs of bar - ren plac - es, It
in the song, The mys - tic song, The song of gold - en meas - ure.
filled my heart With hope and mirth, And beau - ty's laugh-ing grac - es:

Drink to me only with thine eyes

BEN JONSON (1573-1637) S.S.A. Old English Air

Arranged by N. Clifford Page

Andantino

Soprano I. II.

p

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with
2. I sent thee late a ros - y wreath, Not so much hon - 'ring

Alto

p

p.46

51 (p.47)

pp

mine. Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, And
thee, As giv - ing it a hope that there It

A

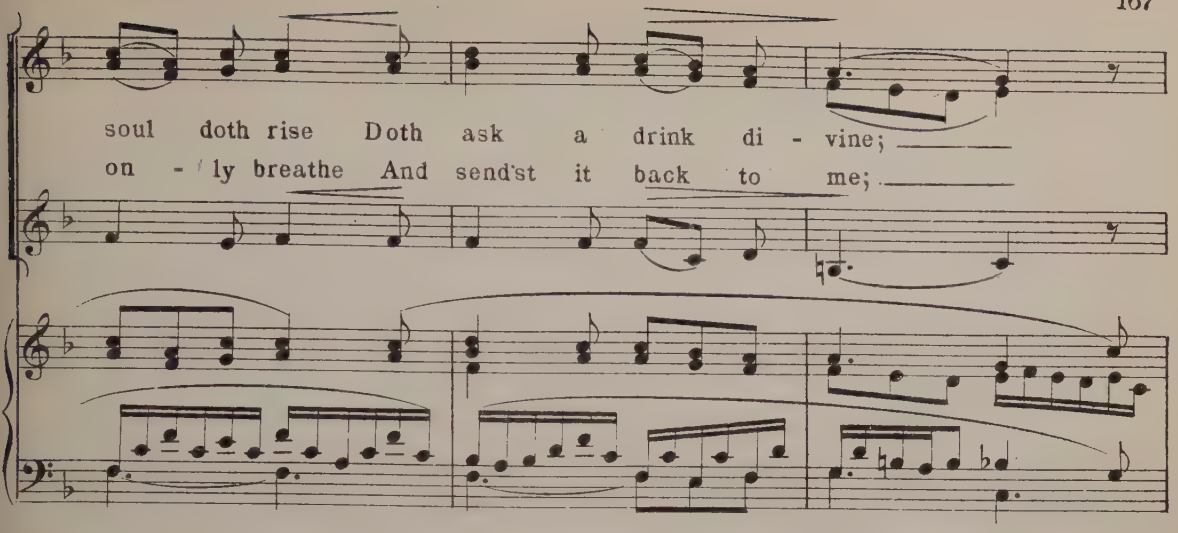
mf

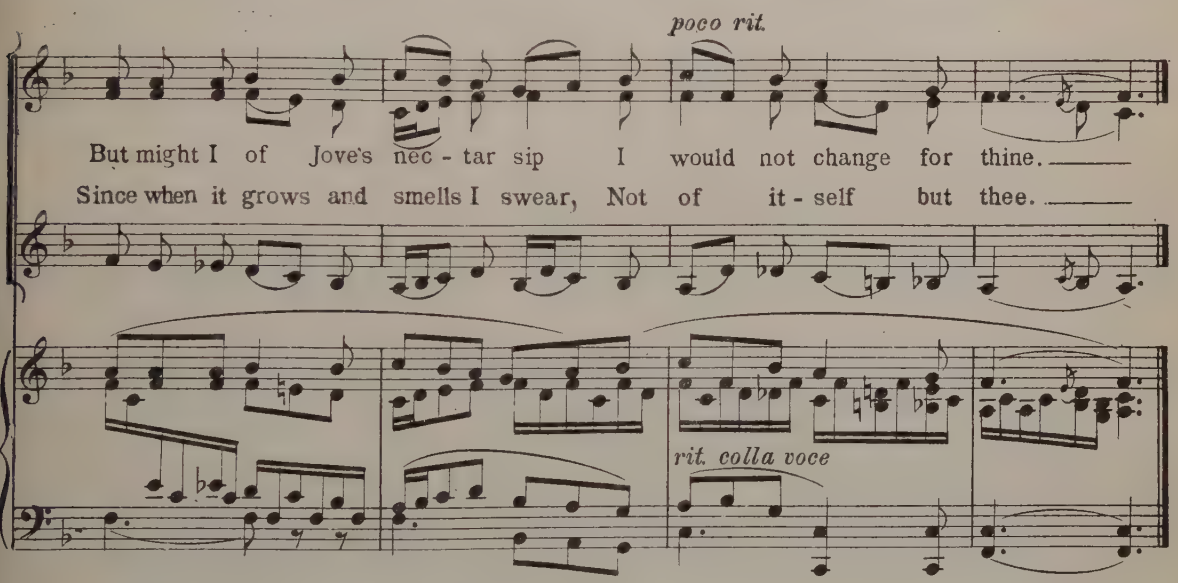
I'll not ask for wine. The thirst that from the
could not with - er'd be. But thou there - on did'st

mf

A

Copyright, 1914, by C. C. Birchard & Company




poco rit.
But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip I would not change for thine.
Since when it grows and smells I swear, Not of it - self but thee.
rit. colla voce

Spring

SAMUEL FARRAR

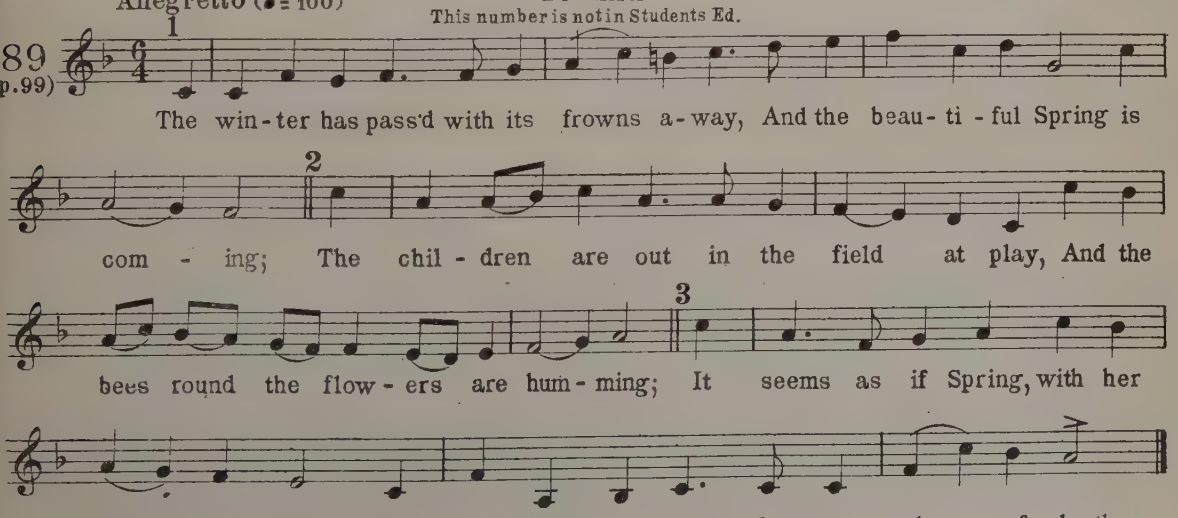
Allegretto (♩= 100)

Round

J. STAINER

This number is not in Students Ed.

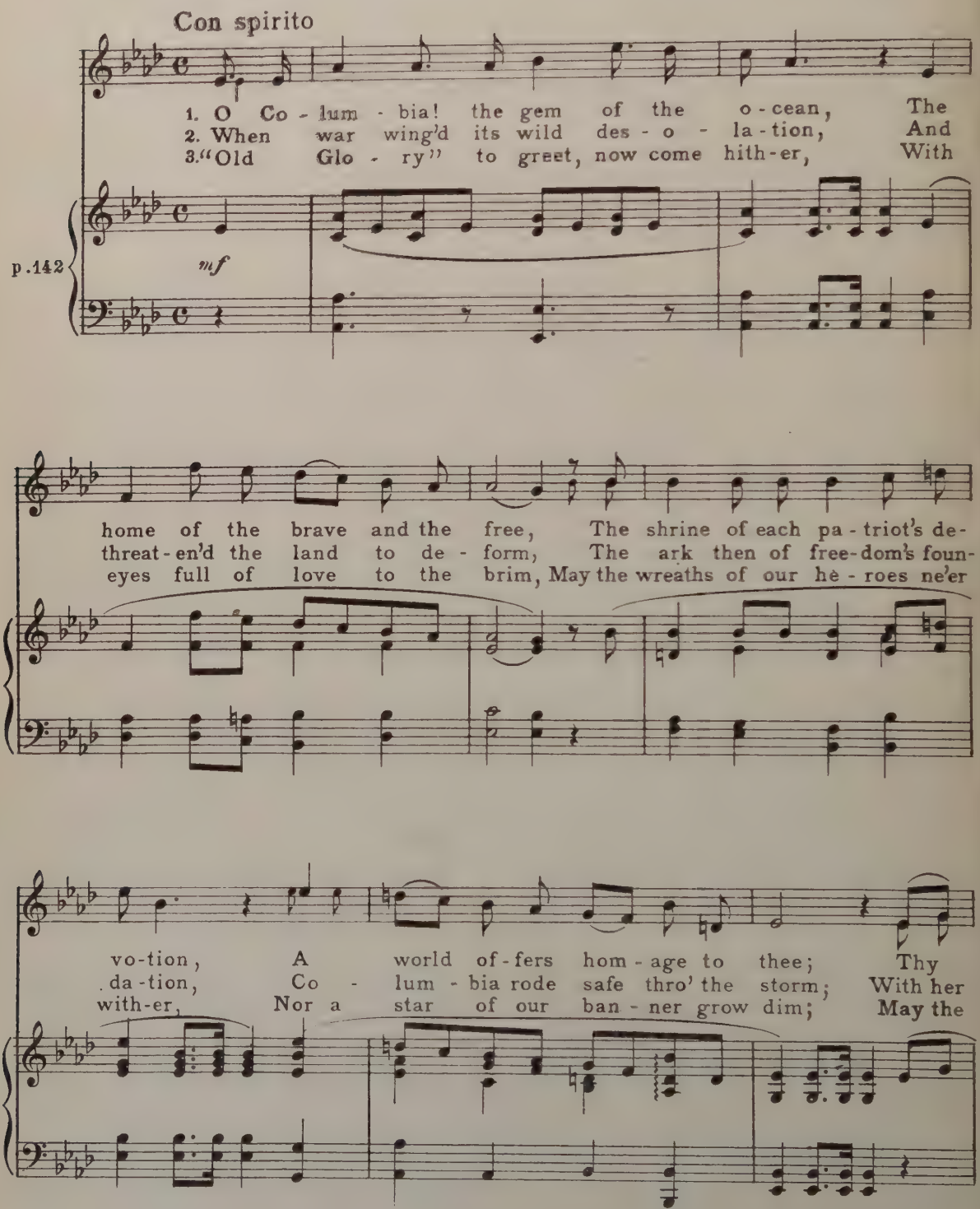
89 (p.99)

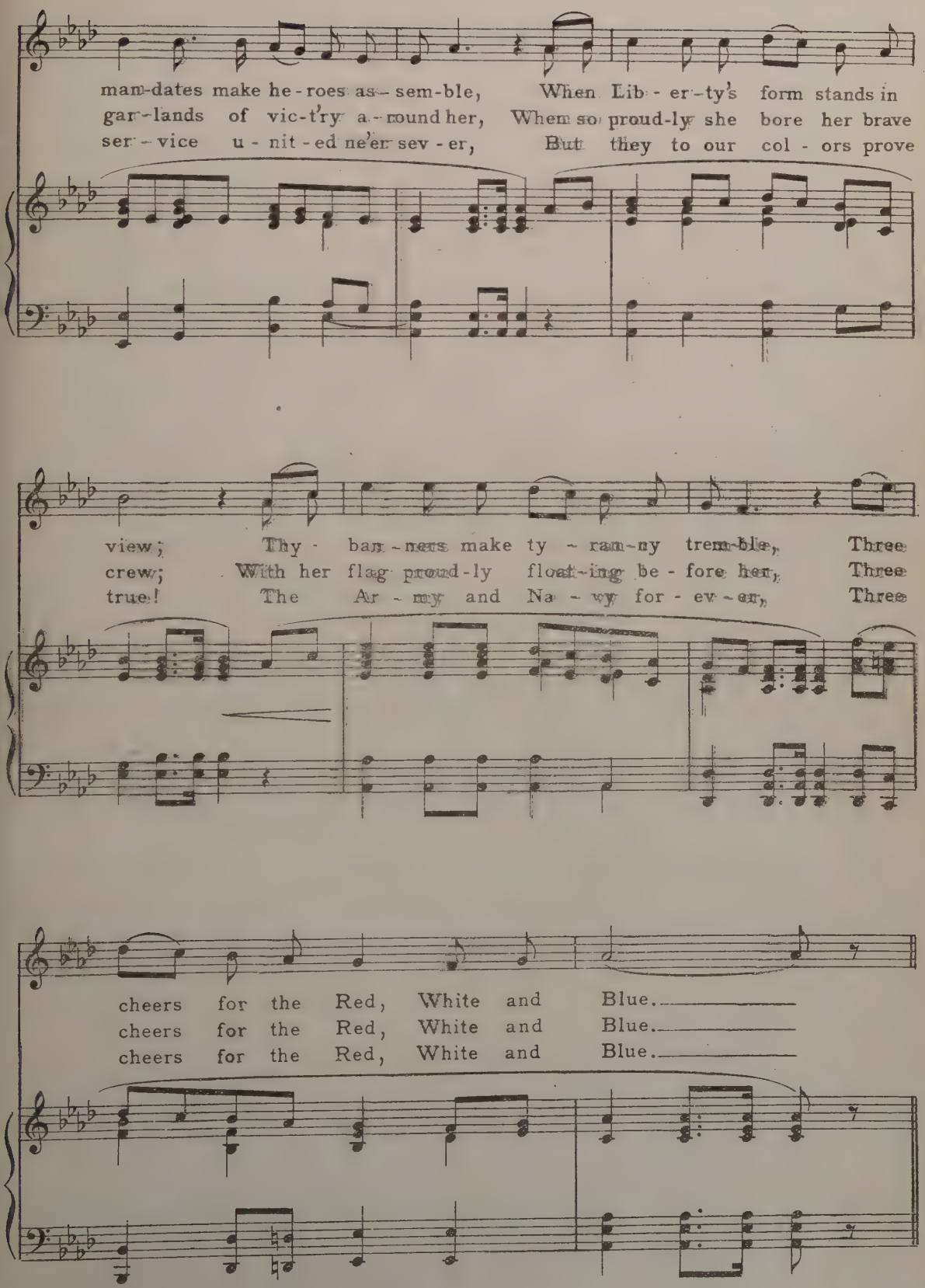

1
The win - ter has pass'd with its frowns a - way, And the beau - ti - ful Spring is
2
com - ing; The chil - dren are out in the field at play, And the
3
bees round the flow - ers are hum - ming; It seems as if Spring, with her
balm - y breath, Hath wak - en'd all things from a sleep of death.

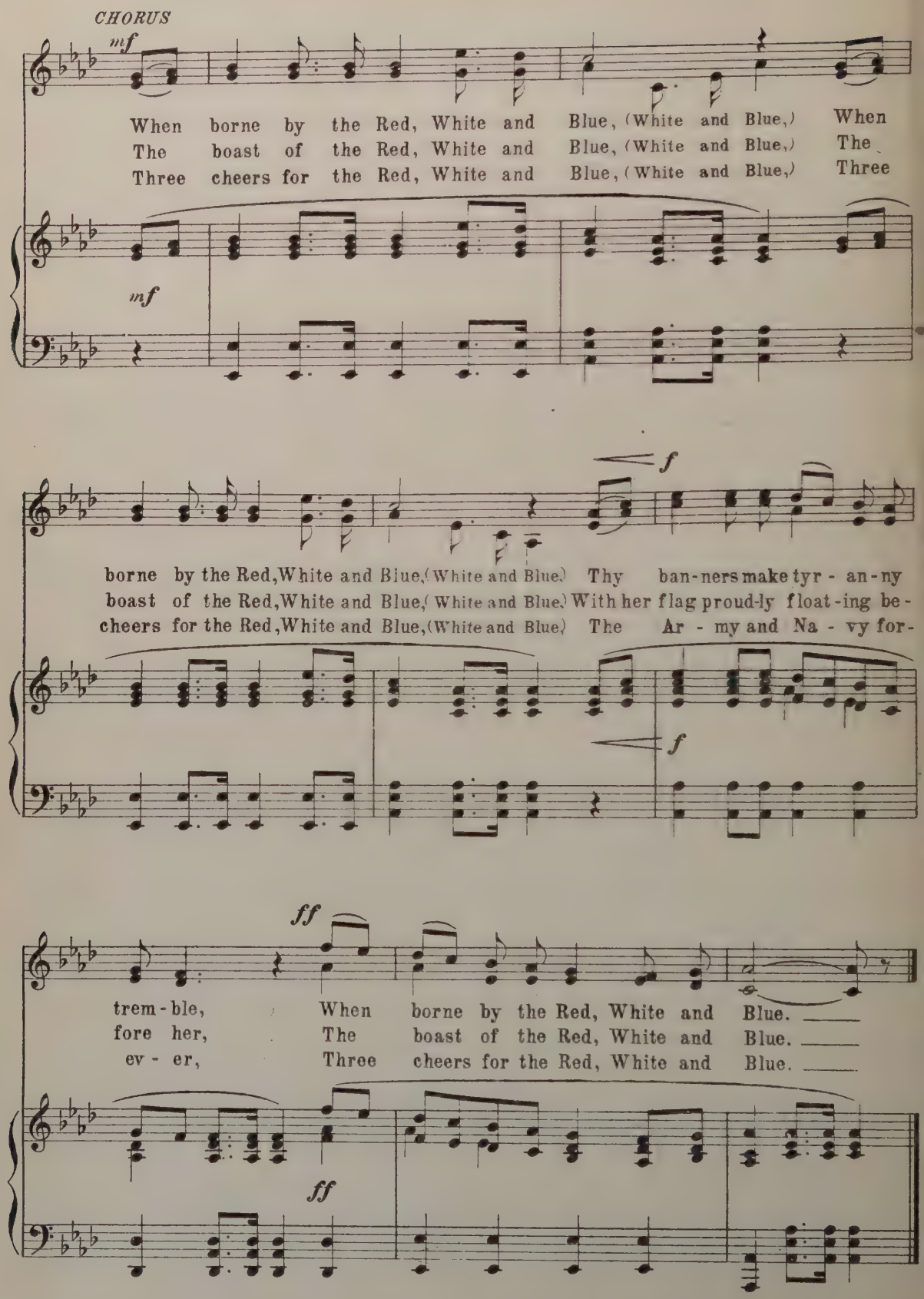
Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean

(The Red, White and Blue)

DAVID T. SHAW DAVID T. SHAW

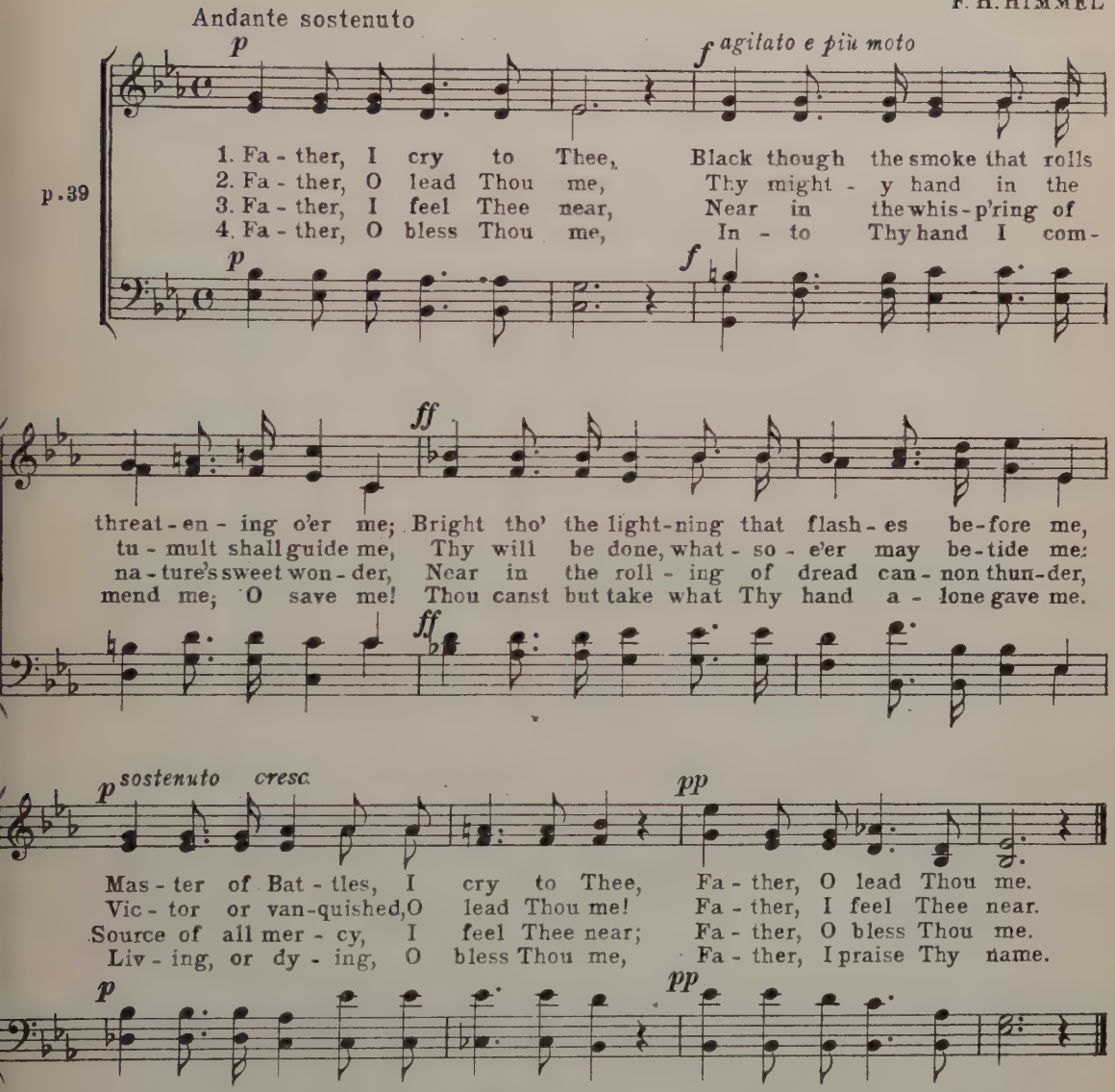

Con spirito
1. O Co - lum - bia! the gem of the o - cean, The
2. When war wing'd its wild des - o - la - tion, And
3. "Old Glo - ry" to greet, now come hith - er, With
p. 142
mf
home of the brave and the free, The shrine of each pa - triot's de-
threat - en'd the land to de - form, The ark then of free - dom's foun-
eyes full of love to the brim, May the wreaths of our he - roes ne'er
vo - tion, A world of - fers hom - age to thee; Thy
da - tion, Co - lum - bia rode safe thro' the storm; With her
with - er, Nor a star of our ban - ner grow dim; May the


mam-dates make he-roes as-sem-ble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in
gar-lands of vic-t'ry a-round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave
ser-vice u-nit-ed ne'er sev-er, But they to our col-ors prove
view; Thy ban-ners make ty-ran-ny trem-ble, Three
crew; With her flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, Three
true! The Ar-my and Na-vy for-ev-er, Three
cheers for the Red, White and Blue.
cheers for the Red, White and Blue.
cheers for the Red, White and Blue.


CHORUS
mf
When borne by the Red, White and Blue, (White and Blue,) When
The boast of the Red, White and Blue, (White and Blue,) The
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue, (White and Blue,) Three
mf
f
borne by the Red, White and Blue, (White and Blue) Thy ban-ners make tyr - an-ny
boast of the Red, White and Blue, (White and Blue) With her flag proud-ly float-ing be-
cheers for the Red, White and Blue, (White and Blue) The Ar - my and Na - vy for-
f
ff
trem-ble, When borne by the Red, White and Blue.
fore her, The boast of the Red, White and Blue.
ev - er, Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue.
ff

PRAYER

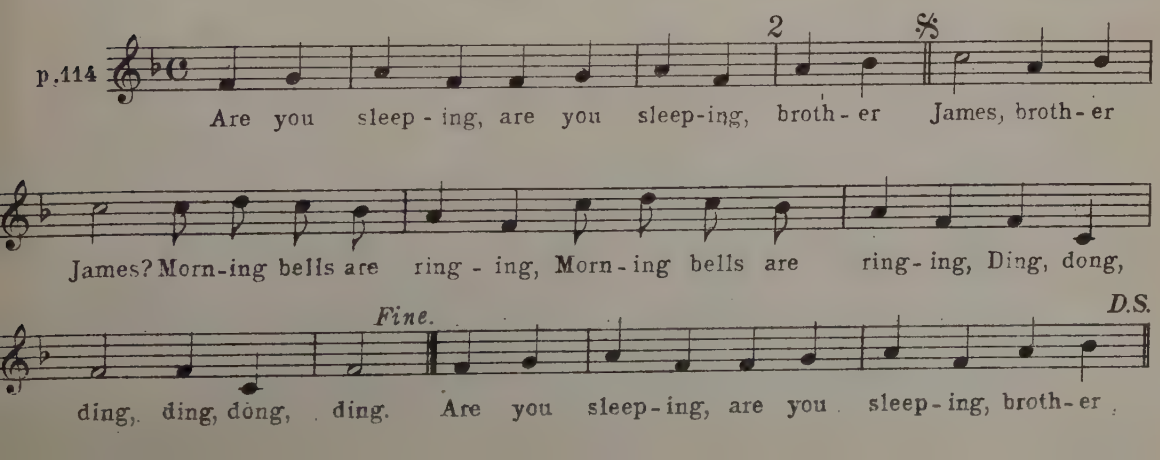
F. H. HIMMEL


Andante sostenuto
p
f agitato e più moto
p.39
1. Fa - ther, I cry to Thee, Black though the smoke that rolls
2. Fa - ther, O lead Thou me, Thy might - y hand in the
3. Fa - ther, I feel Thee near, Near in the whis - p'ring of
4. Fa - ther, O bless Thou me, In - to Thy hand I com -
p
f
ff
threat - en - ing o'er me; Bright tho' the light-ning that flash - es be-fore me,
tu - mult shall guide me, Thy will be done, what - so - e'er may be-tide me:
na - ture's sweet won - der, Near in the roll - ing of dread can - non thun-der,
mend me; O save me! Thou canst but take what Thy hand a - lone gave me.
ff
p sostenuto cresc.
pp
Mas - ter of Bat - tles, I cry to Thee, Fa - ther, O lead Thou me.
Vic - tor or van-quished, O lead Thou me! Fa - ther, I feel Thee near.
Source of all mer - cy, I feel Thee near; Fa - ther, O bless Thou me.
Liv - ing, or dy - ing, O bless Thou me, Fa - ther, I praise Thy name.
p
pp

BROTHER JAMES

(ROUND OR CANON)

FRENCH

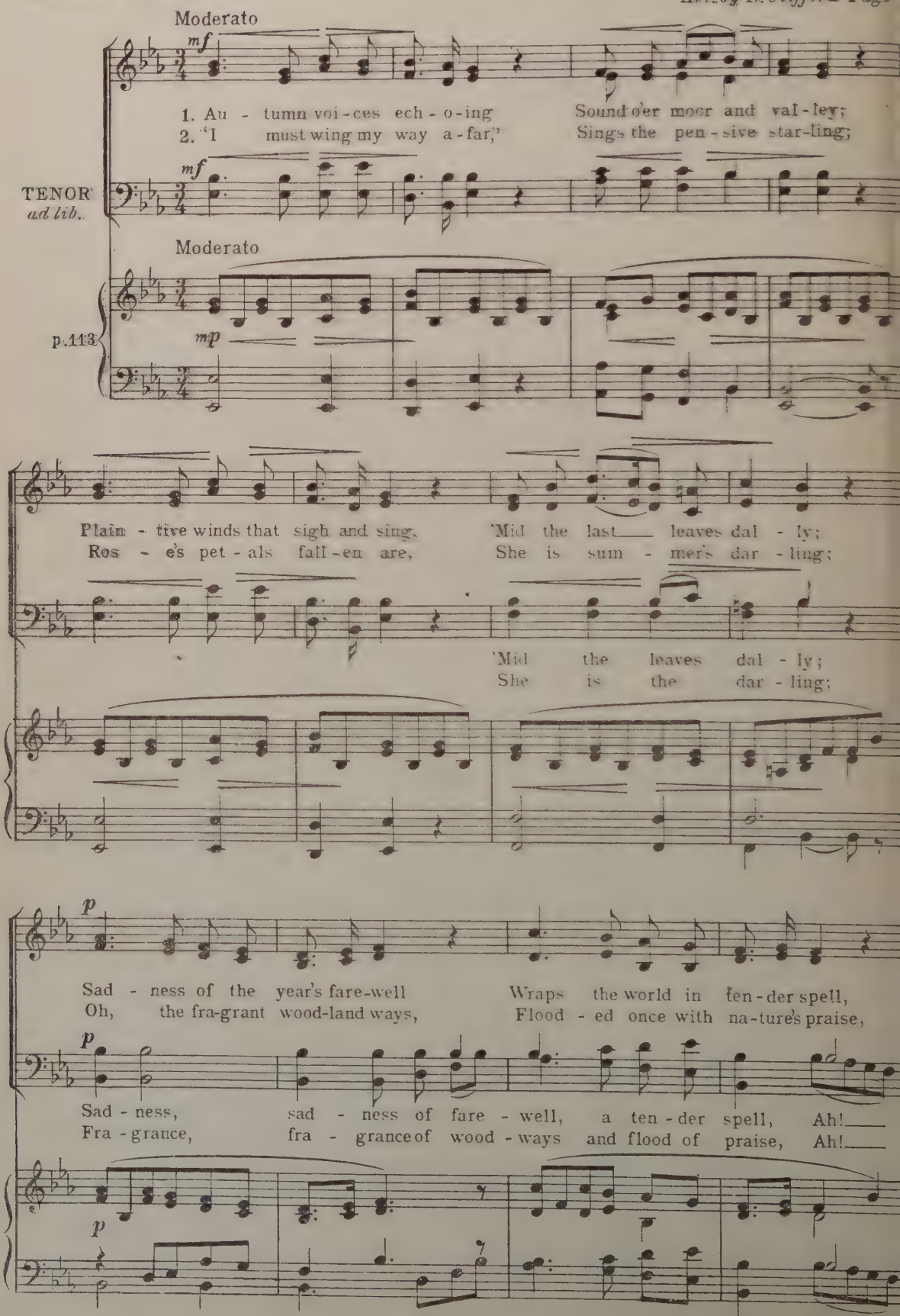

p.114
2
Are you sleep - ing, are you sleep-ing, broth - er James, broth - er
James? Morn-ing bells are ring - ing, Morn - ing bells are ring - ing, Ding, dong,
Fine.
D.S.
ding, ding, dong, ding. Are you sleep - ing, are you sleep - ing, broth - er

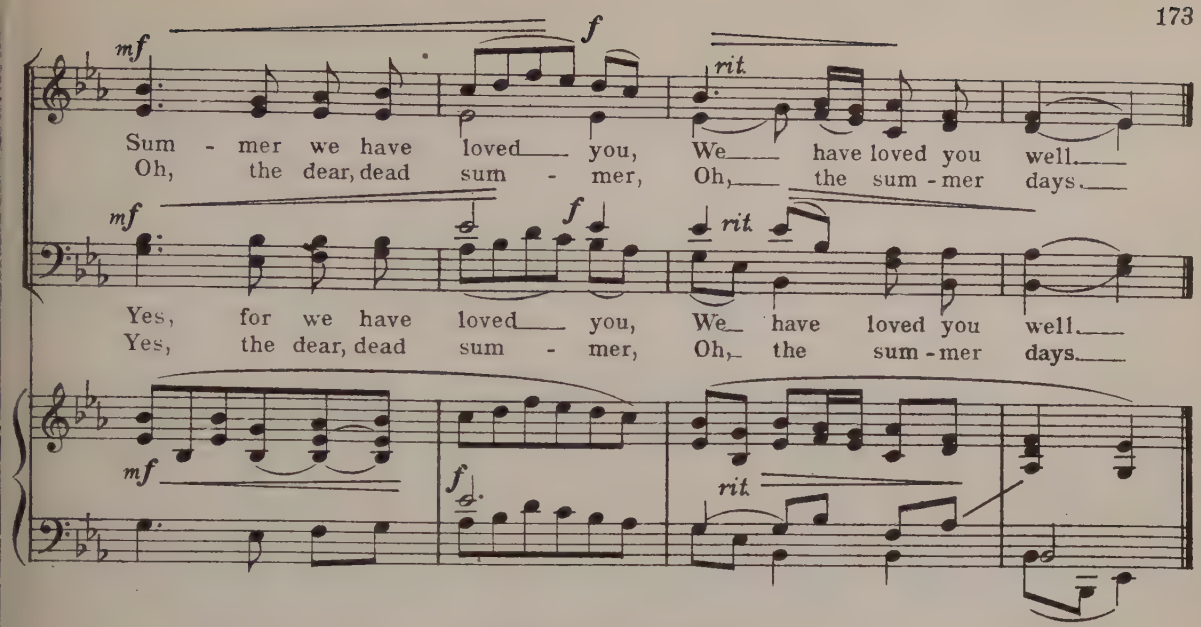
FAREWELL TO SUMMER

(VORGEFÜHL DES WINTERS)

M. LOUISE BAUM

German Folk-Song
Arr. by N. Clifford Page

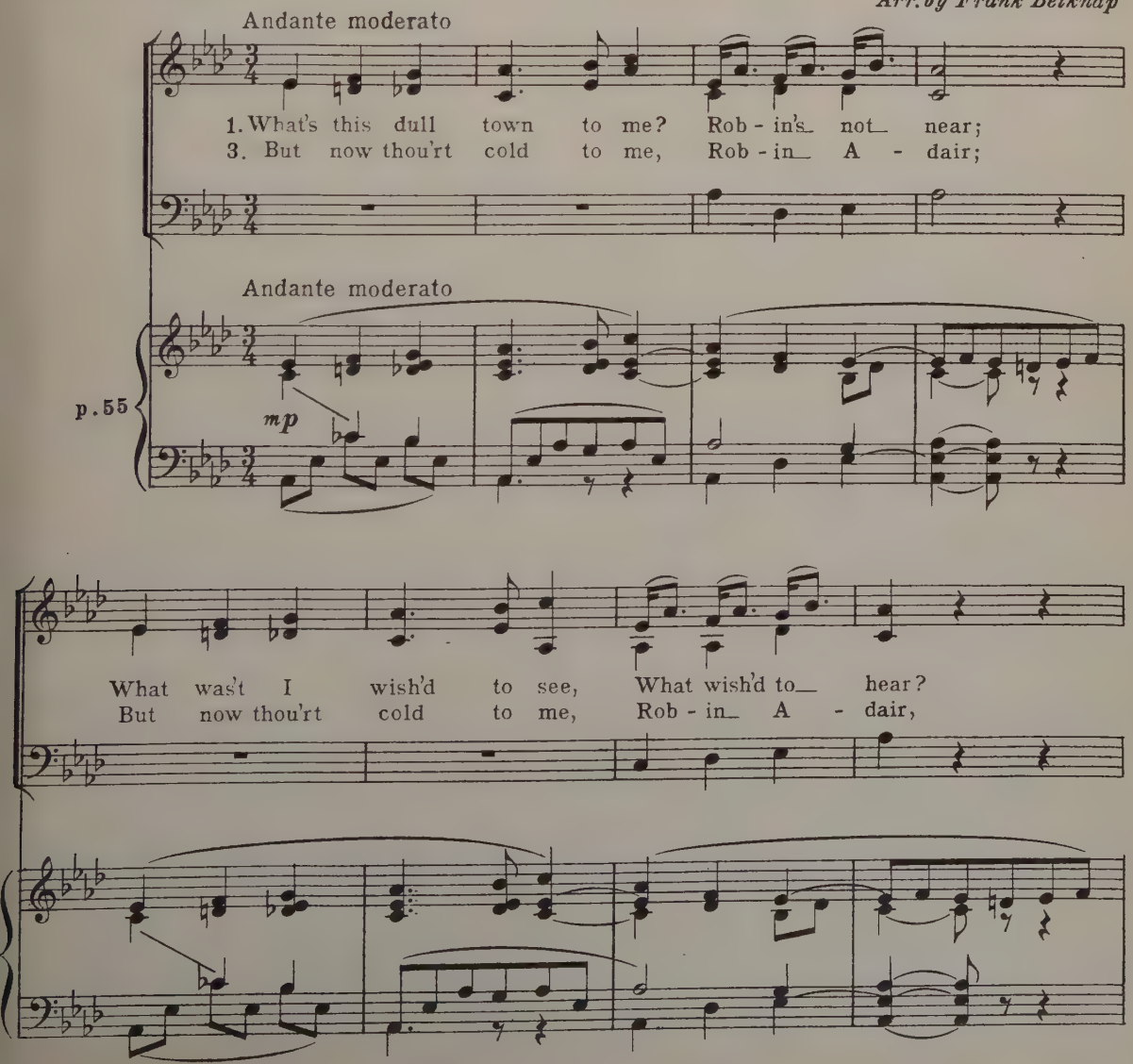

Moderato
mf
1. Au - tumn voi - ces ech - o - ing Sound o'er moor and val - ley;
2. "I must wing my way a - far," Sings the pen - sive star - ling;
TENOR
ad lib.
Moderato
p. 113
mp
Plain - tive winds that sigh and sing, 'Mid the last leaves dal - ly;
Ros - e's pet - als fall - en are, She is sum - mer's dar - ling;
'Mid the leaves dal - ly;
She is the dar - ling;
p
Sad - ness of the year's fare-well Wraps the world in ten - der spell,
Oh, the fra-grant wood-land ways, Flood - ed once with na-ture's praise,
p
Sad - ness, sad - ness of fare - well, a ten - der spell, Ah!
Fra - grance, fra - grance of wood - ways and flood of praise, Ah!
p

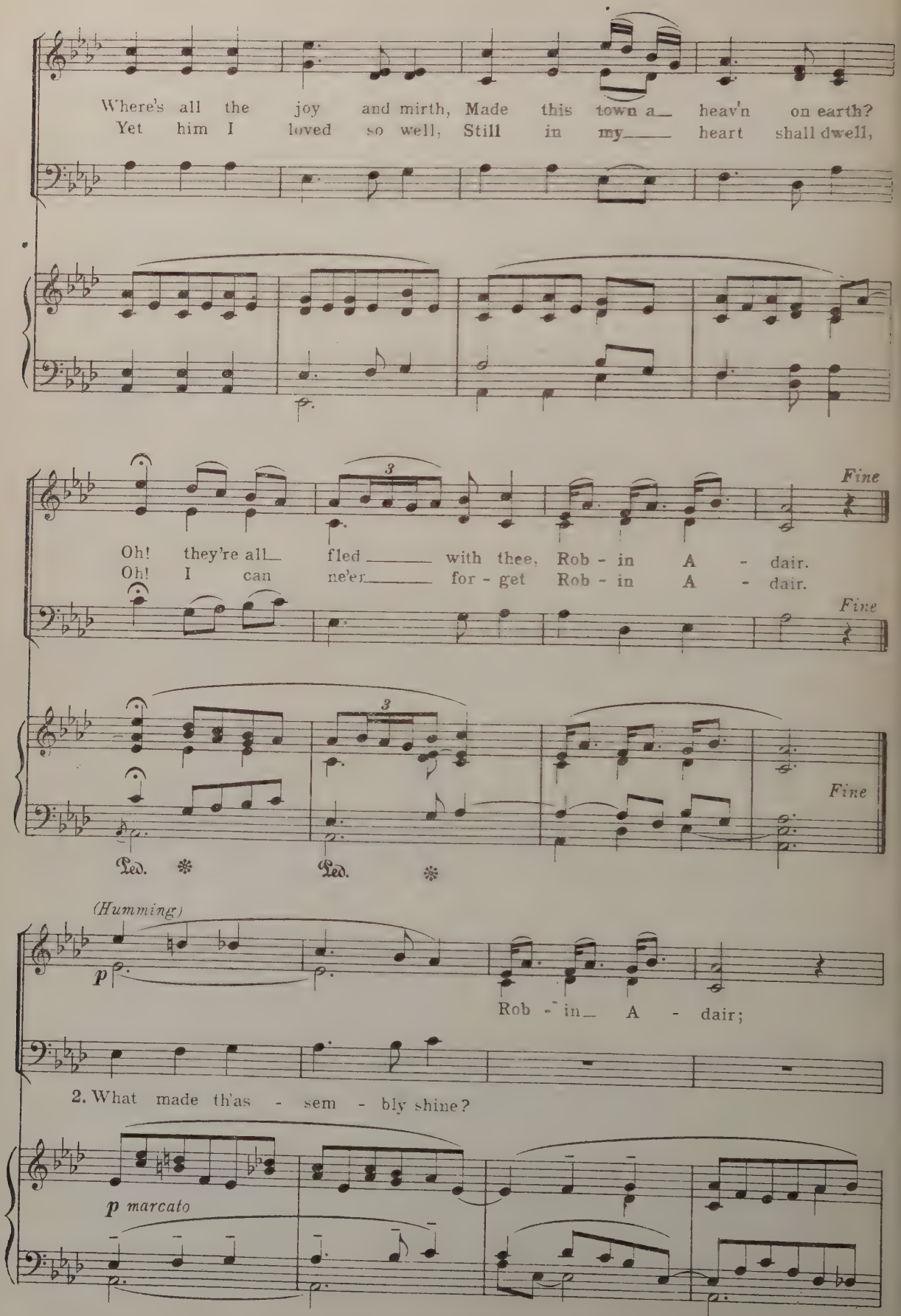

mf
f
rit.
Sum - mer we have loved you, We have loved you well.
Oh, the dear, dead sum - mer, Oh, the sum - mer days.
mf
f
rit.
Yes, for we have loved you, We have loved you well.
Yes, the dear, dead sum - mer, Oh, the sum - mer days.
mf
f
rit.

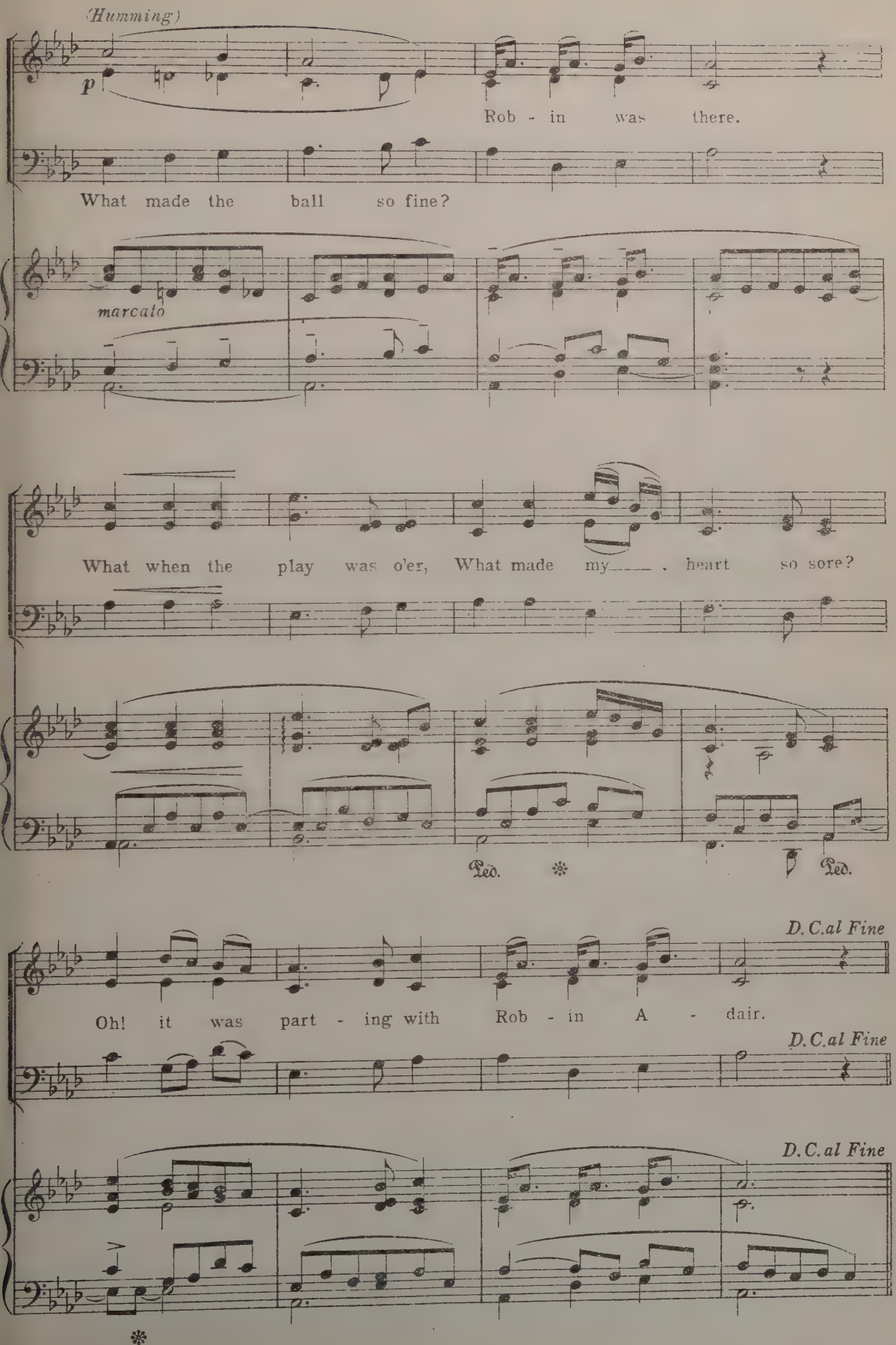
ROBIN ADAIR

CAROLINE KEPPEL

Scotch Air
Arr. by Frank Belknap


Andante moderato
1. What's this dull town to me? Rob - in's not near;
3. But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob - in A - dair;
Andante moderato
p. 55
mp
What was't I wish'd to see, What wish'd to hear?
But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob - in A - dair,

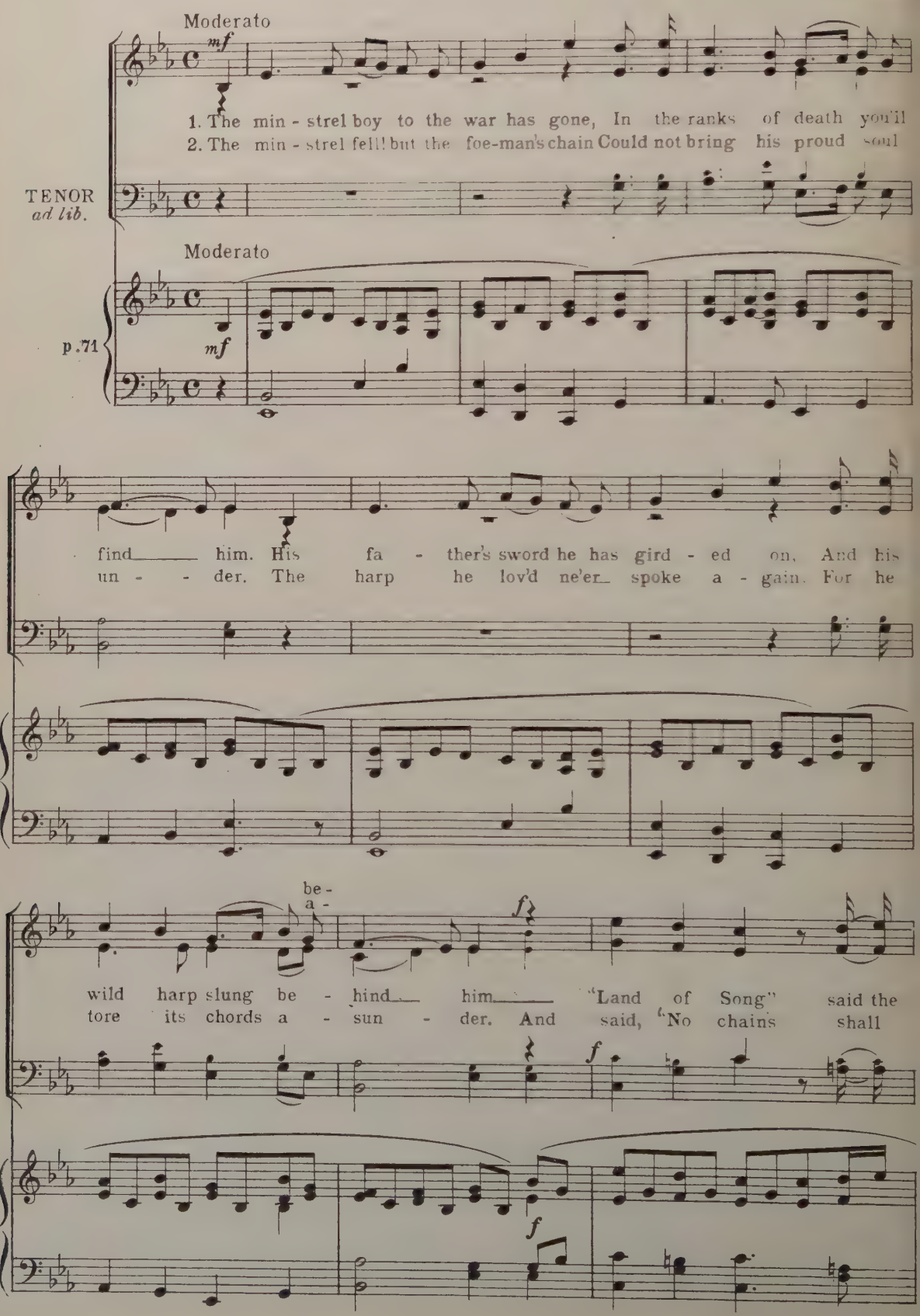

Where's all the joy and mirth, Made this town a heav'n on earth?
Yet him I loved so well, Still in my heart shall dwell,
Oh! they're all fled with thee, Rob - in A - dair.
Oh! I can ne'er for - get Rob - in A - dair.
Fine
Fine
Fine
Ped. Ped.
(Humming)
p
Rob - in A - dair;
2. What made th'as - sem - bly shine?
p marcato

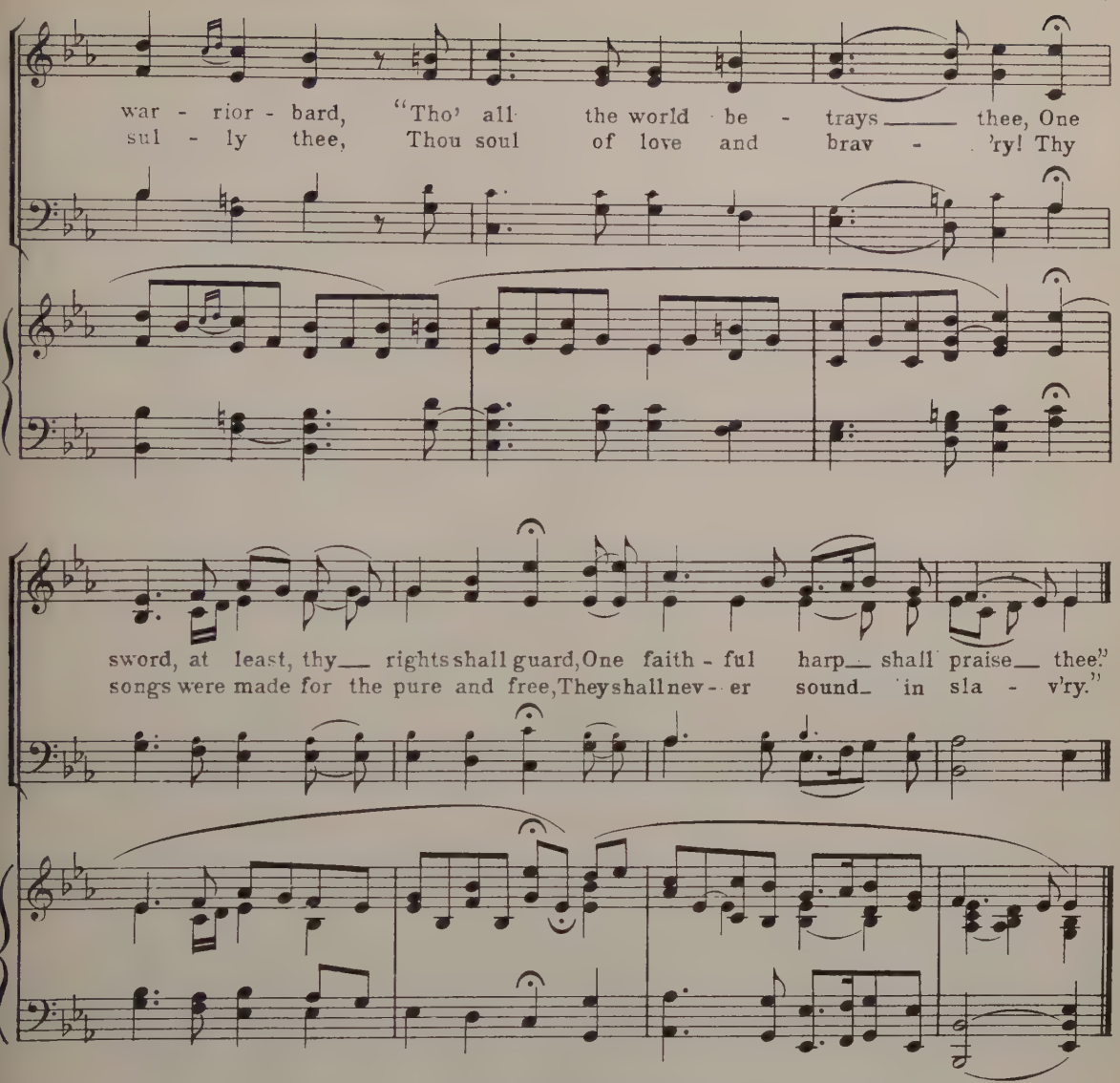

(Humming)
p
Rob - in was there.
What made the ball so fine?
marcato
What when the play was o'er, What made my____ heart so sore?
Ped.
Ped.
D.C.al Fine
Oh! it was part - ing with Rob - in A - dair.
D.C.al Fine
D.C.al Fine

THE MINSTREL BOY

THOMAS MOORE

Irish Folk-Song
Arr. by W. W. Gilchrist


Moderato
mf
1. The min - strel boy to the war has gone, In the ranks of death you'll
2. The min - strel fell! but the foe-man's chain Could not bring his proud soul
TENOR
ad lib.
Moderato
p. 71
mf
find him. His fa - ther's sword he has gird - ed on, And his
un - der. The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke a - gain. For he
be -
a -
f
wild harp slung be - hind him "Land of Song" said the
tore its chords a - sun - der. And said, "No chains shall
f
f

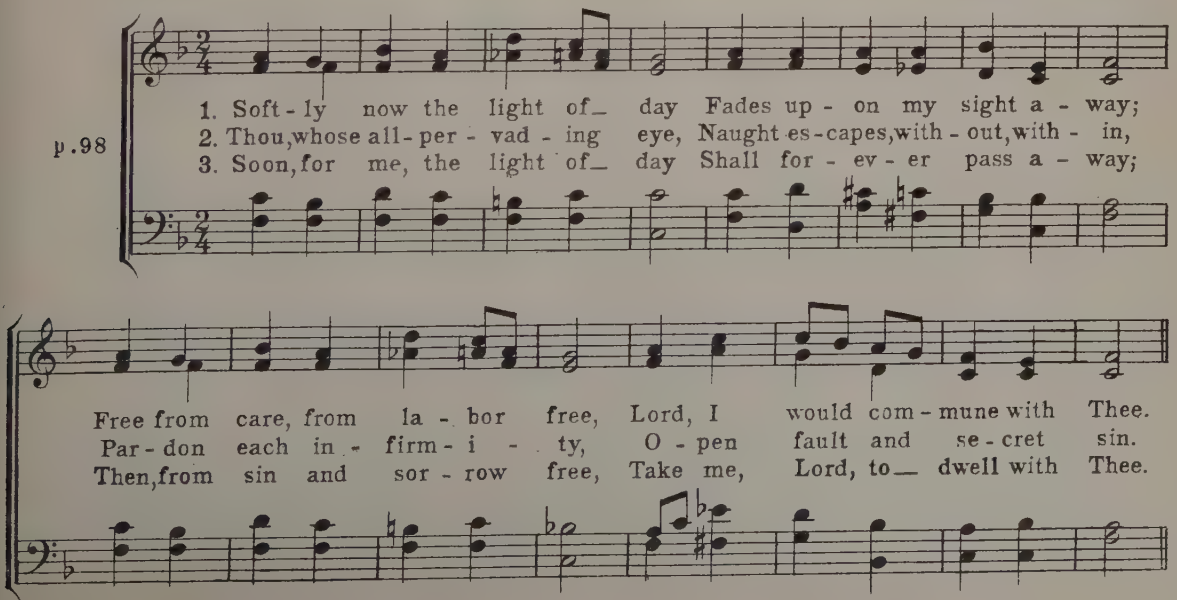

war - rior - bard, "Tho' all the world be - trays thee, One
sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and brav - 'ry! Thy
sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, One faith - ful harp shall praise thee."
songs were made for the pure and free, They shall nev - er sound in sla - v'ry."

SEYMOUR

G. W. DOANE

C. M. von WEBER

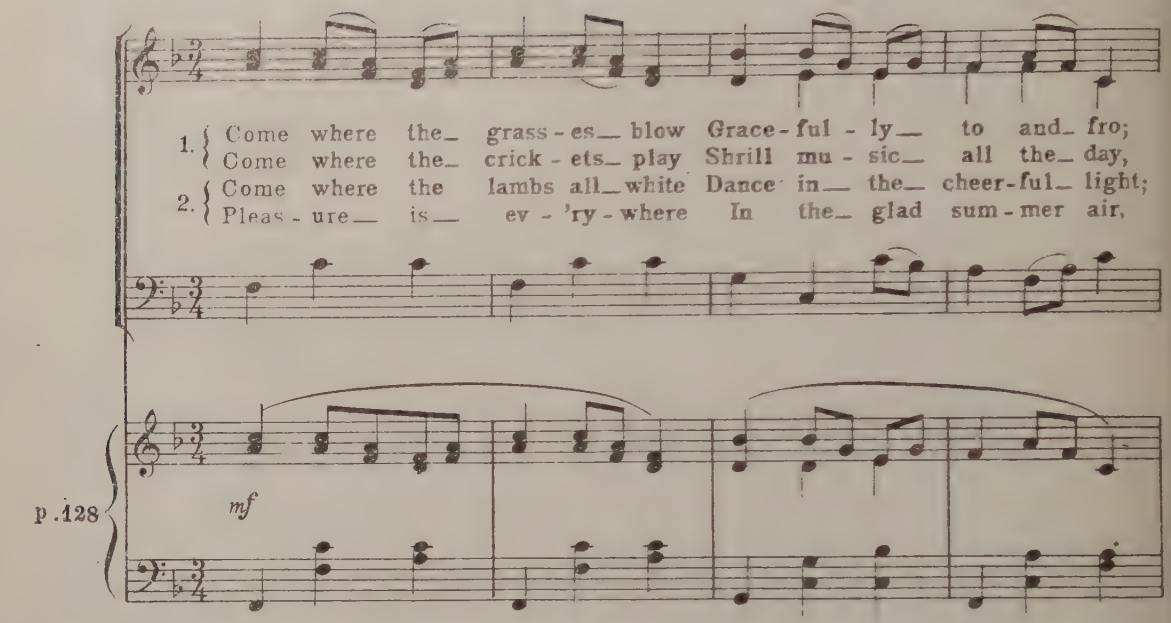
p. 98


1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye, Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,
3. Soon, for me, the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;
Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with Thee.
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin.
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

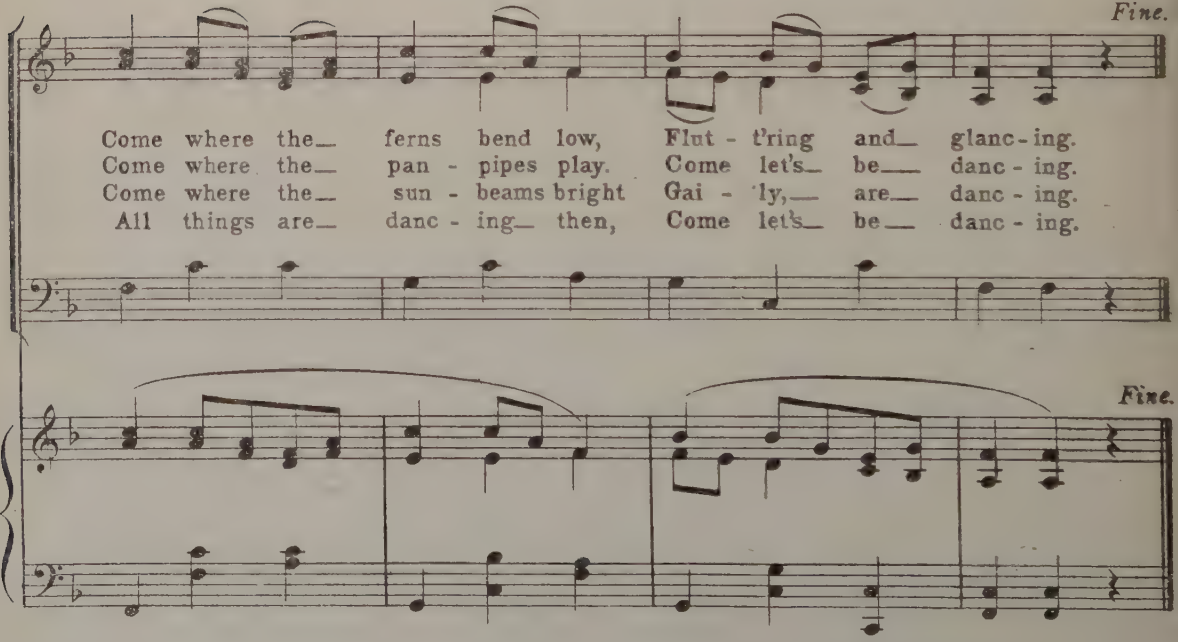
DANCE SONG

FRANCES GRANDIN

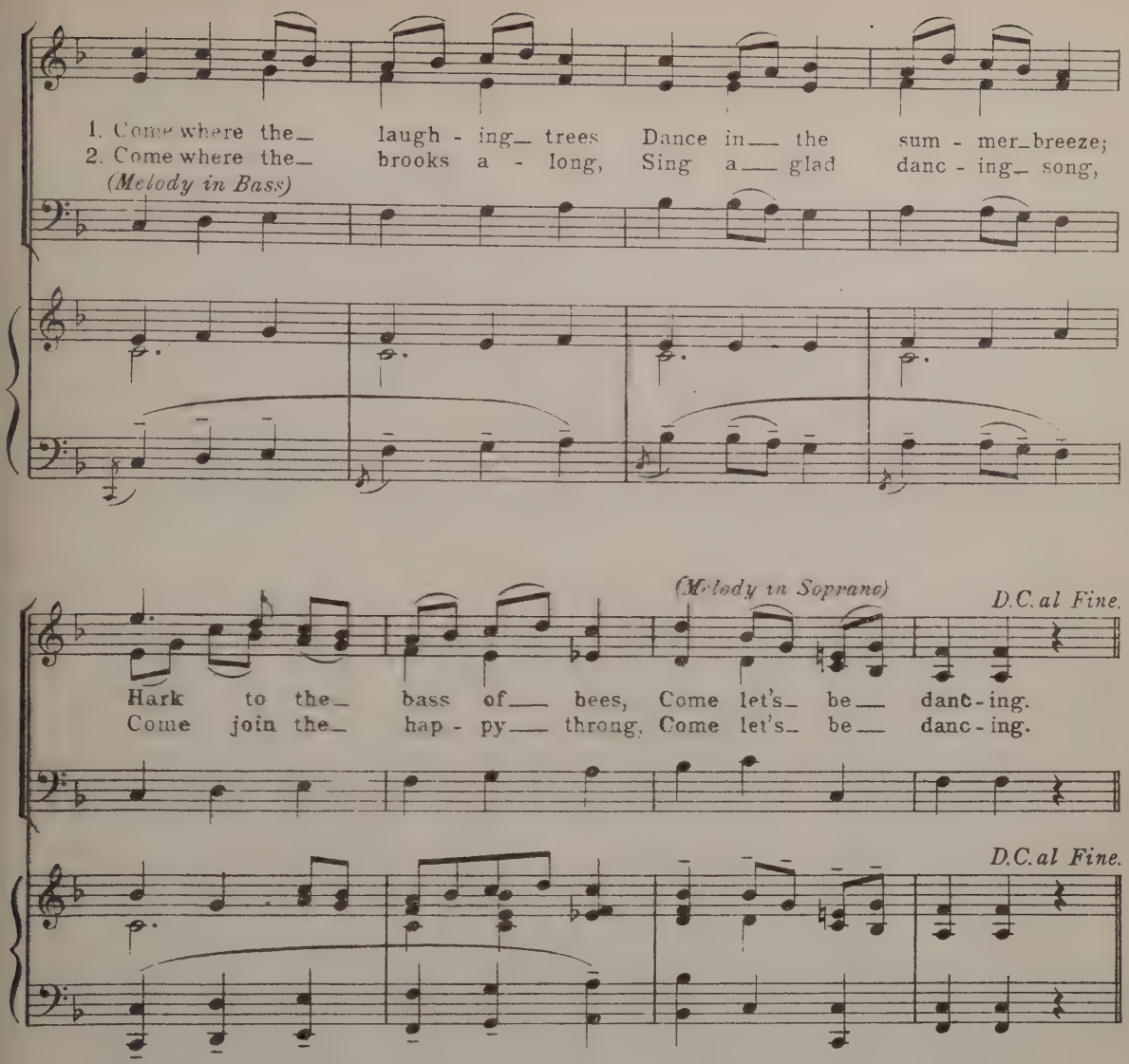
Scandinavian Air
Arr. by Henry F. Gilbert


1. Come where the grass-es blow Grace-ful-ly to and fro;
Come where the crick-ets play Shrill mu-sic all the day,
2. Come where the lambs all white Dance in the cheer-ful light;
Pleas-ure is ev-'ry-where In the glad sum-mer air,
mf

p. 128


Fine.
Come where the ferns bend low, Flut-'ring and glanc-ing.
Come where the pan-pipes play. Come let's be danc-ing.
Come where the sun-beams bright Gai-'ly, are danc-ing.
All things are danc-ing then, Come let's be danc-ing.
Fine.

The first eight measures (in Bass) and the last eight measures (in Sop.) may be sung to "La" if preferred.
The first eight measures are repeated for each verse. After going through entire number twice, repeat 1st verse to Fine.

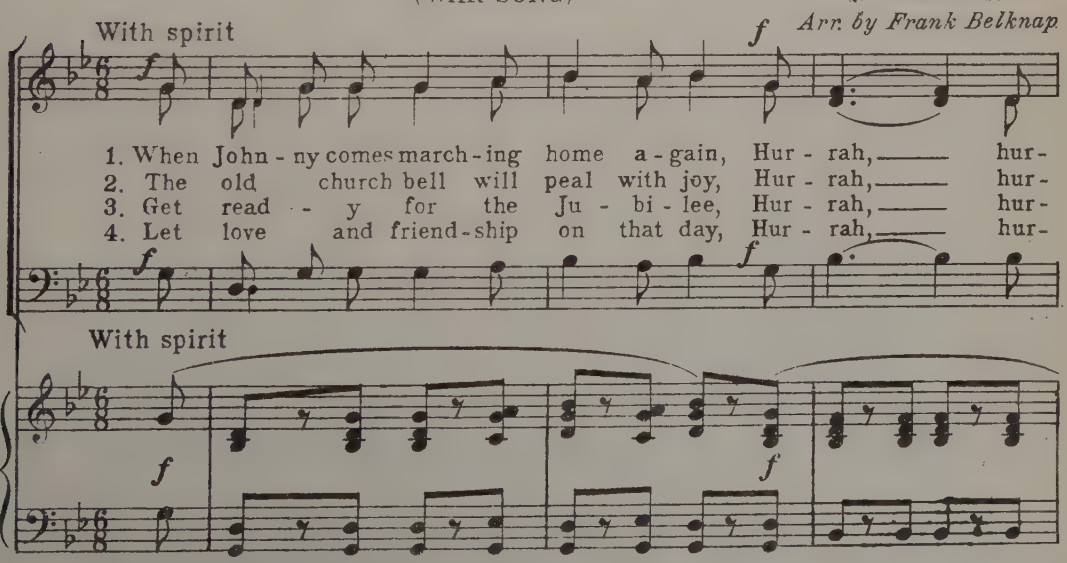

1. Come where the laugh - ing trees Dance in the sum - mer breeze;
2. Come where the brooks a - long, Sing a glad danc - ing song,
(Melody in Bass)
(Melody in Soprano)
D.C. al Fine.
Hark to the bass of bees, Come let's be danc - ing.
Come join the hap - py throng, Come let's be danc - ing.
D.C. al Fine.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

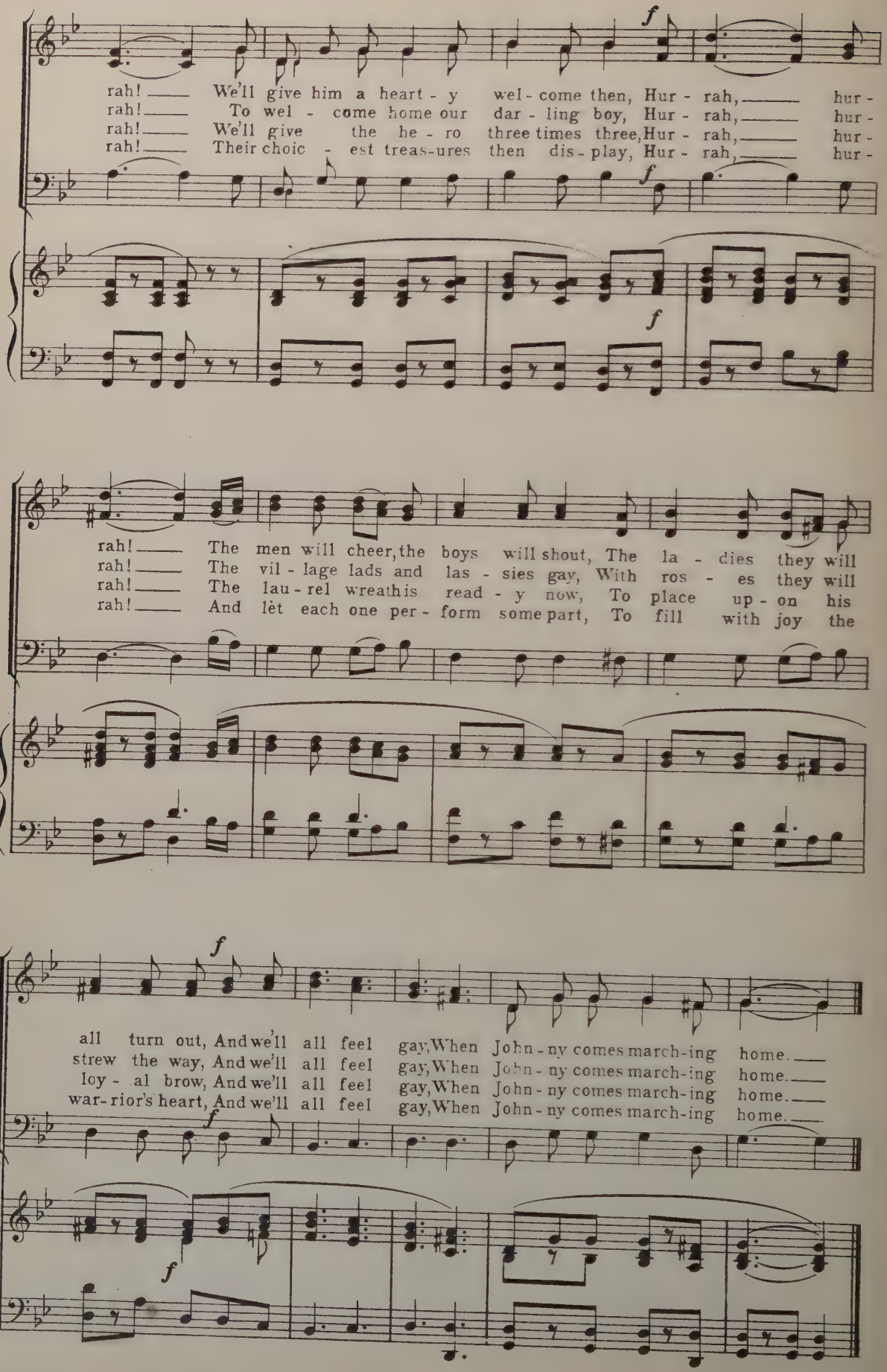
(WAR SONG)

L. LAMBERT

Arr. by Frank Belknap


With spirit
f
1. When John - ny comes march - ing home a - gain, Hur - rah, hur -
2. The old church bell will peal with joy, Hur - rah, hur -
3. Get read - y for the Ju - bi - lee, Hur - rah, hur -
4. Let love and friend - ship on that day, Hur - rah, hur -
With spirit

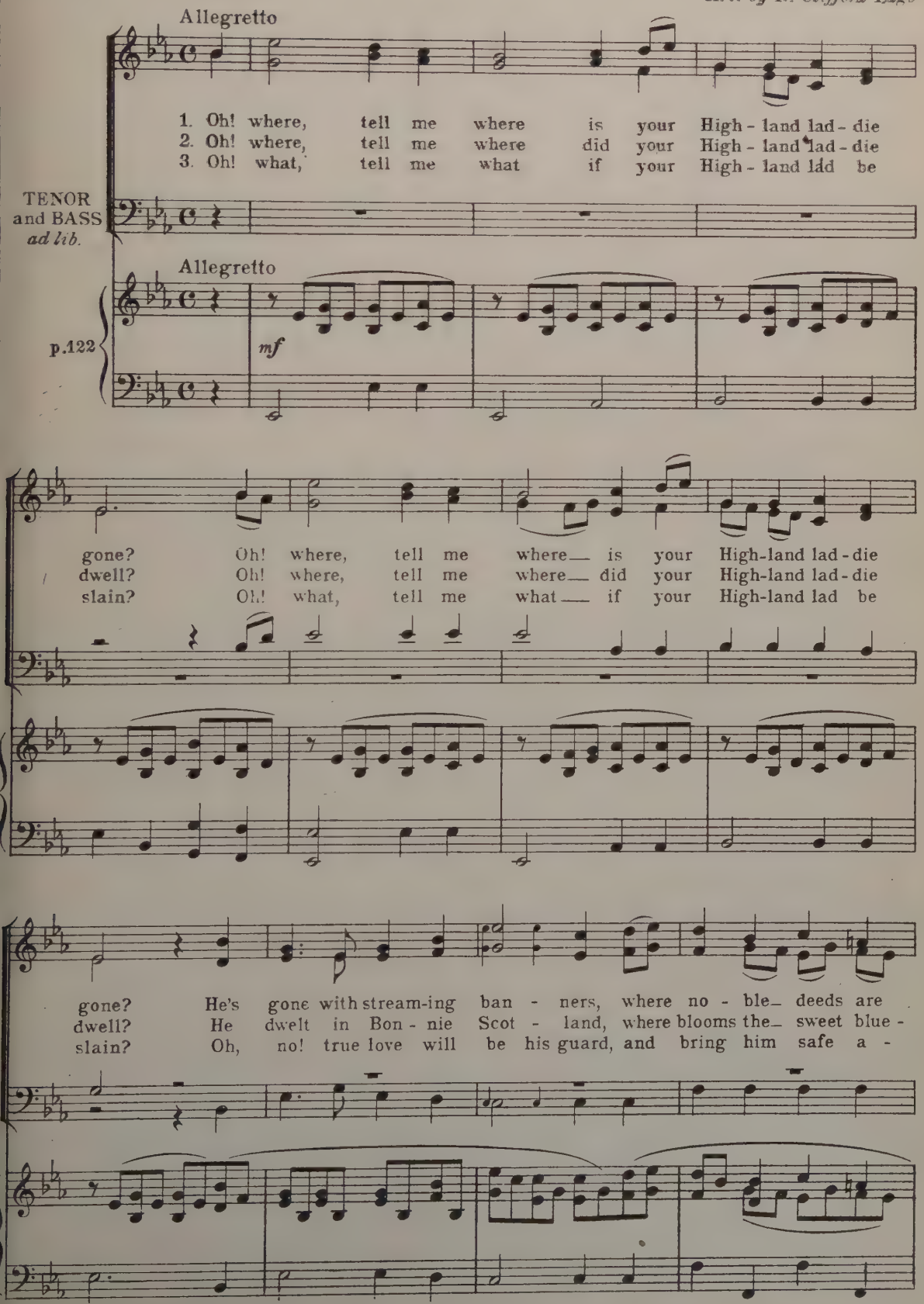
p.85


rah! We'll give him a heart - y wel - come then, Hur - rah, hur -
rah! To wel - come home our dar - ling boy, Hur - rah, hur -
rah! We'll give the he - ro three times three, Hur - rah, hur -
rah! Their choic - est treas-ures then dis - play, Hur - rah, hur -
rah! The men will cheer, the boys will shout, The la - dies they will
rah! The vil - lage lads and las - sies gay, With ros - es they will
rah! The lau - rel wreath is read - y now, To place up - on his
rah! And let each one per - form some part, To fill with joy the
all turn out, And we'll all feel gay, When John - ny comes march-ing home.
strew the way, And we'll all feel gay, When John - ny comes march-ing home.
loy - al brow, And we'll all feel gay, When John - ny comes march-ing home.
war - rior's heart, And we'll all feel gay, When John - ny comes march-ing home.

THE BLUE-BELL OF SCOTLAND

Mrs. JAMES GRANT

Scotch
Arr. by N. Clifford Page


Allegretto
1. Oh! where, tell me where is your High - land lad - die
2. Oh! where, tell me where did your High - land lad - die
3. Oh! what, tell me what if your High - land lad be
TENOR and BASS *ad lib.*
Allegretto
p.122
mf
gone? Oh! where, tell me where is your High-land lad - die
dwell? Oh! where, tell me where did your High-land lad - die
slain? Oh! what, tell me what if your High-land lad be
gone? He's gone with stream-ing ban - ners, where no - ble deeds are
dwell? He dwelt in Bon - nie Scot - land, where blooms the sweet blue -
slain? Oh, no! true love will be his guard, and bring him safe a -

done, — And it's oh, — in my heart — I wish him safe at home.
bell, — And it's oh, — in my heart — I lo'e my lad-die well.
gain, — For it's oh, my heart would break if my High- land lad were slain.

GOLDEN SLUMBERS

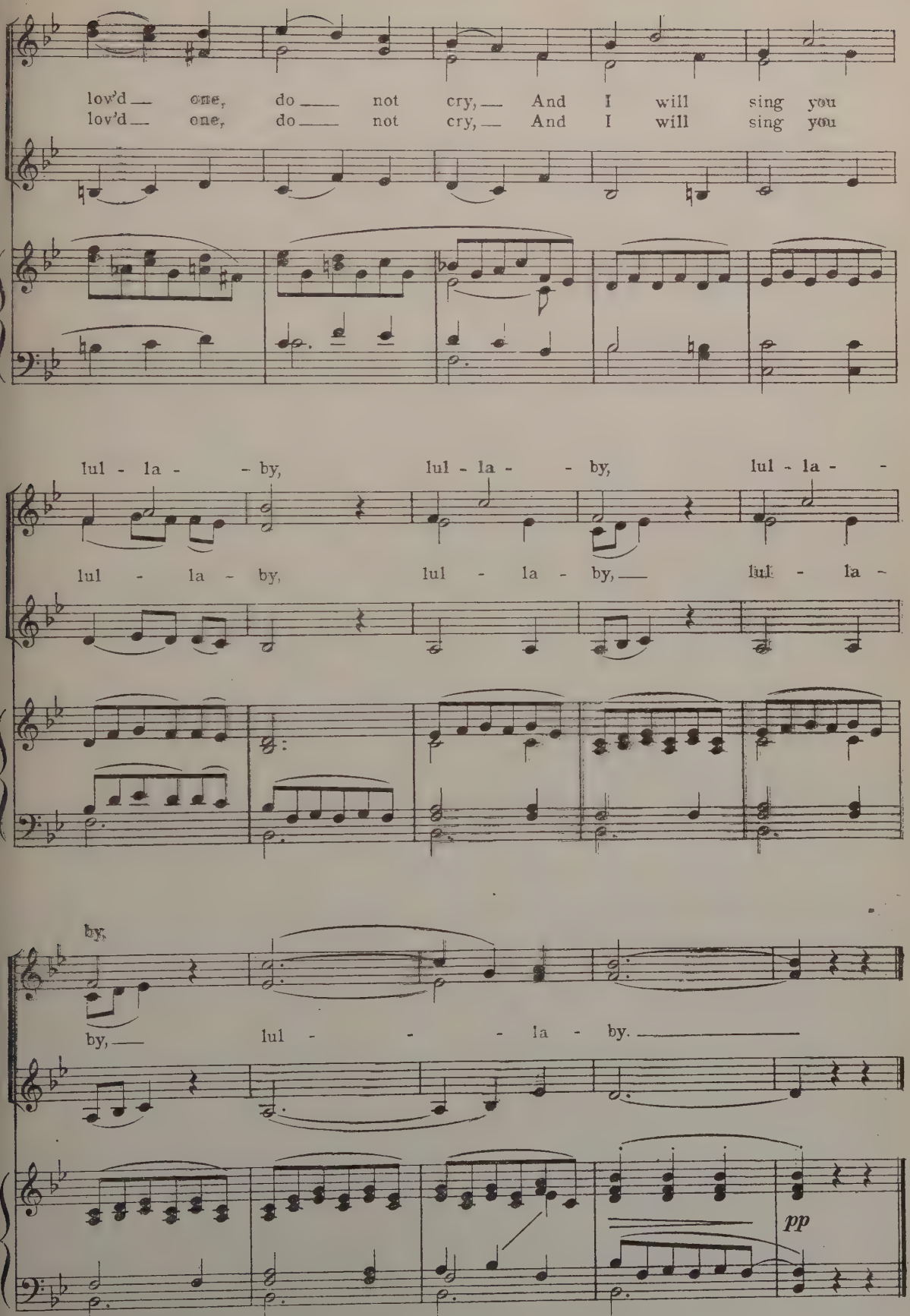
THOMAS DEKKER
From "Patient Grisel"

English
Arr. by W. W. Gilchrist

1. Gold - en slum - bers kiss your eyes, Smiles a -
2. 'Neath the drow - sy, droop - ing lid, Dreams from

p.93

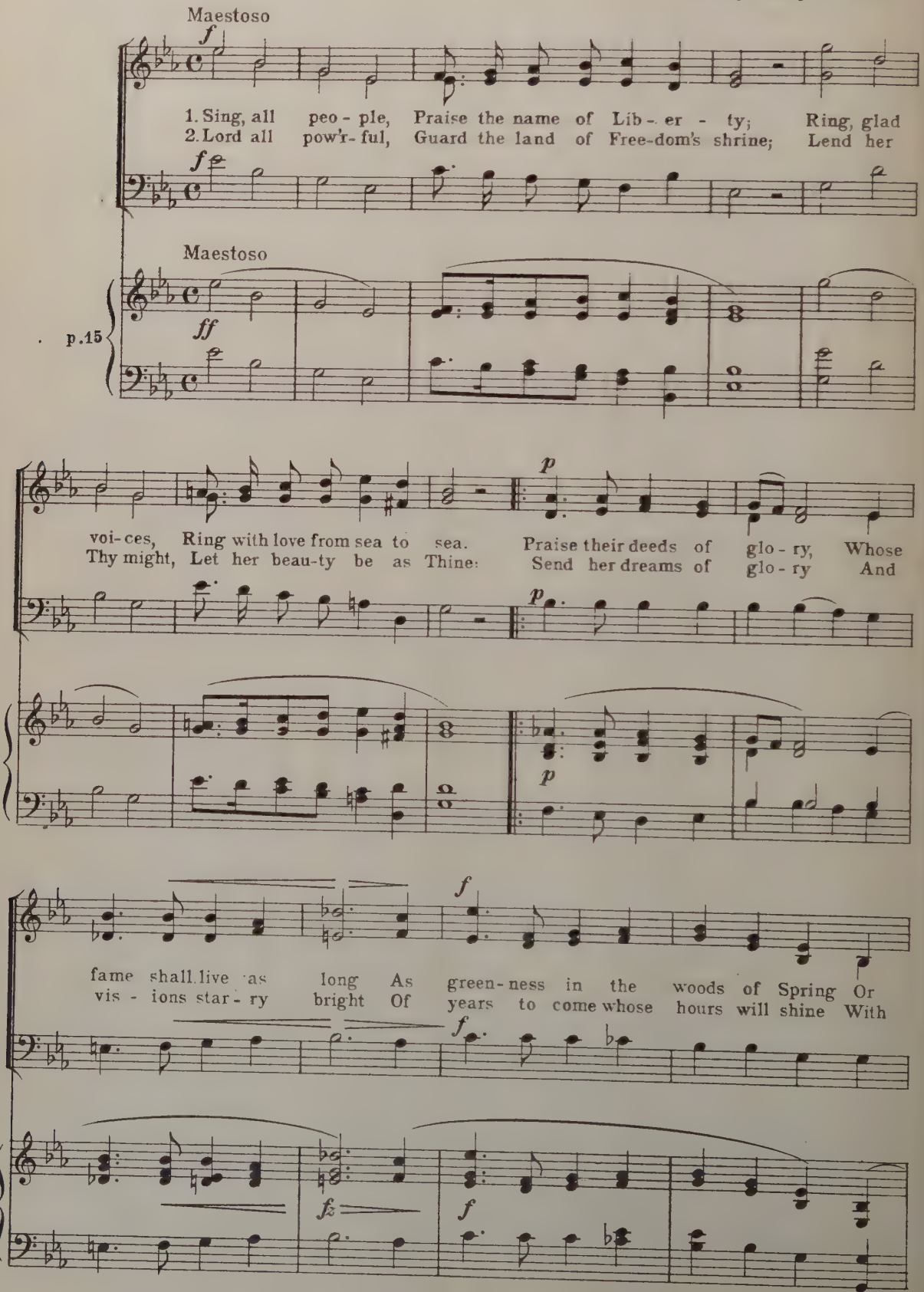
wait — you when you rise. — Sleep, pret - ty
fair - y land are hid. — Sleep, pret - ty

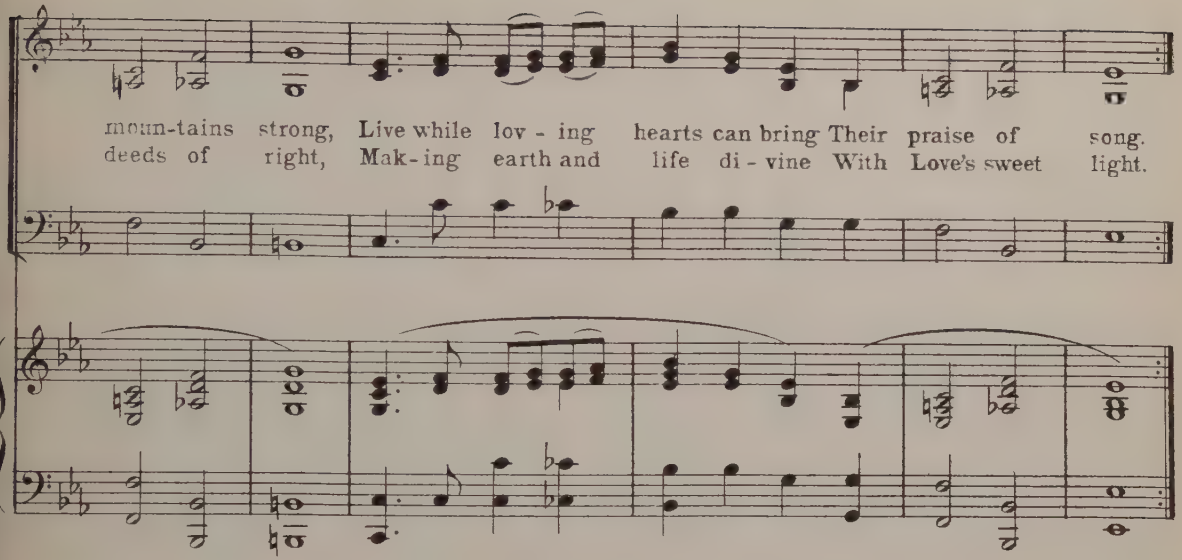

low'd one, do not cry, And I will sing you
low'd one, do not cry, And I will sing you
lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la -
lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la -
by,
by, lul - la - by.
pp

THE PATRIOT'S PRAYER

Poem by FREDERIC MANLEY

Music by EDVARD GRIEG
Arr. by Henry F. Gilbert

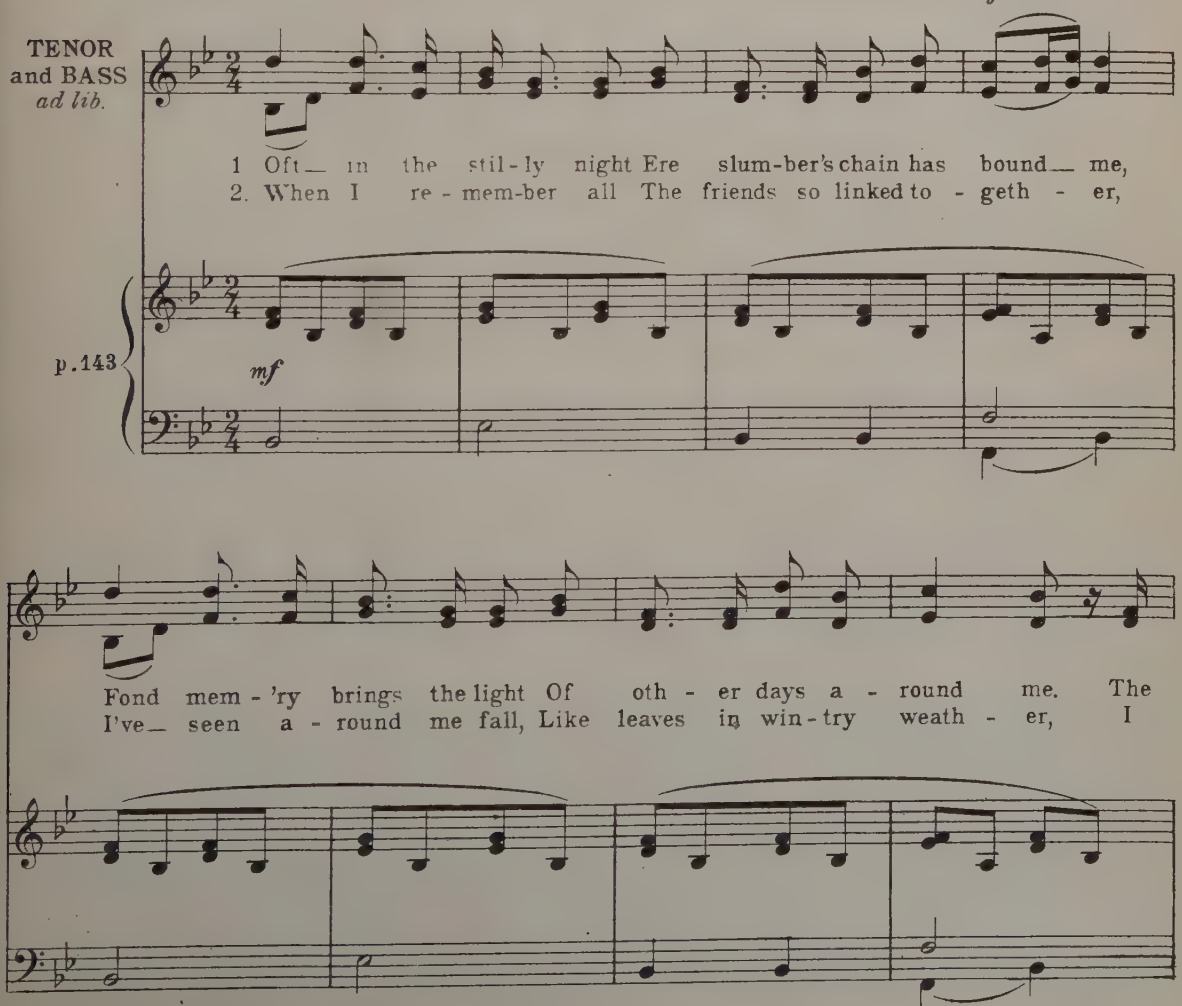

Maestoso
f
1. Sing, all peo - ple, Praise the name of Lib - er - ty; Ring, glad
2. Lord all pow'r - ful, Guard the land of Free-dom's shrine; Lend her
Maestoso
ff
p.15
voi - ces, Ring with love from sea to sea. Praise their deeds of glo - ry, Whose
Thy might, Let her beau-ty be as Thine: Send her dreams of glo - ry And
p
p
f
fame shall live as long As green - ness in the woods of Spring Or
vis - ions star - ry bright Of years to come whose hours will shine With
f
fz
f

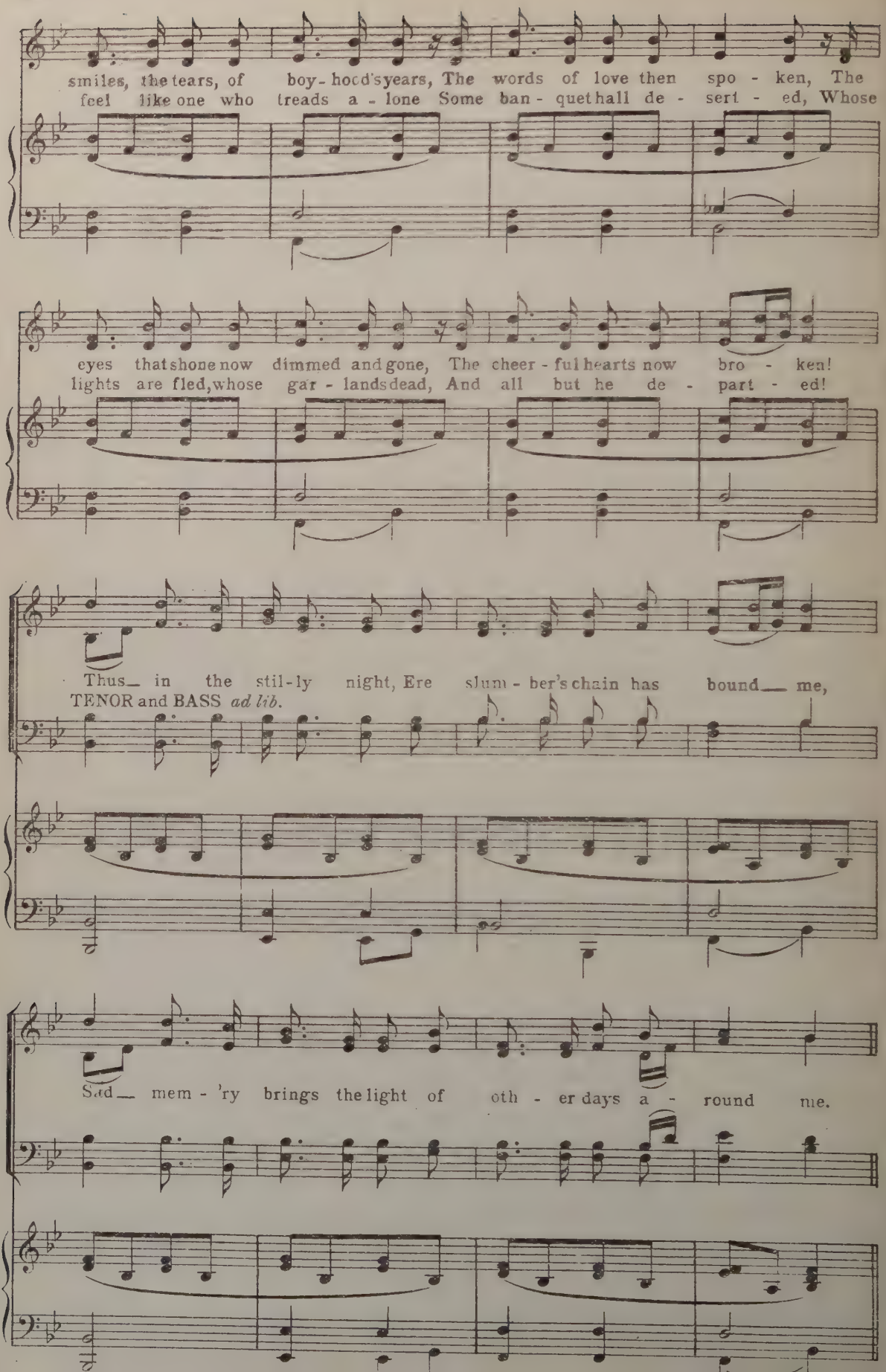

moun-tains strong, Live while lov - ing hearts can bring Their praise of song.
deeds of right, Mak-ing earth and life di - vine With Love's sweet light.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT

THOMAS MOORE

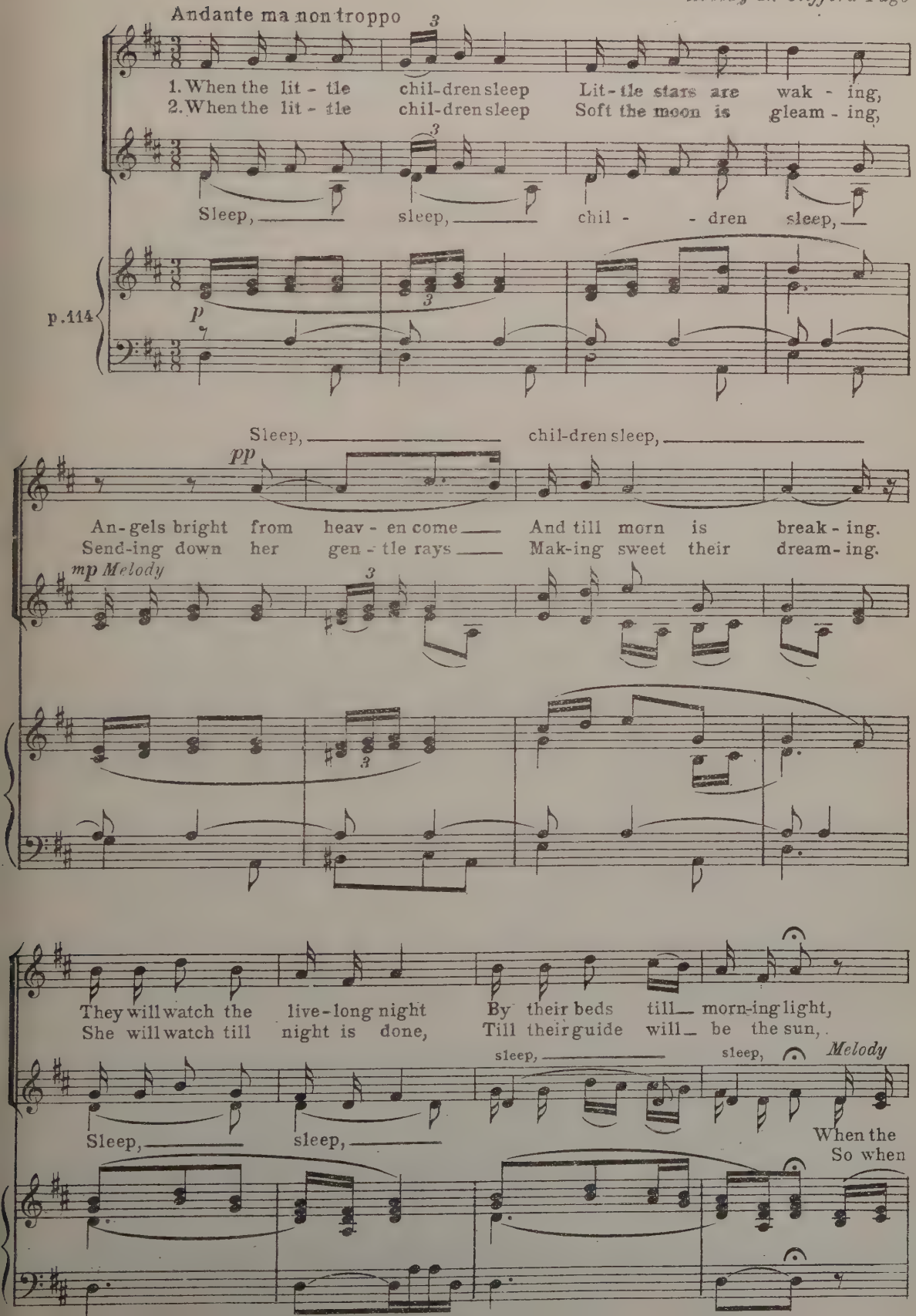
Irish Folksong
Arr. by Bertha Remick

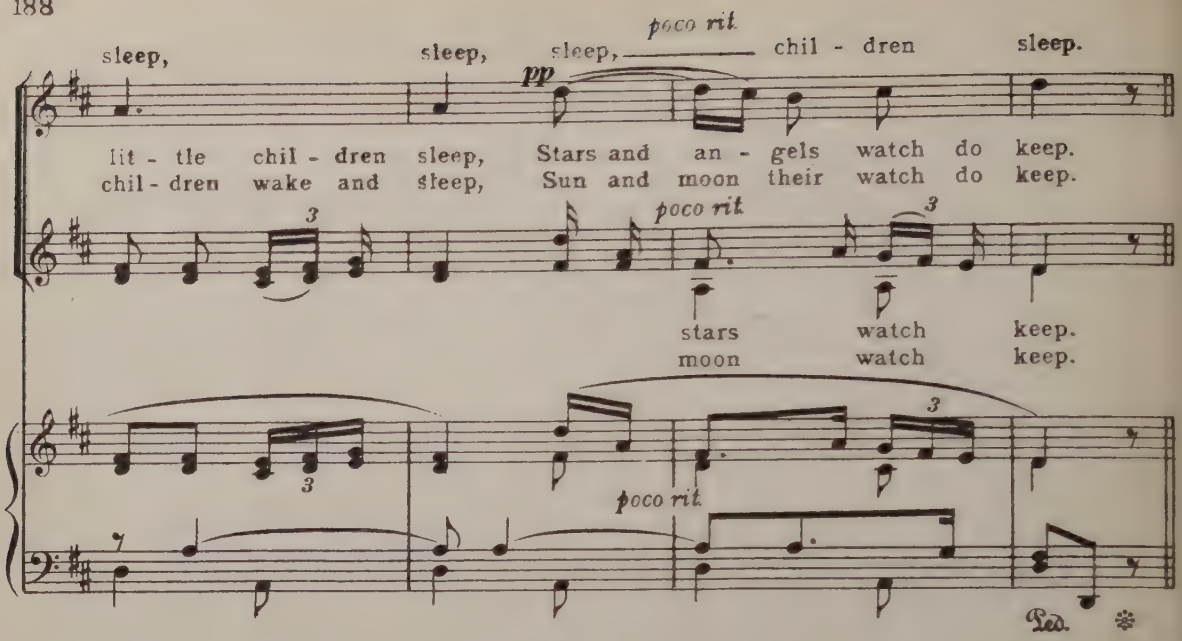

TENOR and BASS ad lib.
1 Oft_ in the stil-ly night Ere slum-ber's chain has bound_ me,
2. When I re - mem-ber all The friends so linked to - geth - er,
p. 143
mf
Fond mem - 'ry brings the light Of oth - er days a - round me. The
I've_ seen a - round me fall, Like leaves in win-try weath - er, I


smiles, the tears, of boy-hood's years, The words of love then spo - ken, The
feel like one who treads a - lone Some ban - quet hall de - sert - ed, Whose
eyes that shone now dimmed and gone, The cheer - ful hearts now bro - ken!
lights are fled, whose gar - lands dead, And all but he de - part - ed!
Thus in the stil-ly night, Ere slum - ber's chain has bound me,
TENOR and BASS *ad lib.*
Sad mem - 'ry brings the light of oth - er days a - round me.

WHEN THE CHILDREN SLEEP

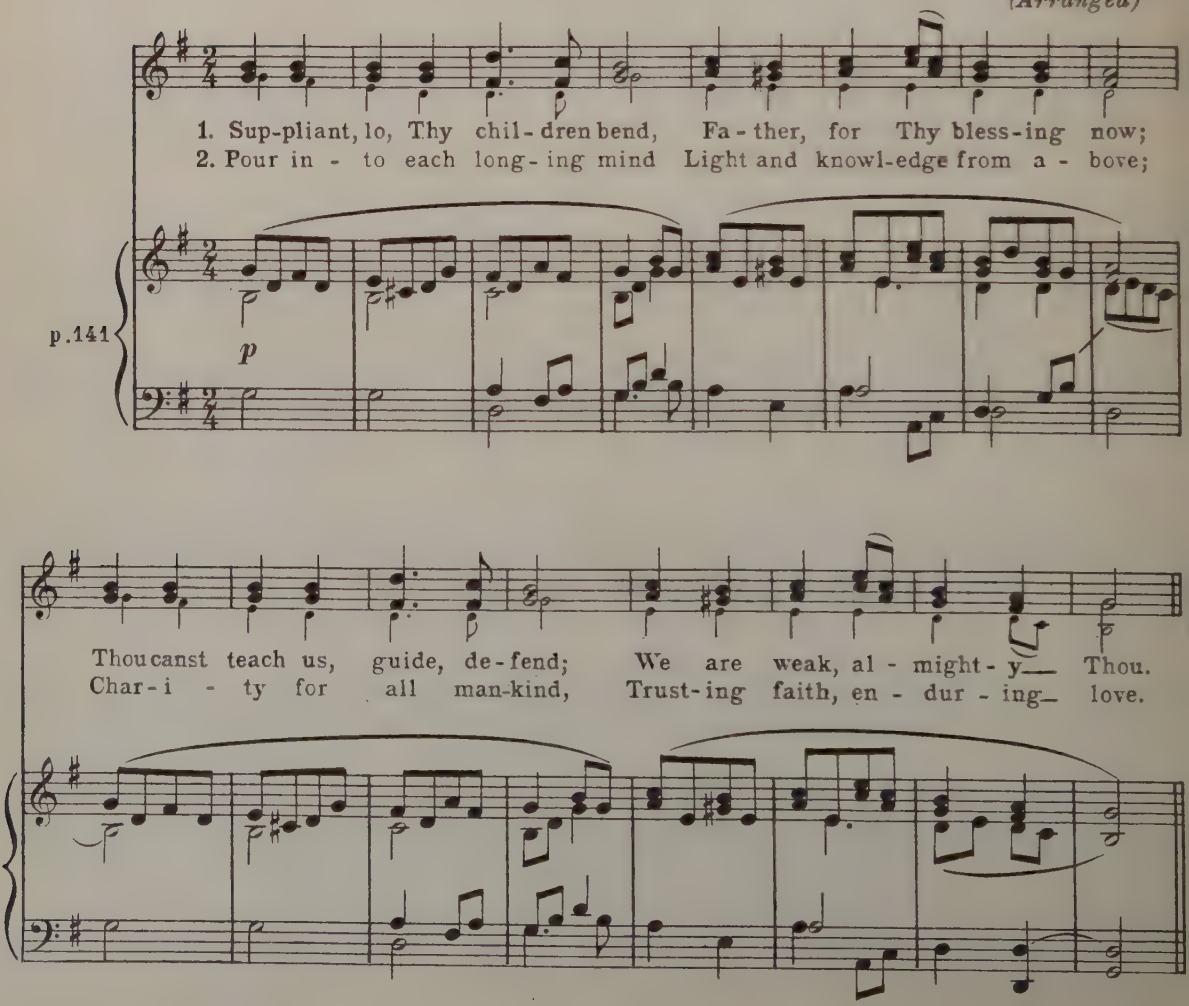
CARL REINECKE
Arr. by N. Clifford Page


Andante ma non troppo
1. When the lit - tle chil-dren sleep Lit-tle stars are wak - ing,
2. When the lit - tle chil-dren sleep Soft the moon is gleam - ing,
Sleep, sleep, chil - - dren sleep,
p.114
p
Sleep, chil-dren sleep,
pp
An-gels bright from heav - en come And till morn is break - ing.
Send-ing down her gen - tle rays Mak-ing sweet their dream-ing.
mp Melody
They will watch the live-long night By their beds till morn-ing light,
She will watch till night is done, Till their guide will be the sun,
sleep, sleep,
Melody
Sleep, sleep,
When the
So when



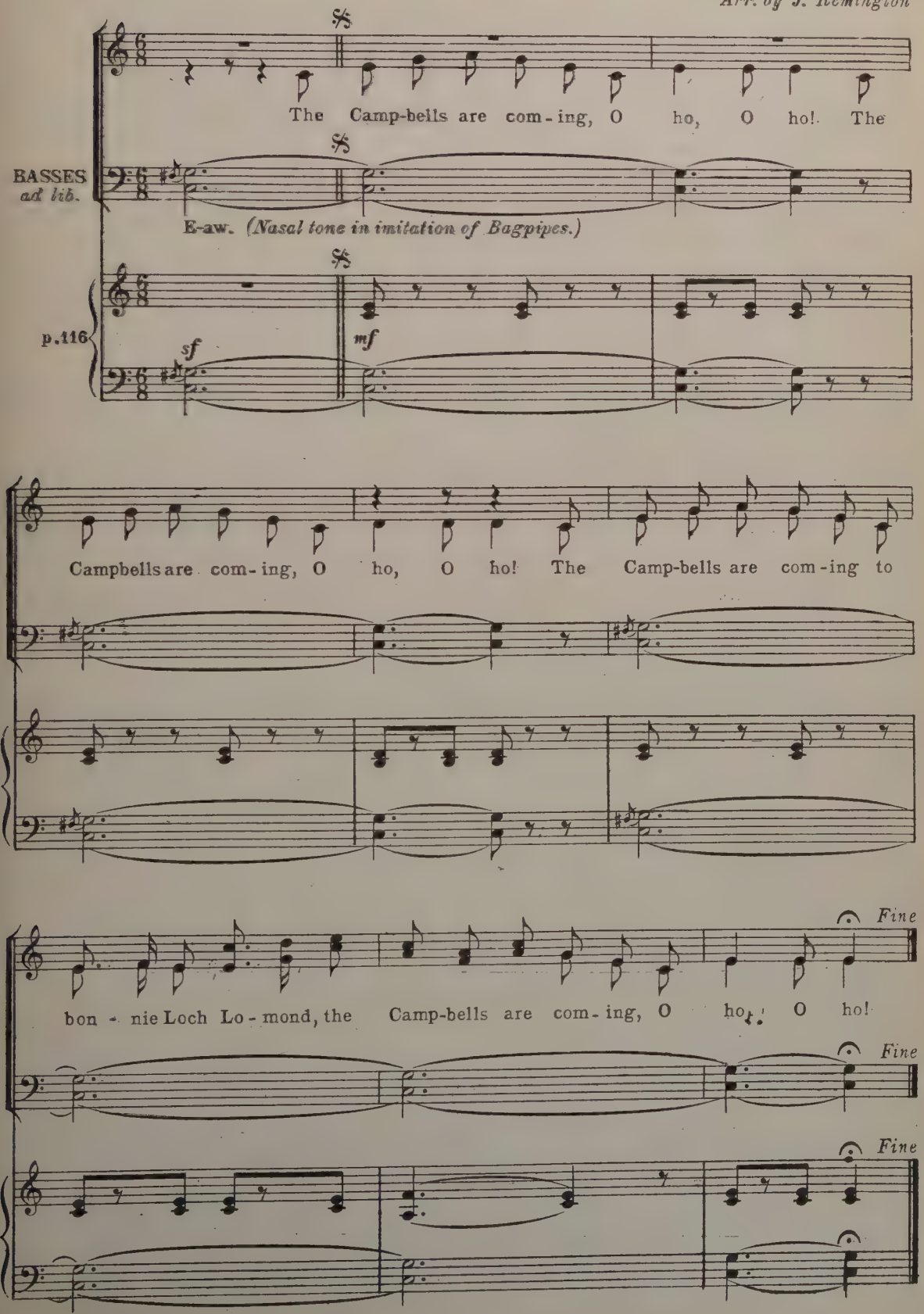
SUPPLIANT, LO! THY CHILDREN BEND

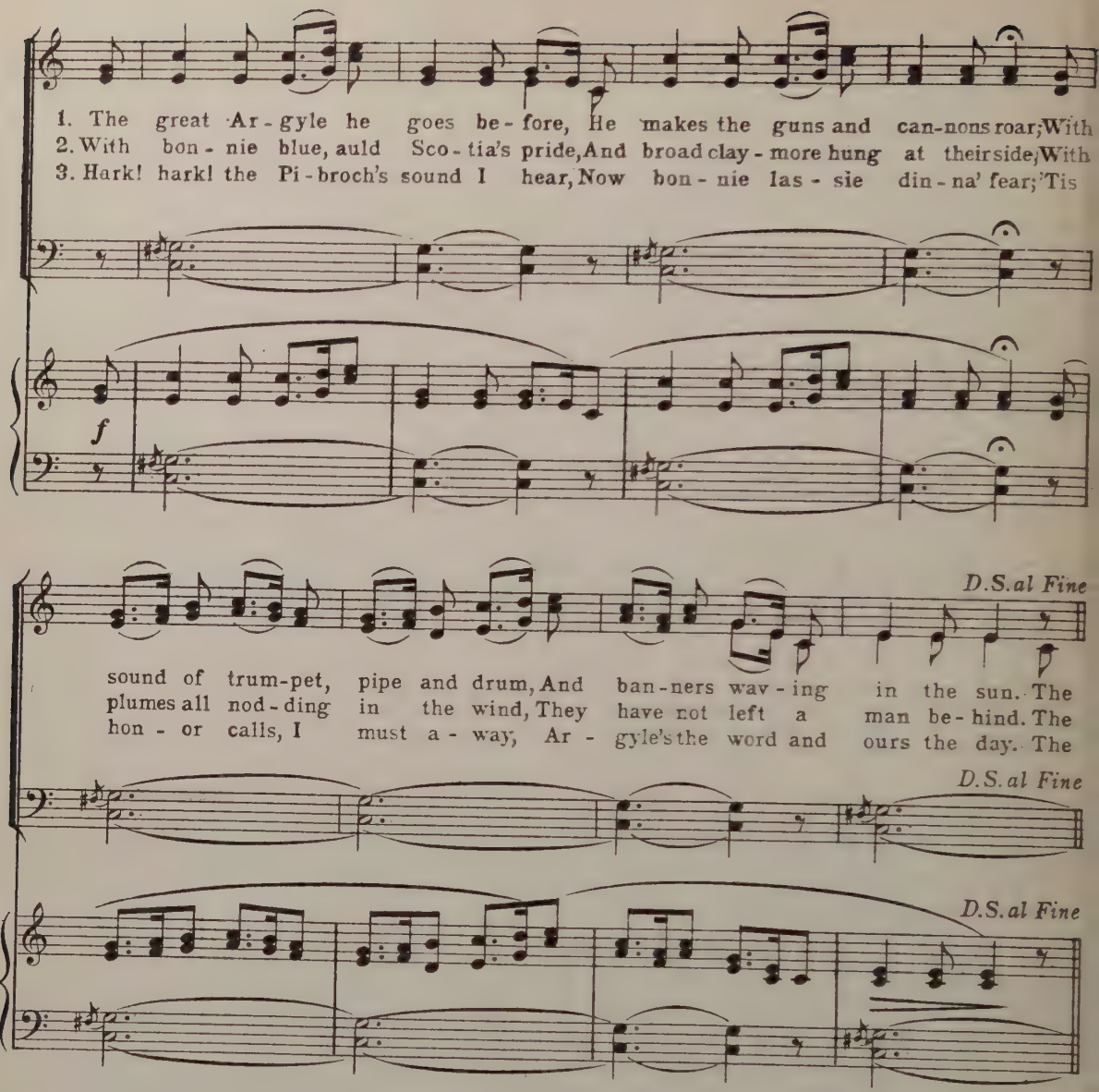
W. A. MOZART
(Arranged)


1. Sup-pliant, lo, Thy chil-dren bend, Fa-ther, for Thy bless-ing now;
2. Pour in - to each long-ing mind Light and knowl-edge from a - bove;
p.141
p
Thou canst teach us, guide, de-fend; We are weak, al - might - y— Thou.
Char-i - ty for all man-kind, Trust-ing faith, en - dur - ing— love.

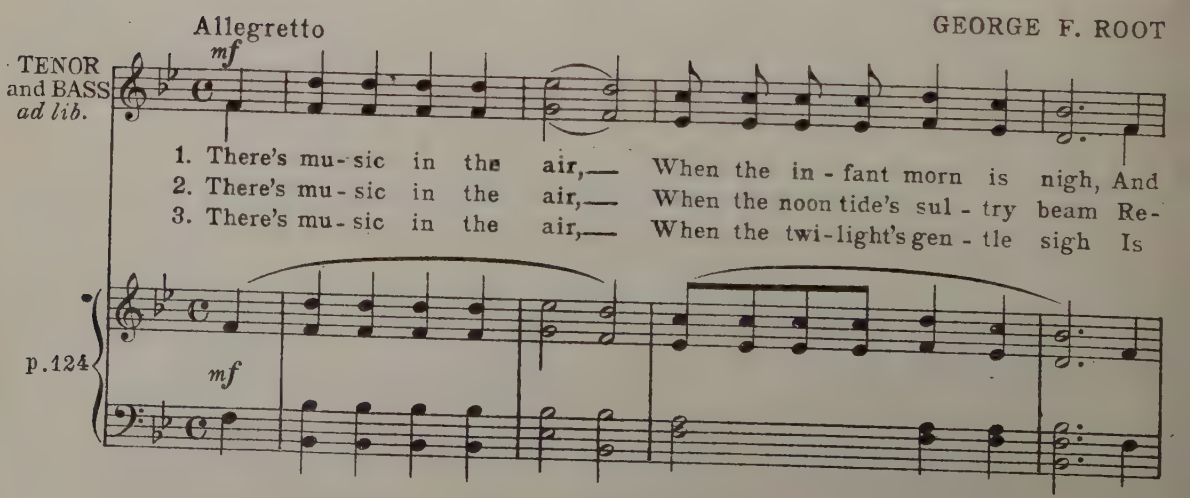
THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING

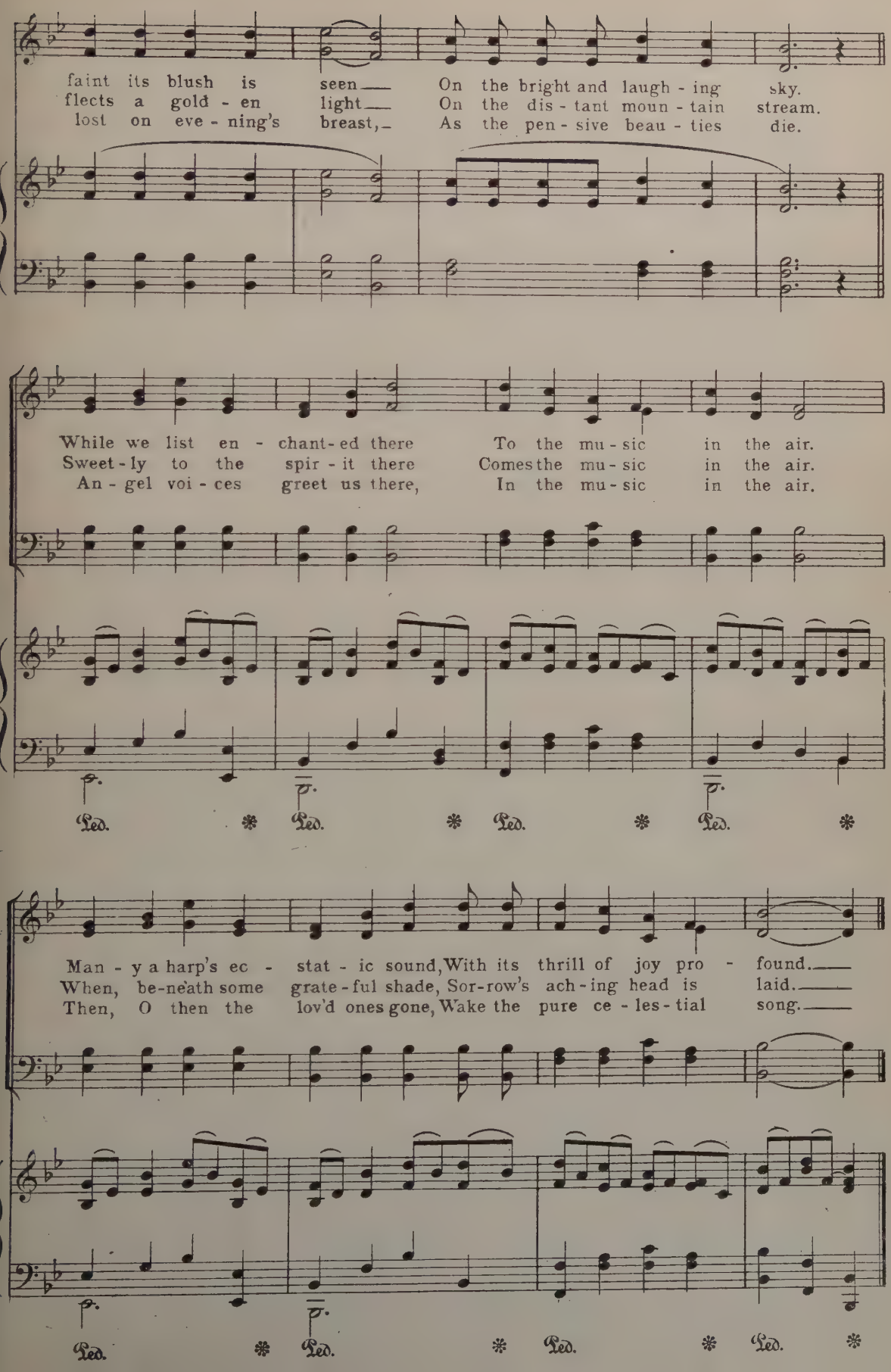
Scotch
Arr. by J. Remington


The Camp-bells are com-ing, O ho, O ho! The
BASSES
ad lib.
E-aw. (Nasal tone in imitation of Bagpipes.)
p.116
sf
mf
Campbells are com-ing, O ho, O ho! The Camp-bells are com-ing to
Fine
bon-nie Loch Lo-mond, the Camp-bells are com-ing, O ho, O ho!
Fine
Fine


1. The great Ar-gyle he goes be-fore, He makes the guns and can-nons roar; With
2. With bon-nie blue, auld Sco-tia's pride, And broad clay-more hung at their side; With
3. Hark! hark! the Pi-broch's sound I hear, Now bon-nie las-sie din-na' fear; 'Tis
f
sound of trum-pet, pipe and drum, And ban-ners wav-ing in the sun. The
plumes all nod-ding in the wind, They have not left a man be-hind. The
hon-or calls, I must a-way, Ar-gyle's the word and ours the day. The
D.S. al Fine
D.S. al Fine
D.S. al Fine

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR


Allegretto
GEORGE F. ROOT
TENOR and BASS ad lib.
mf
1. There's mu-sic in the air,— When the in-fant morn is nigh, And
2. There's mu-sic in the air,— When the noon tide's sul-try beam Re-
3. There's mu-sic in the air,— When the twi-light's gen-tle sigh Is
p. 124
mf

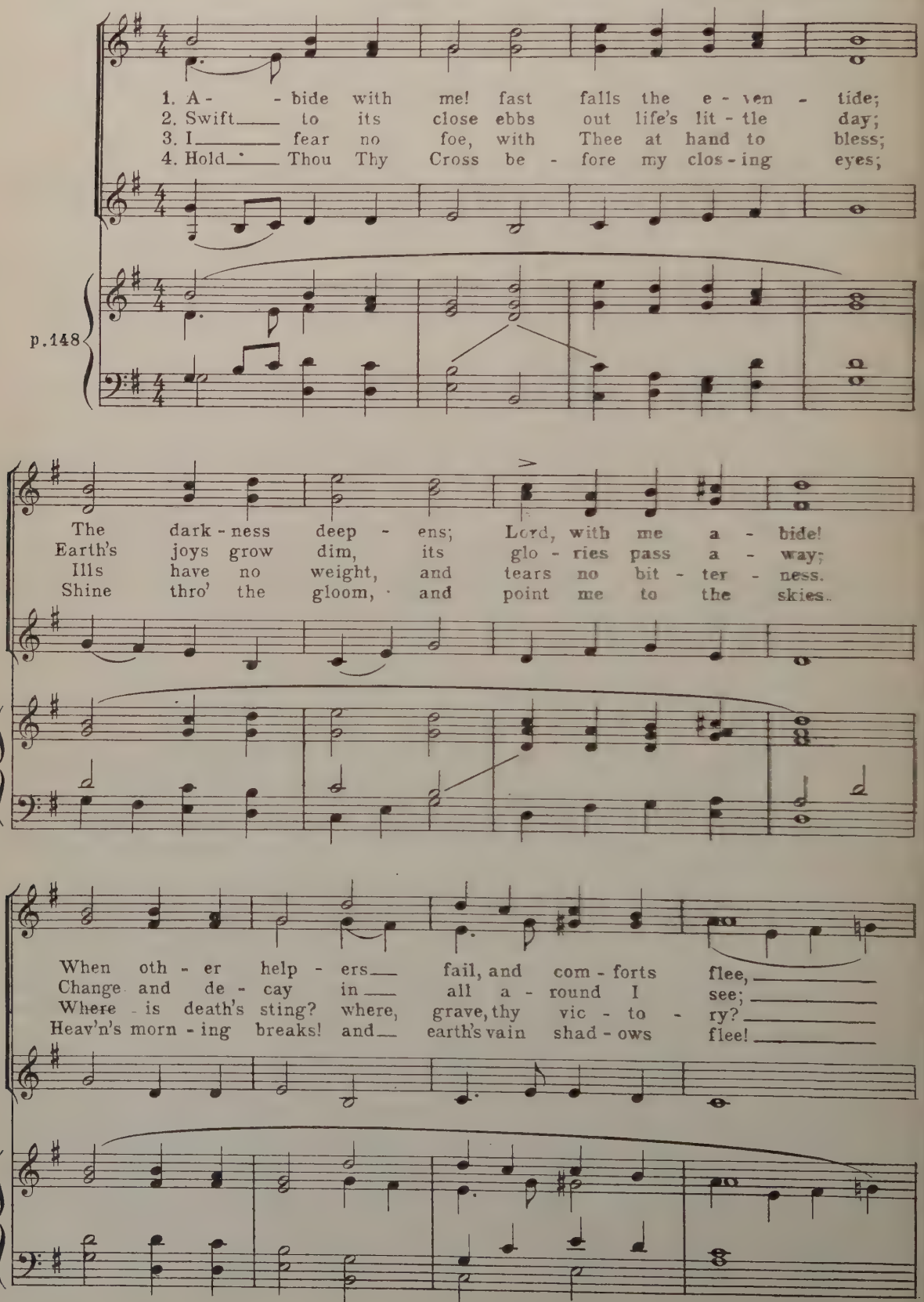

faint its blush is seen On the bright and laugh - ing sky.
flects a gold - en light On the dis - tant moun - tain stream.
lost on eve - ning's breast, As the pen - sive beau - ties die.
While we list en - chant - ed there To the mu - sic in the air.
Sweet - ly to the spir - it there Comes the mu - sic in the air.
An - gel voi - ces greet us there, In the mu - sic in the air.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
Man - y a harp's ec - stat - ic sound, With its thrill of joy pro - found.
When, be-neath some grate - ful shade, Sor-row's ach - ing head is laid.
Then, O then the lov'd ones gone, Wake the pure ce - les - tial song.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

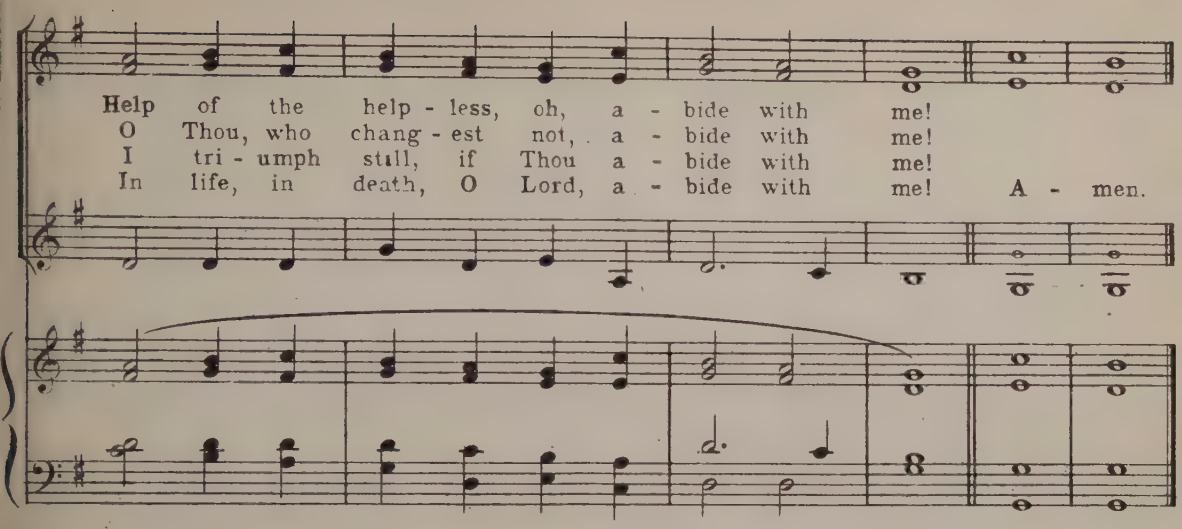
ABIDE WITH ME! FAST FALLS THE EVENTIDE

(EVENTIDE)

HENRY F. LYTE

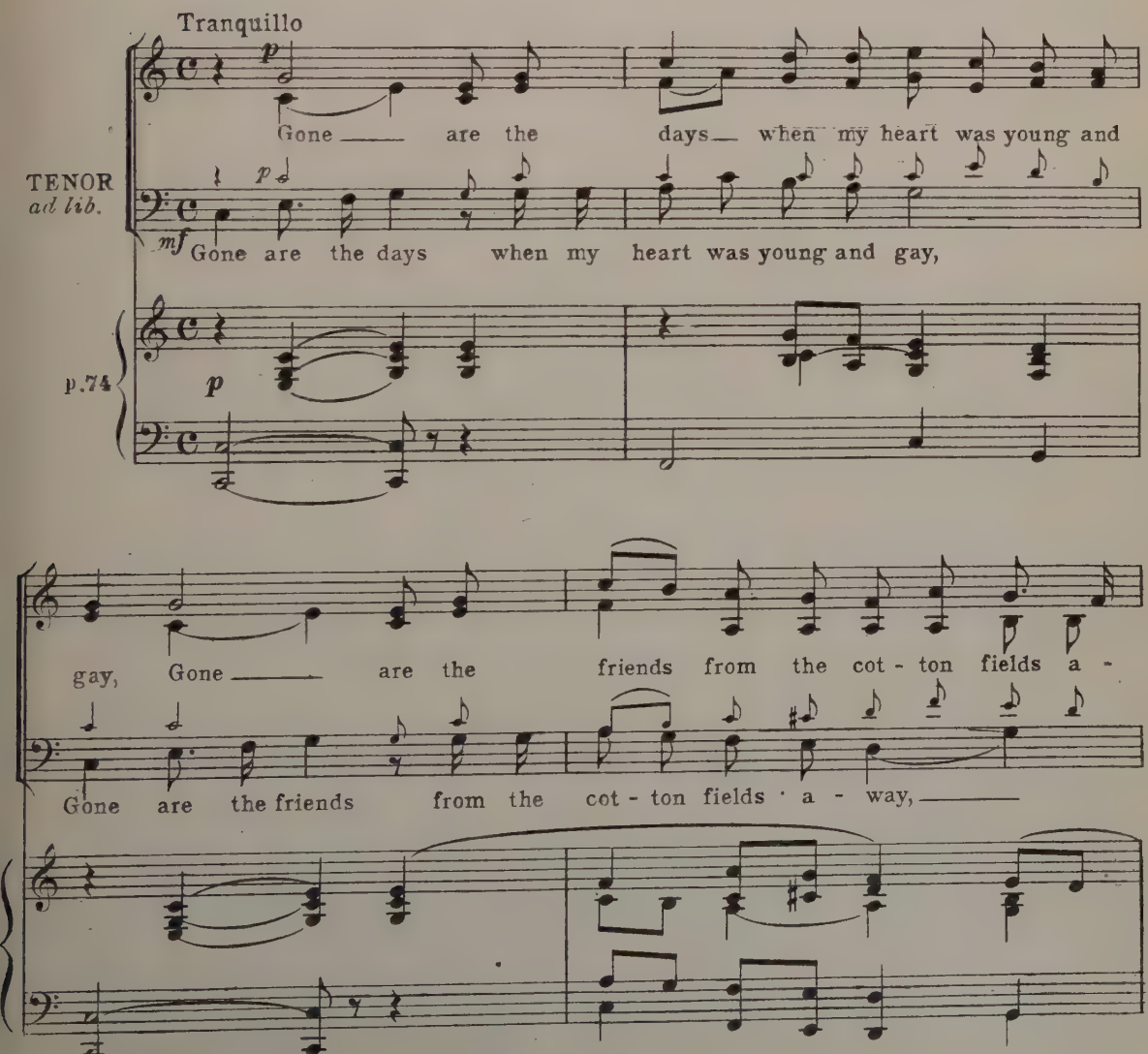
WILLIAM H. MONK
Arr. by N. Clifford Page


1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide;
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
3. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
4. Hold Thou Thy Cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes;
p.148
The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide!
Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness.
Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies.
When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy vic - to - ry?
Heav'n's morn - ing breaks! and earth's vain shad - ows flee!

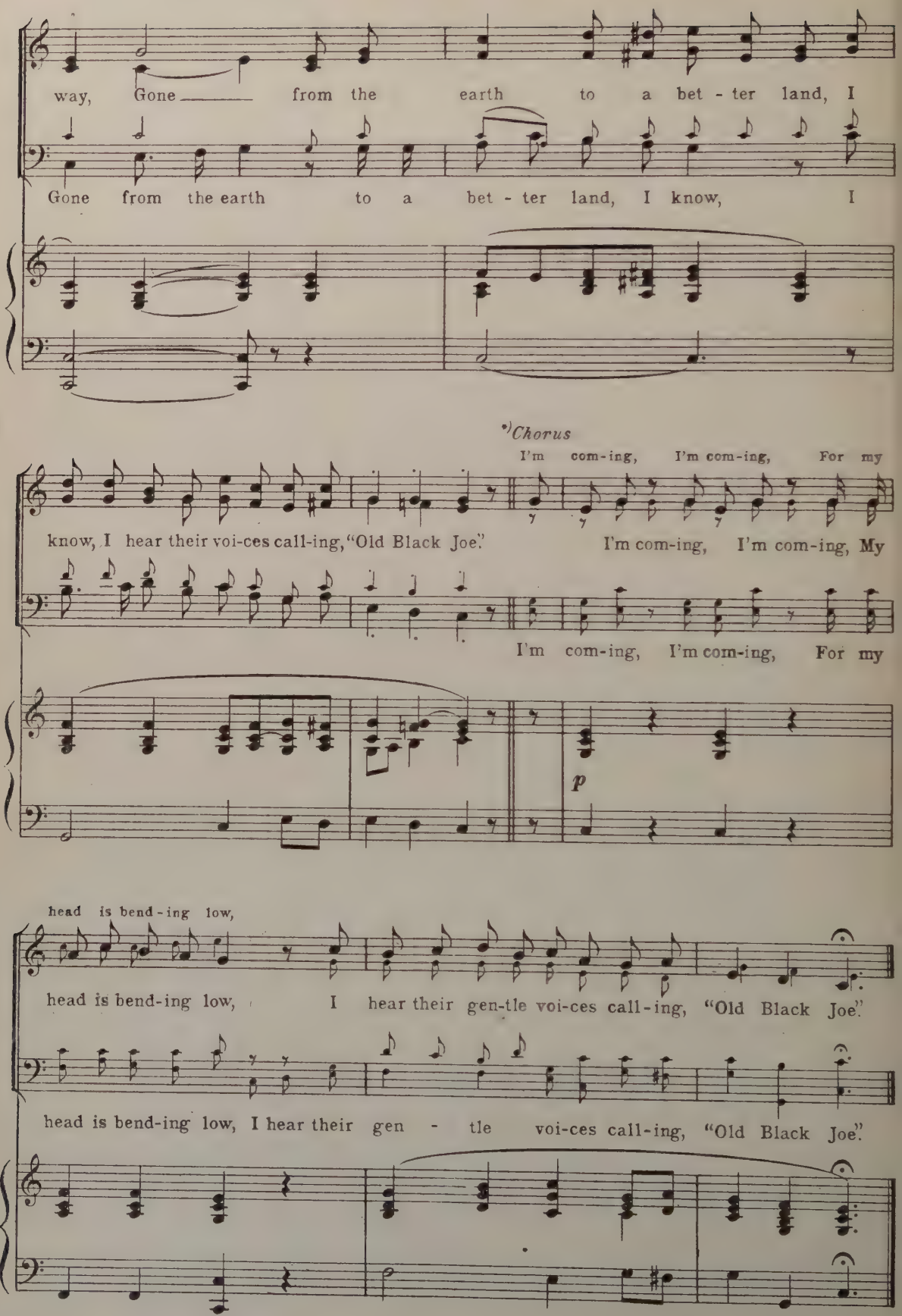

Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me!
O Thou, who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bide with me!
In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me! A - men.

OLD BLACK JOE

Words and Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER
Arr. by W. W. Gilchrist


Tranquillo
p
Gone are the days when my heart was young and
TENOR
ad lib.
p
mf
Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,
p.74
p
gay, Gone are the friends from the cot - ton fields a -
Gone are the friends from the cot - ton fields a - way,

Note. The accompanying voices should sing softly.


way, Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land, I
Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land, I know, I
*)Chorus
I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing, For my
know, I hear their voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe." I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing, My
I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing, For my
p
head is bend-ing low,
head is bend-ing low, I hear their gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe."
head is bend-ing low, I hear their gen - tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe."

*)The chorus will be more effective when the melody, which is printed in large type, is sung by a few selected voices.

O WHO WILL O'ER THE DOWNS SO FREE?

R. L. de PEARSALL
Arr by W. L. T.

Allegro moderato

1. O who will o'er the downs so free, O who will with me
2. I saw her bow'r at twi-light gray, 'Twas guard-ed safe and
3. I prom-ised her to come at night, With com-rades brave and

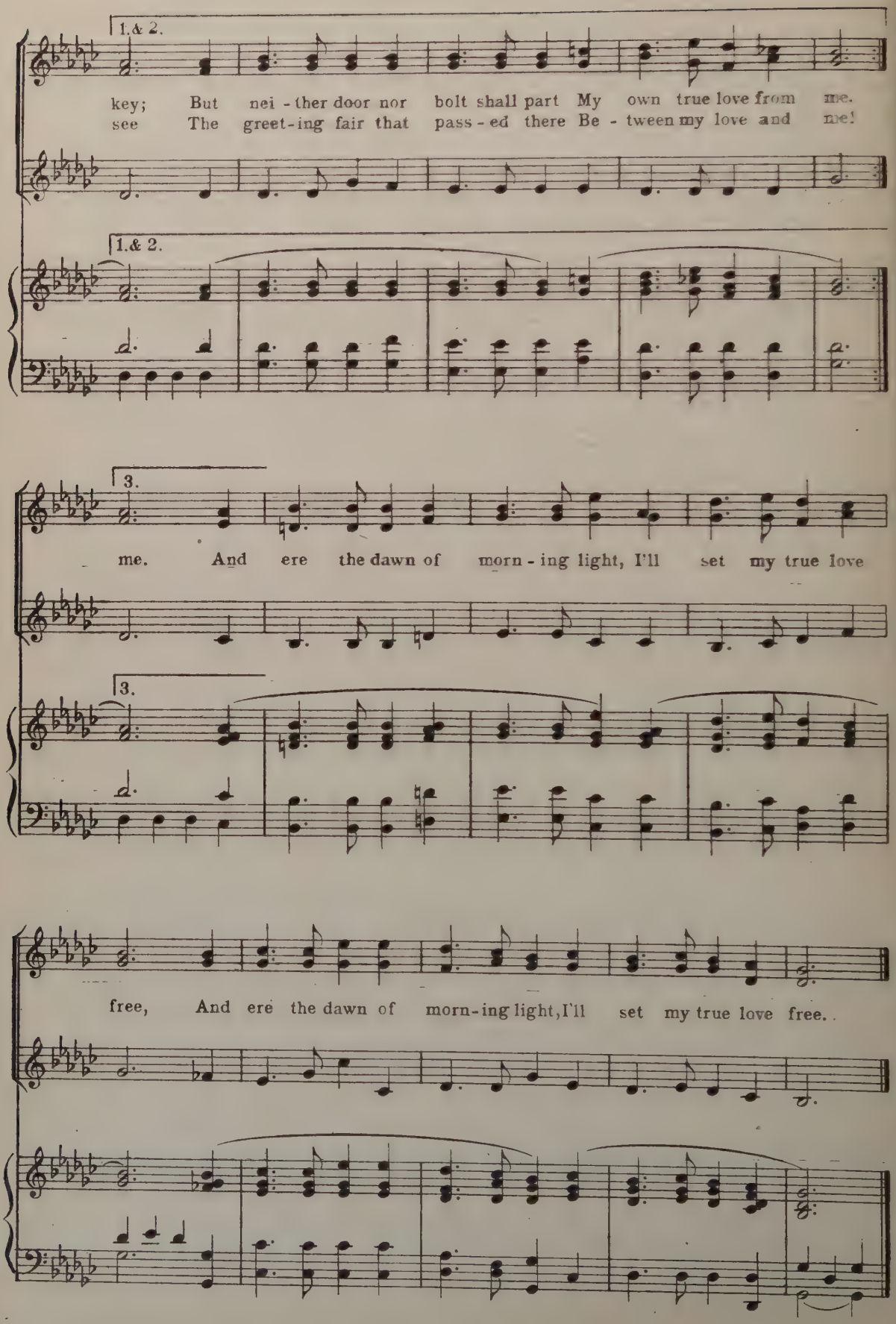
Allegro moderato (♩ = 116)

p.138

mf

ride? O who will up and fol - low me, To win a bloom - ing
sure, I saw her bow'r at break of day, 'Twas guard - ed there no
true, A gal - lant band with sword in hand To break her pris - on

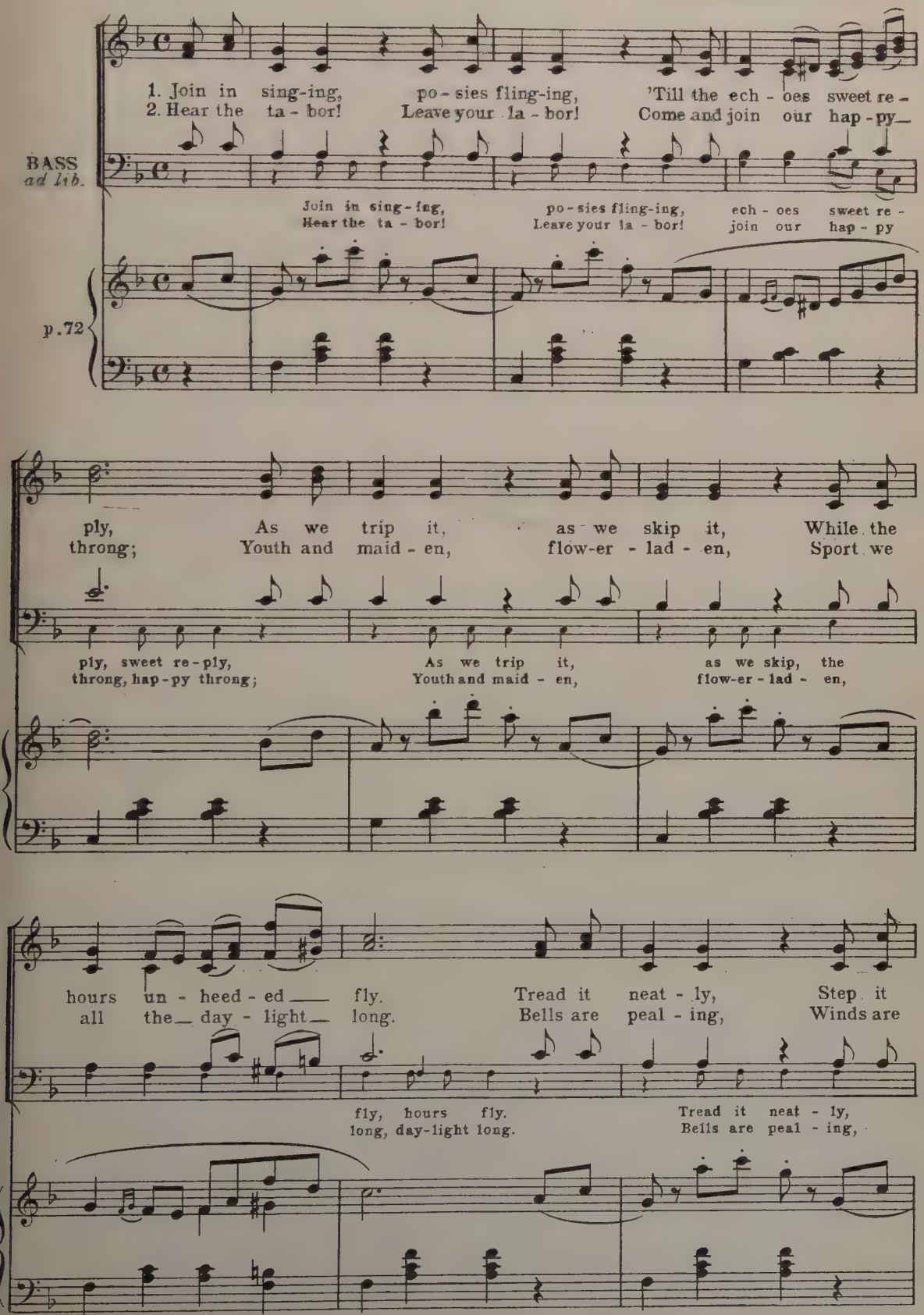
bride? Her fa - ther, he has locked the door, Her moth - er keeps the
more! The var - lets they were all a - sleep, And none were there to
through; I prom - ised her to come at night, She's wait - ing now for

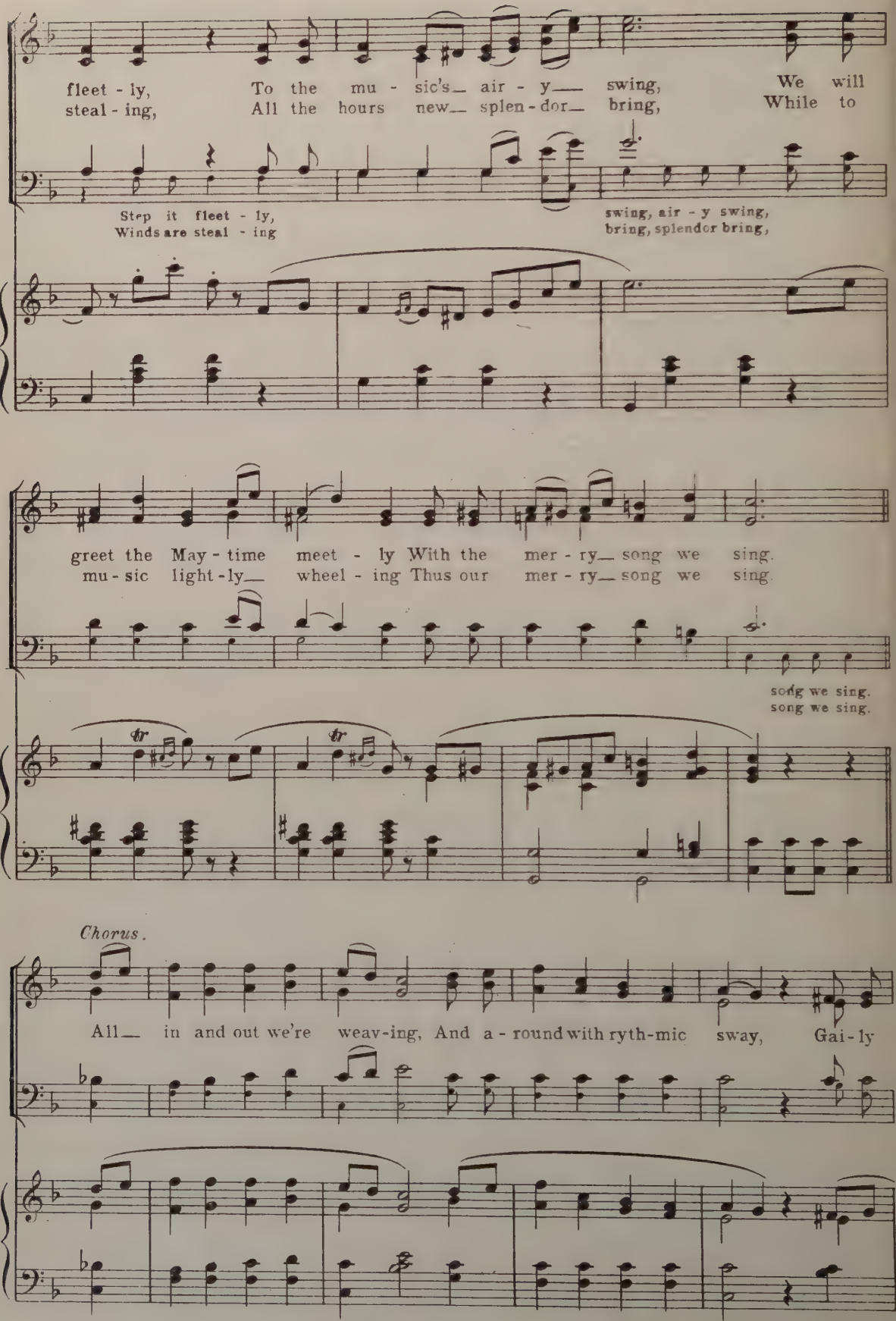

1.& 2.
key; But nei - ther door nor bolt shall part My own true love from me.
see The greet-ing fair that pass - ed there Be - tween my love and me!
1.& 2.
3.
me. And ere the dawn of morn - ing light, I'll set my true love
3.
free, And ere the dawn of morn-ing light, I'll set my true love free.

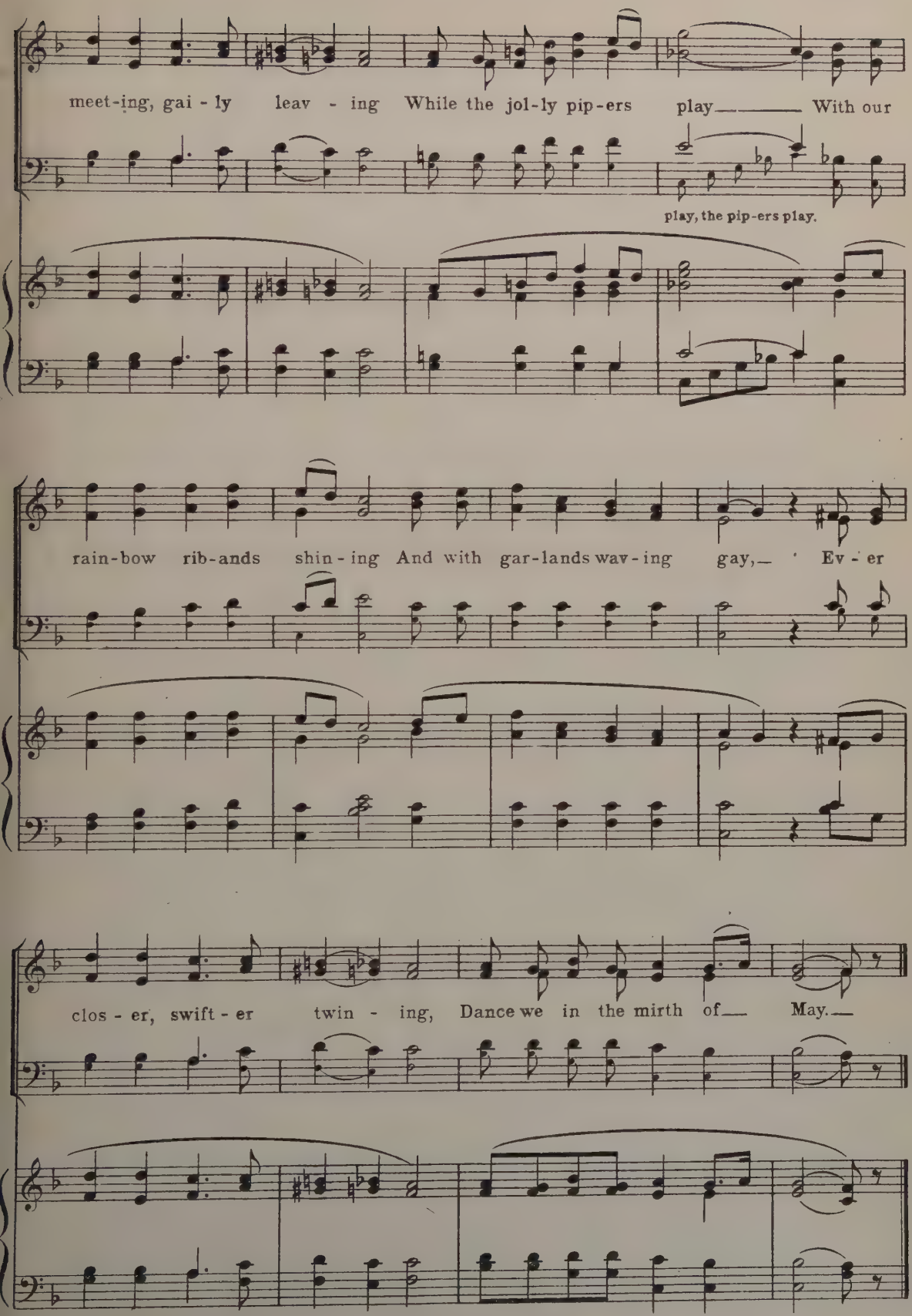
MAY POLE DANCE

M.T. LOUGHLIN

E. JAKOBOWSKI
Arr. by Osbourne McConathy

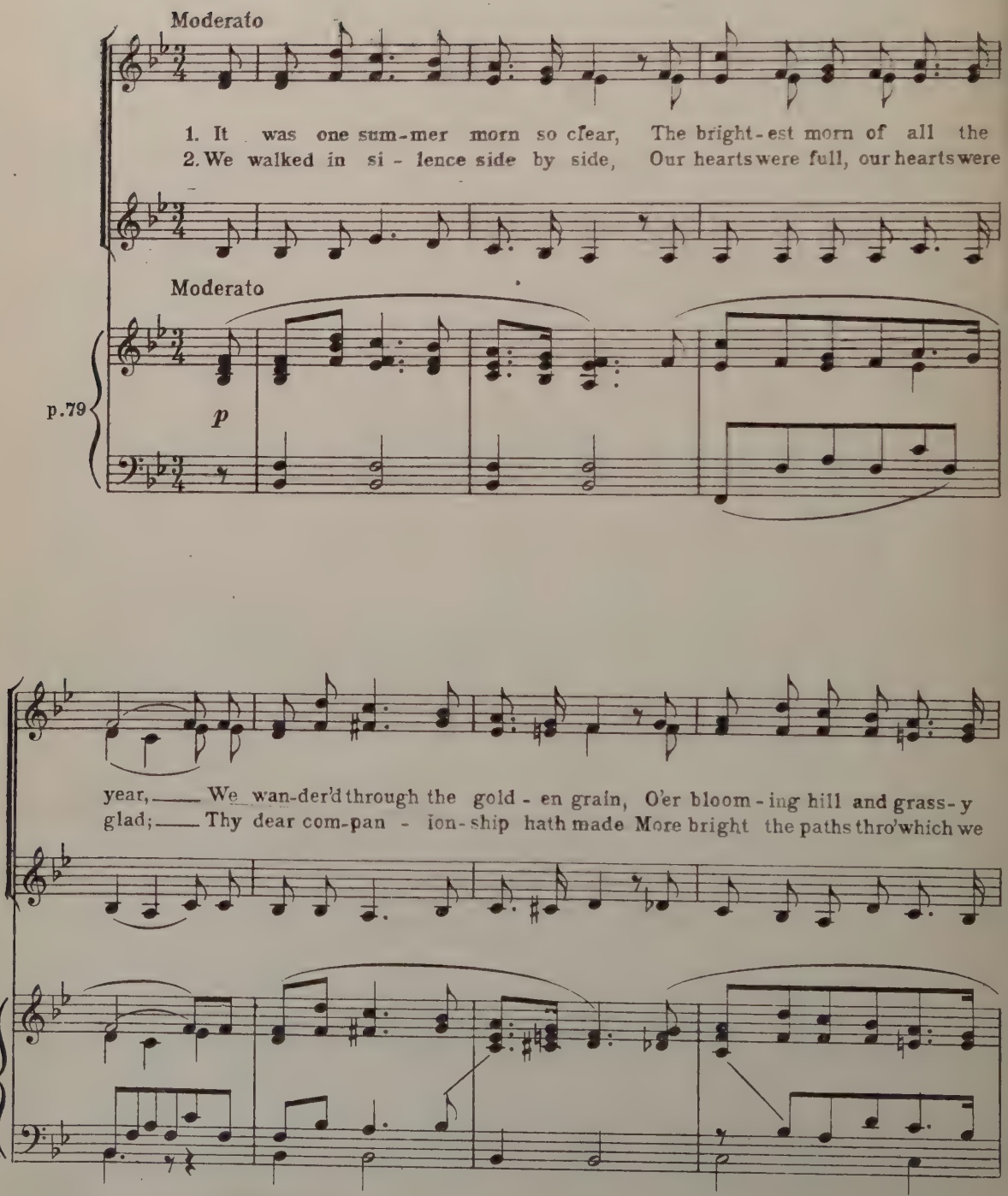

1. Join in sing-ing, po-sies fling-ing, 'Till the ech-oes sweet re-
2. Hear the ta-bor! Leave your la-bor! Come and join our hap-py
BASS
ad lib.
Join in sing-ing, po-sies fling-ing, ech-oes sweet re-
Hear the ta-bor! Leave your la-bor! join our hap-py
p.72
ply, As we trip it, as we skip it, While the
throng; Youth and maid-en, flow-er-lad-en, Sport we
ply, sweet re-ply, As we trip it, as we skip, the
throng, hap-py throng; Youth and maid-en, flow-er-lad-en,
hours un-heed-ed fly. Tread it neat-ly, Step it
all the day-light long. Bells are peal-ing, Winds are
fly, hours fly. Tread it neat-ly,
long, day-light long. Bells are peal-ing,

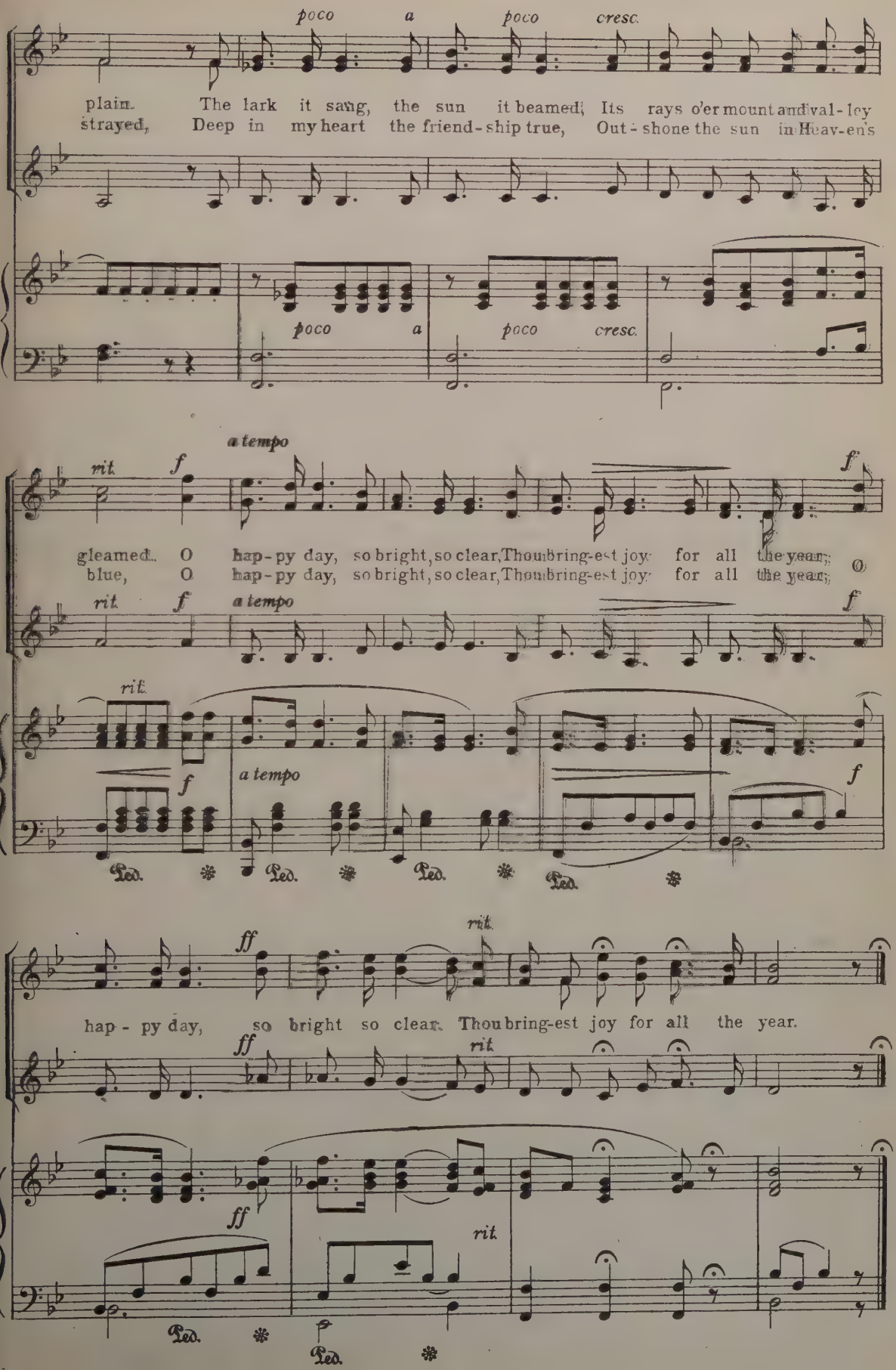

fleet - ly, To the mu - sic's air - y swing, We will
steal - ing, All the hours new splen - dor bring, While to
Step it fleet - ly,
Winds are steal - ing
swing, air - y swing,
bring, splendor bring,
greet the May - time meet - ly With the mer - ry song we sing.
mu - sic light - ly wheel - ing Thus our mer - ry song we sing.
song we sing.
song we sing.
tr
tr
Chorus.
All in and out we're weav-ing, And a - round with ryth-mic sway, Gai - ly


meet-ing, gai - ly leav - ing While the jol-ly pip-ers play With our
play, the pip-ers play.
rain-bow rib-ands shin - ing And with gar-lands wav - ing gay, Ev - er
clos - er, swift - er twin - ing, Dance we in the mirth of May.

ONE SUMMER MORN

GOETZE
Arr by Frank Belknap


Moderato
1. It was one sum-mer morn so clear, The bright-est morn of all the
2. We walked in si - lence side by side, Our hearts were full, our hearts were
Moderato
p.79
p
year, We wan-der'd through the gold - en grain, O'er bloom-ing hill and grass-y
glad; Thy dear com-pan - ion-ship hath made More bright the paths thro' which we

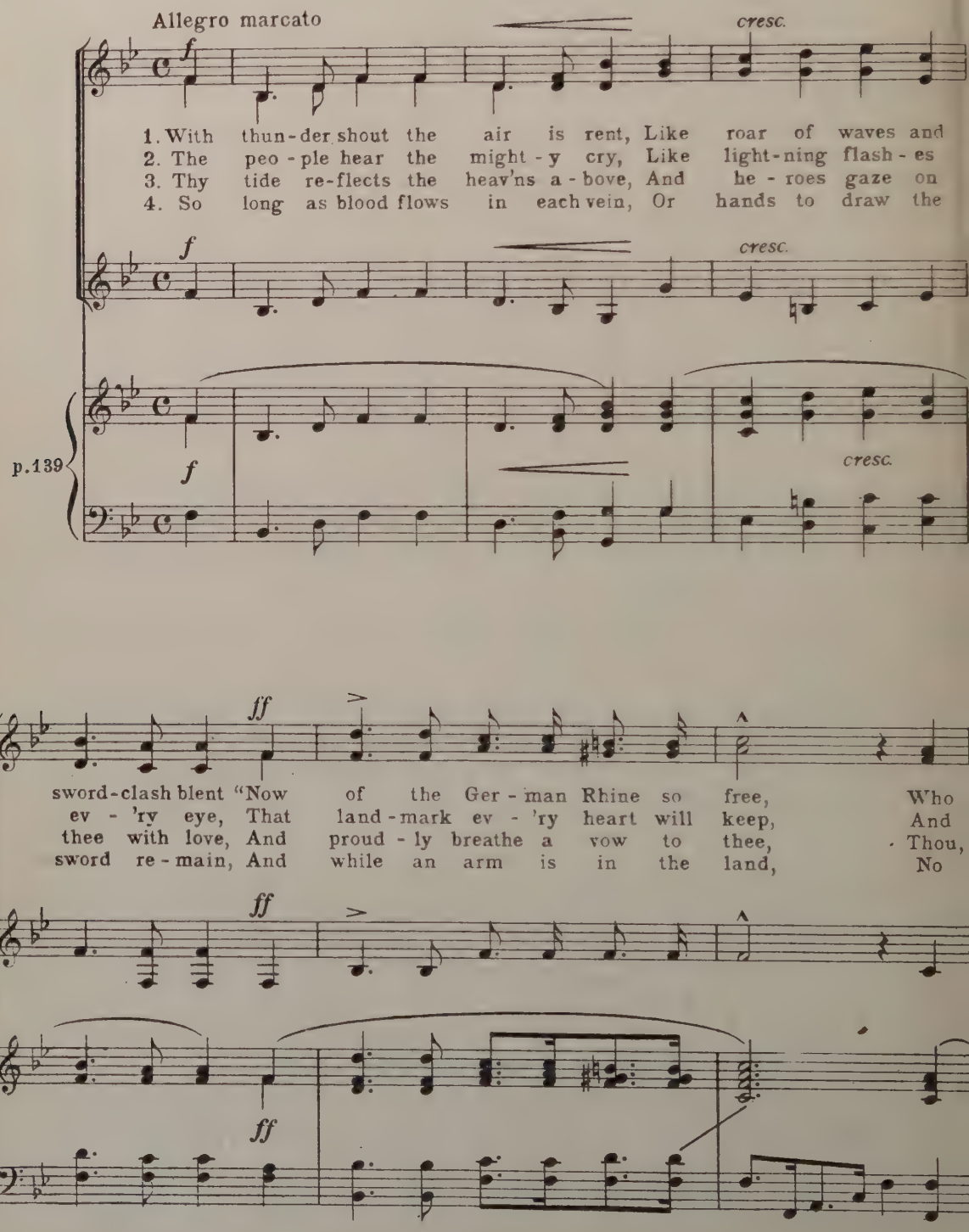

poco a poco cresc.
plain. The lark it sang, the sun it beamed; Its rays o'er mount and val-ley
strayed, Deep in my heart the friend-ship true, Out-shone the sun in Heav-en's
poco a poco cresc.
a tempo
rit. f
gleamed. O hap-py day, so bright, so clear, Thou bring-est joy for all the year;
blue, O hap-py day, so bright, so clear, Thou bring-est joy for all the year;
rit. f a tempo
rit.
f
a tempo
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
ff
rit.
hap-py day, so bright so clear. Thou bring-est joy for all the year.
ff rit.
ff
rit.
Ped. * Ped. *

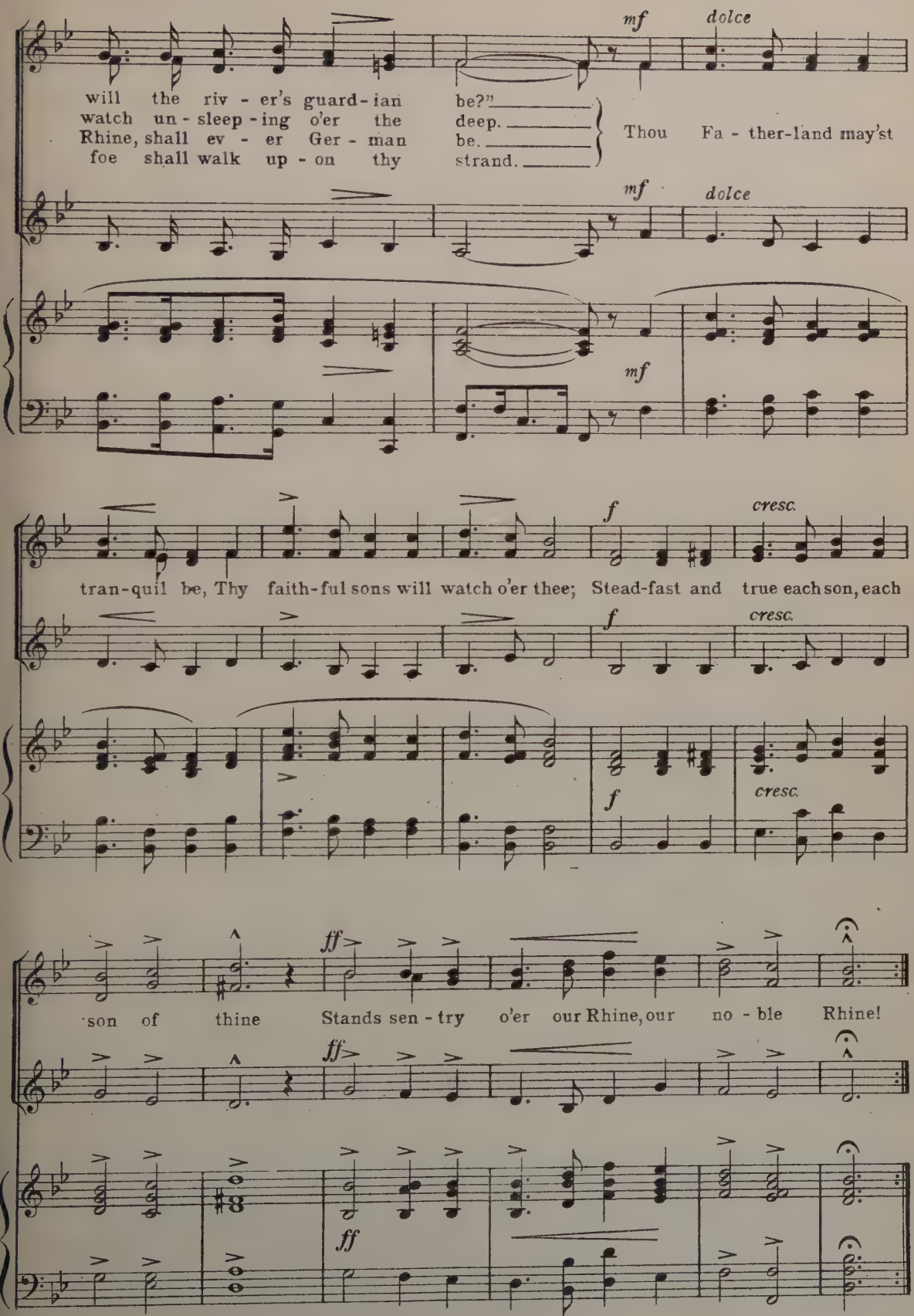
THE WATCH ON THE RHINE

(DIE WACHT AM RHEIN)

From the German of
MAX SCHNECKENBERGER

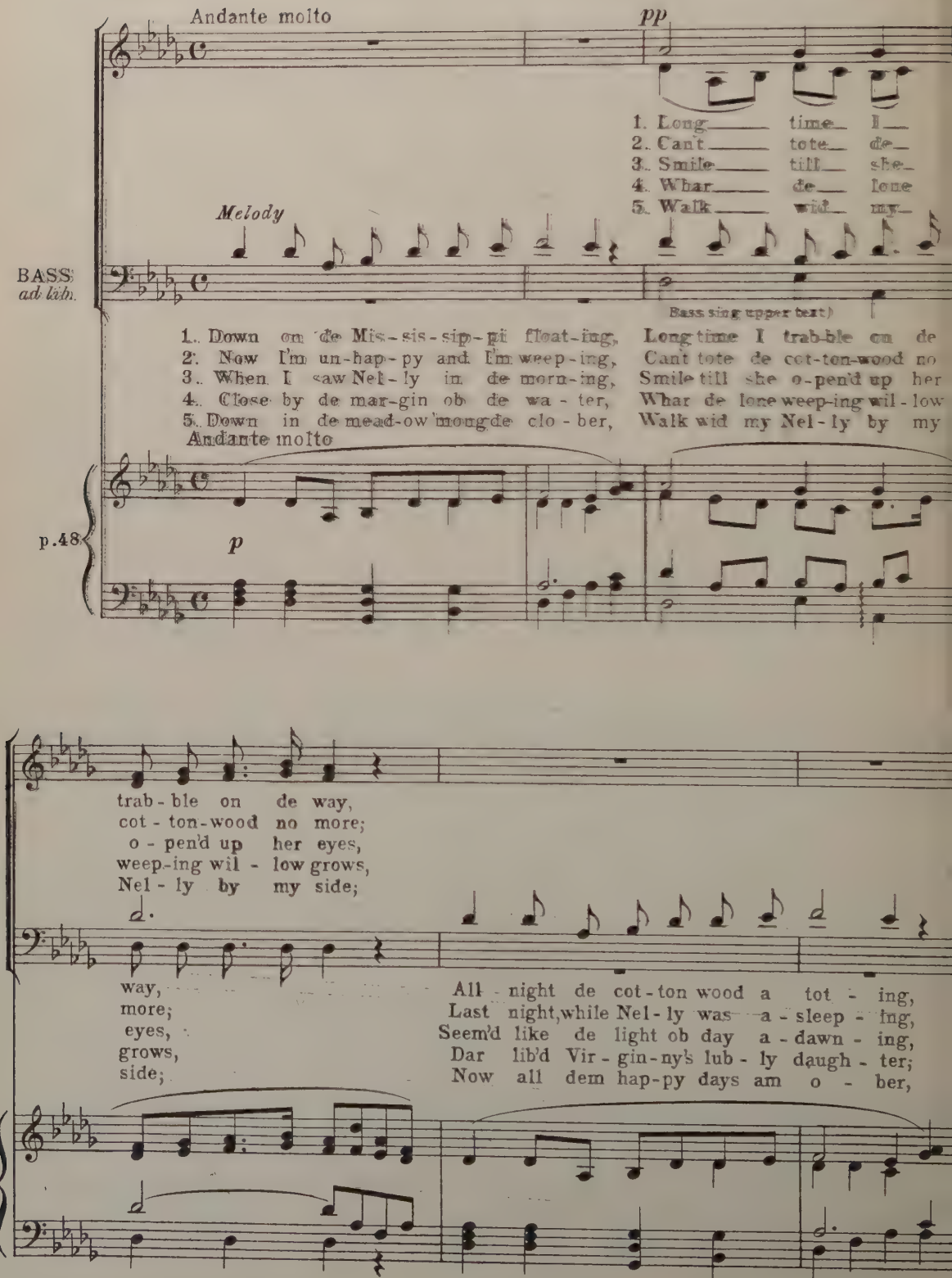
CARL WILHELM
Arr. by N. Clifford Page

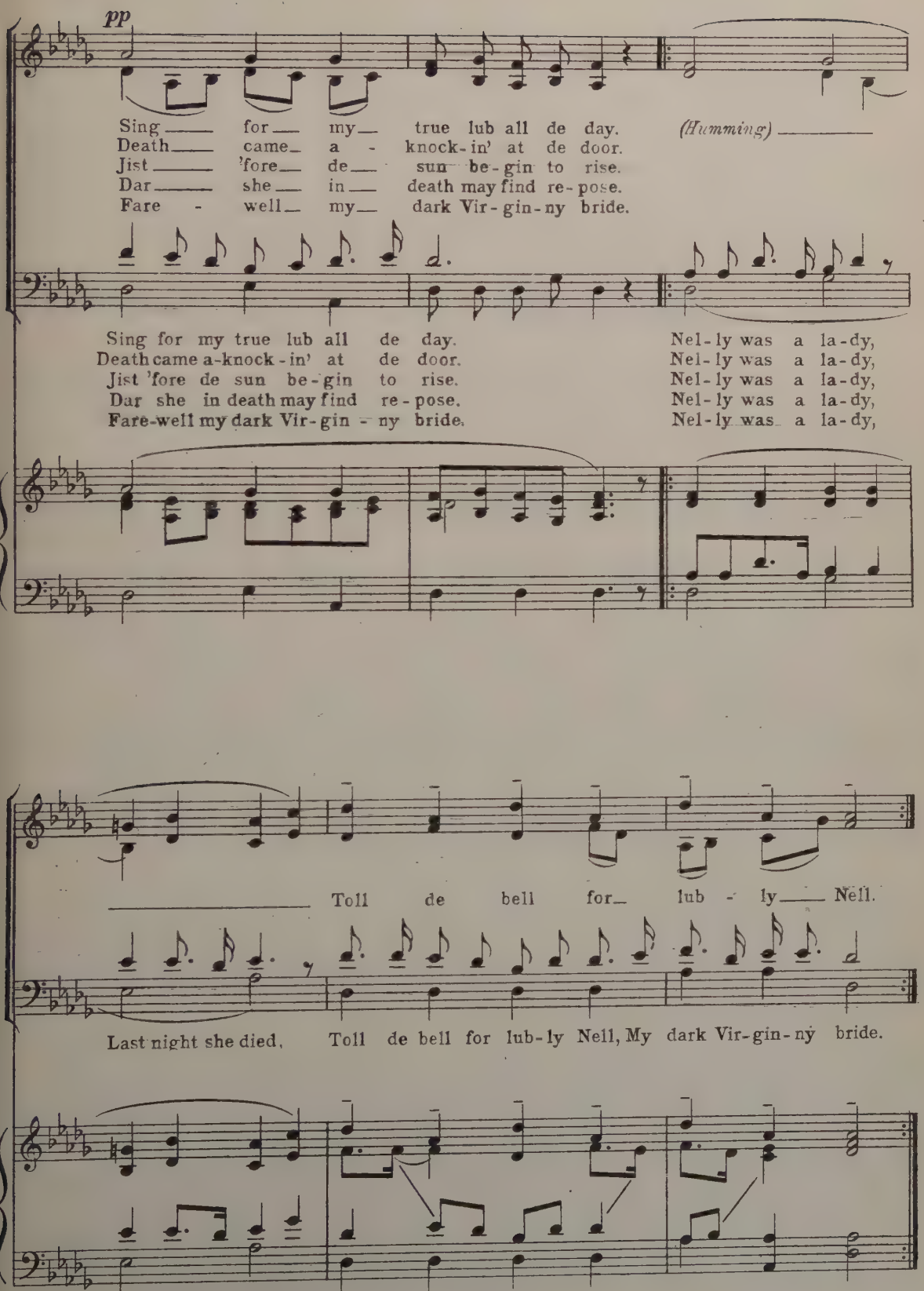

Allegro marcato
f
cresc.
1. With thun-der shout the air is rent, Like roar of waves and
2. The peo-ple hear the might-y cry, Like light-ning flash-es
3. Thy tide re-flects the heav'ns a-bove, And he-roes gaze on
4. So long as blood flows in each vein, Or hands to draw the
p.139
ff
sword-clash blent "Now of the Ger-man Rhine so free, Who
ev-'ry eye, That land-mark ev-'ry heart will keep, And
thee with love, And proud-ly breathe a vow to thee, Thou,
sword re-main, And while an arm is in the land, No


mf
dolce
will the riv - er's guard - ian be?"
watch un - sleep - ing o'er the deep.
Rhine, shall ev - er Ger - man be.
foe shall walk up - on thy strand.
Thou Fa - ther-land may'st
mf
dolce
mf
f
cresc.
tran-quil be, Thy faith-ful sons will watch o'er thee; Stead-fast and true each son, each
f
cresc.
f
cresc.
ff
son of thine Stands sen - try o'er our Rhine, our no - ble Rhine!
ff
ff

NELLY WAS A LADY

Words and Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER
Arr. by N. Clifford Page


Andante molto
pp
1. Long time I
2. Cant tote de
3. Smile till she
4. Whar de lone
5. Walk wid my
Melody
BASS ad lib.
Bass sing upper text)
1. Down on de Mis-sis-sip-pi float-ing, Long time I trab-ble on de
2. Now I'm un-hap-py and I'm weep-ing, Cant tote de cot-ton-wood no
3. When I saw Nel-ly in de morn-ing, Smile till she o-pen'd up her
4. Close by de mar-gin ob de wa-ter, Whar de lone weep-ing wil-low
5. Down in de mead-ow 'mong de clo-ber, Walk wid my Nel-ly by my
Andante molto
p.48
p
trab-ble on de way,
cot-ton-wood no more;
o-pen'd up her eyes,
weep-ing wil-low grows,
Nel-ly by my side;
way,
more;
eyes,
grows,
side;
All night de cot-ton wood a tot-ing,
Last night, while Nel-ly was a-sleep-ing,
Seem'd like de light ob day a-dawn-ing,
Dar lib'd Vir-gin-ny's lub-ly daugh-ter;
Now all dem hap-py days am o-ber,

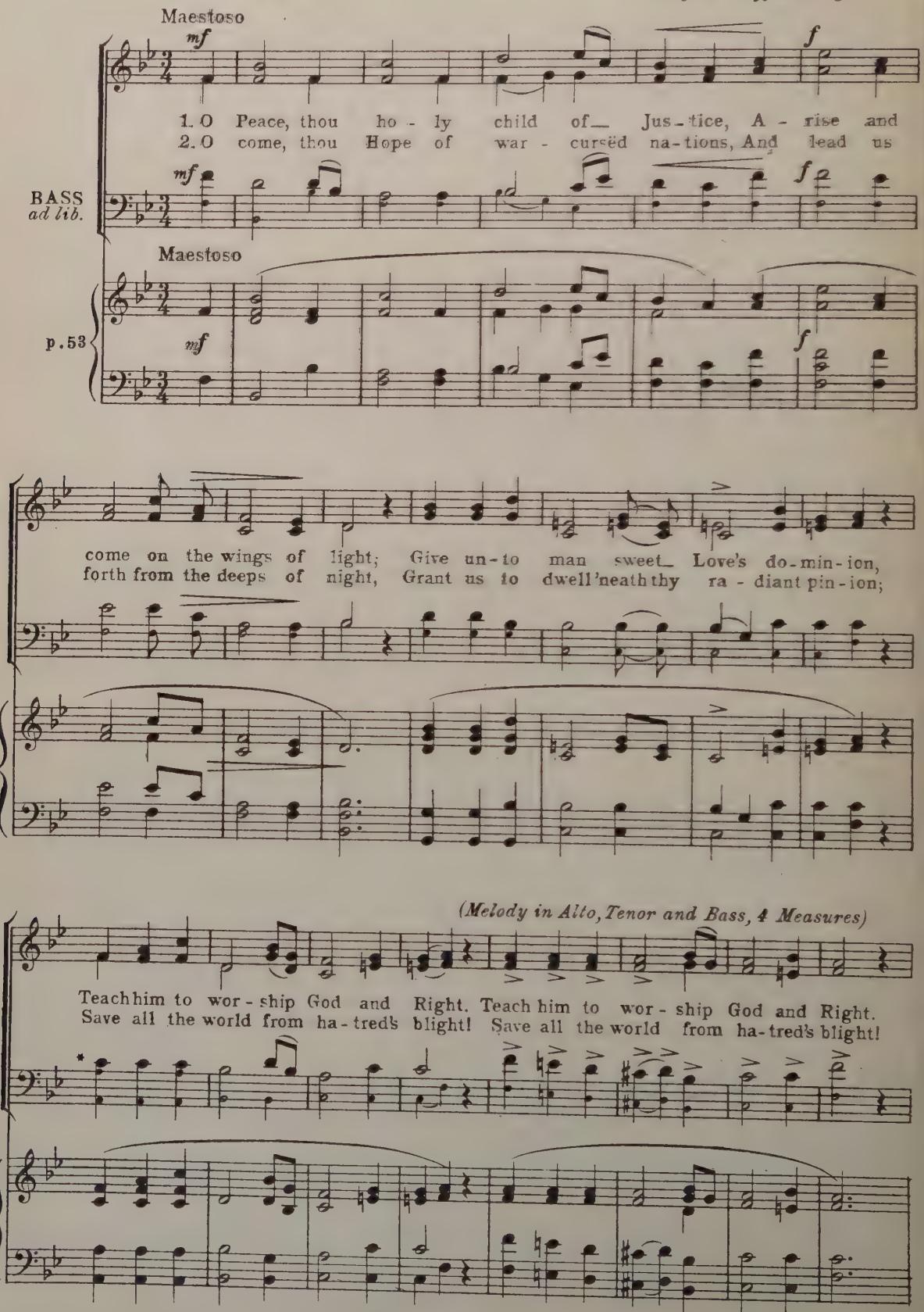

pp
Sing for my true lub all de day.
Death came a-knock-in' at de door.
Jist 'fore de sun be-gin to rise.
Dar she in death may find re-pose.
Fare-well my dark Vir-gin-ny bride.
(Humming)
Sing for my true lub all de day.
Death came a-knock-in' at de door.
Jist 'fore de sun be-gin to rise.
Dar she in death may find re-pose.
Fare-well my dark Vir-gin-ny bride.
Nel-ly was a la-dy,
Nel-ly was a la-dy,
Nel-ly was a la-dy,
Nel-ly was a la-dy,
Nel-ly was a la-dy,
Toll de bell for lub-ly Nell.
Last night she died, Toll de bell for lub-ly Nell, My dark Vir-gin-ny bride.

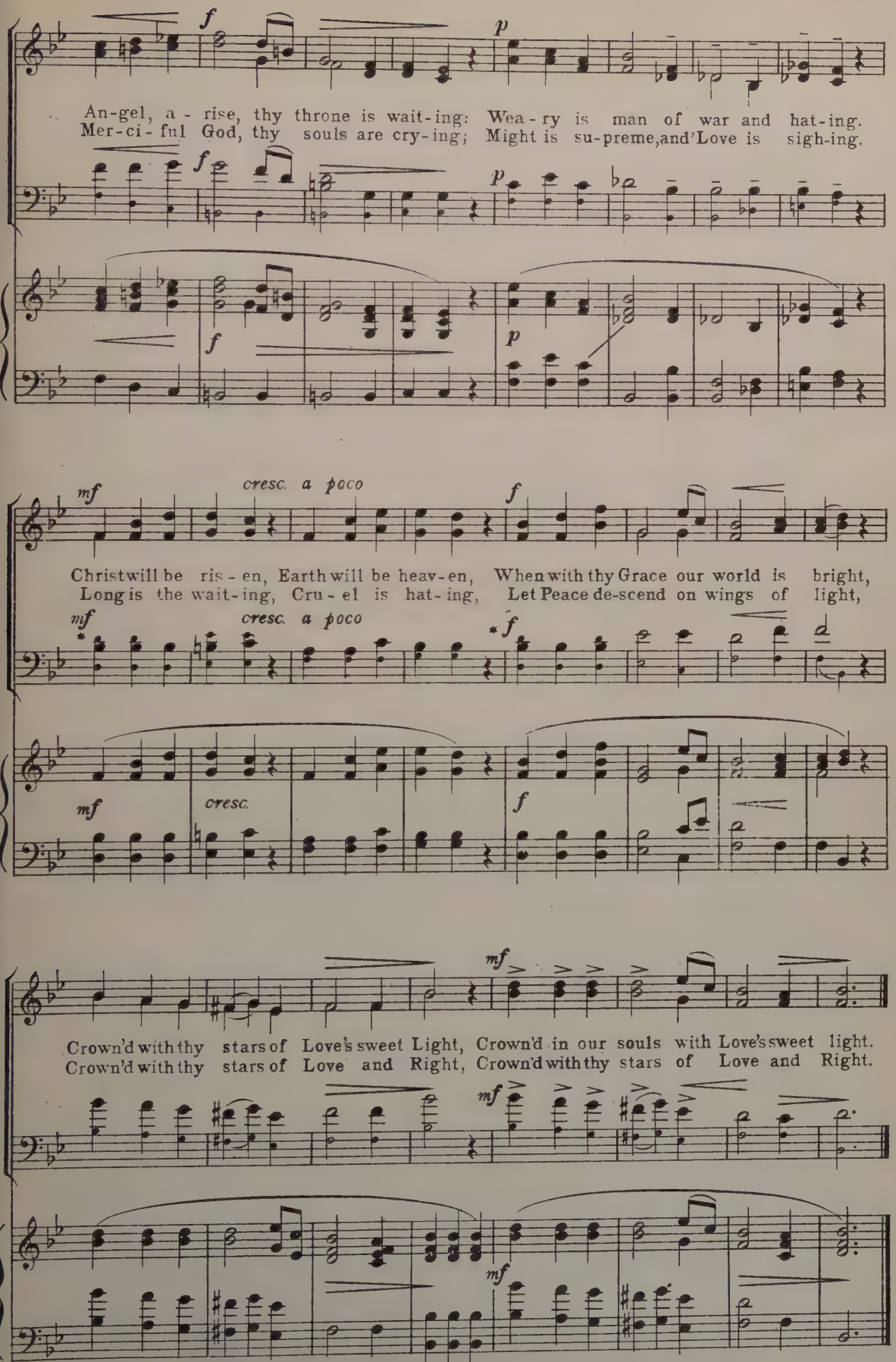
SONG OF PEACE

From "THE MAGIC FLUTE"

Poem by MARY FRANCES GALVIN

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART
Arr. by N. Clifford Page


Maestoso
mf
f
1. O Peace, thou ho - ly child of Jus - tice, A - rise and
2. O come, thou Hope of war - cursëd na - tions, And lead us
BASS
ad lib.
Maestoso
p. 53
come on the wings of light; Give un - to man sweet Love's do - min - ion,
forth from the deeps of night, Grant us to dwell 'neath thy ra - diant pin - ion;
(Melody in Alto, Tenor and Bass, 4 Measures)
Teach him to wor - ship God and Right. Teach him to wor - ship God and Right.
Save all the world from ha - tred's blight! Save all the world from ha - tred's blight!

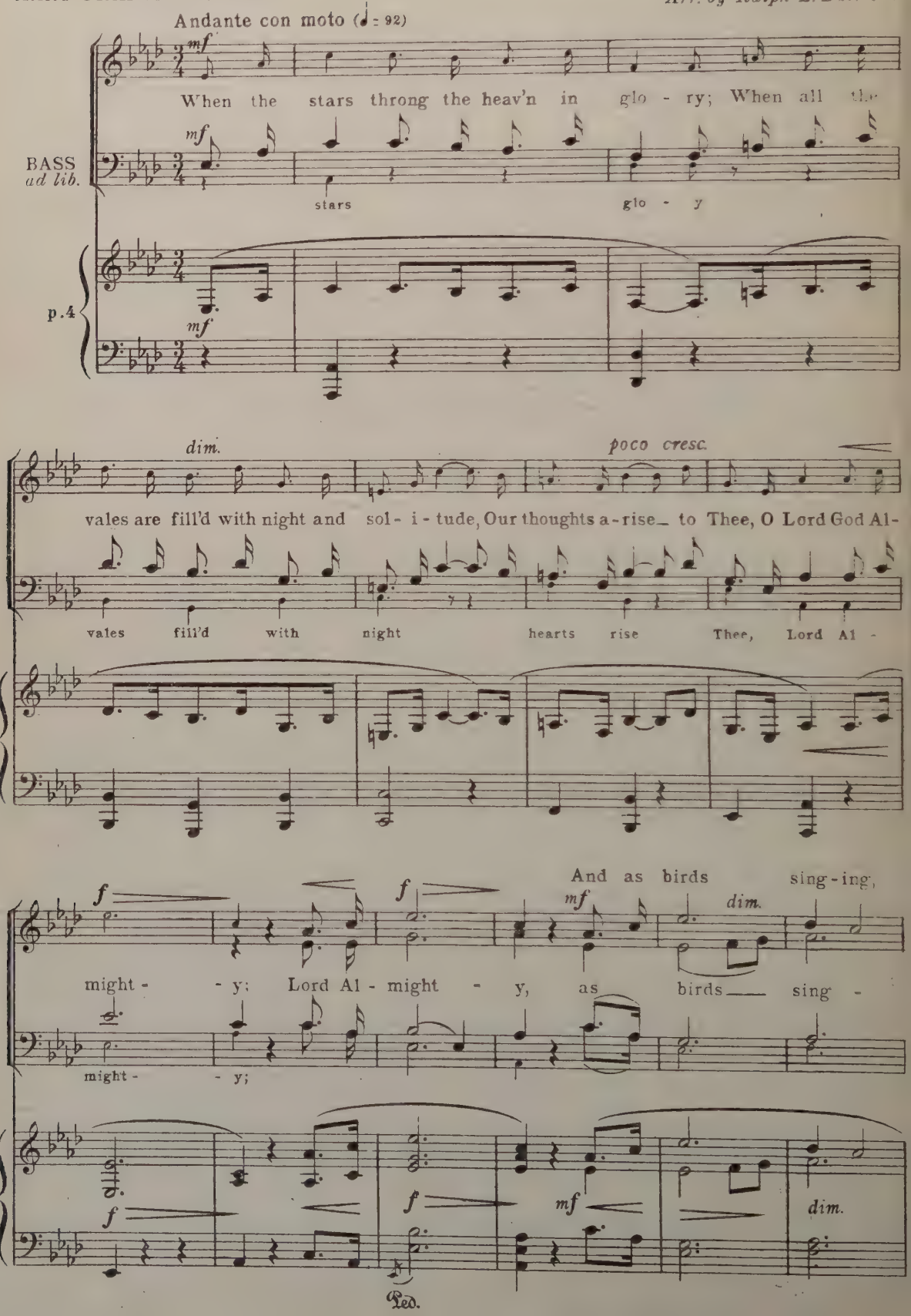

An-gel, a - rise, thy throne is wait-ing: Wea - ry is man of war and hat-ing.
Mer-ci - ful God, thy souls are cry-ing; Might is su-preme, and Love is sigh-ing.
Christ will be ris - en, Earth will be heav-en, When with thy Grace our world is bright,
Long is the wait-ing, Cru - el is hat-ing, Let Peace de-scend on wings of light,
Crown'd with thy stars of Love's sweet Light, Crown'd in our souls with Love's sweet light.
Crown'd with thy stars of Love and Right, Crown'd with thy stars of Love and Right.

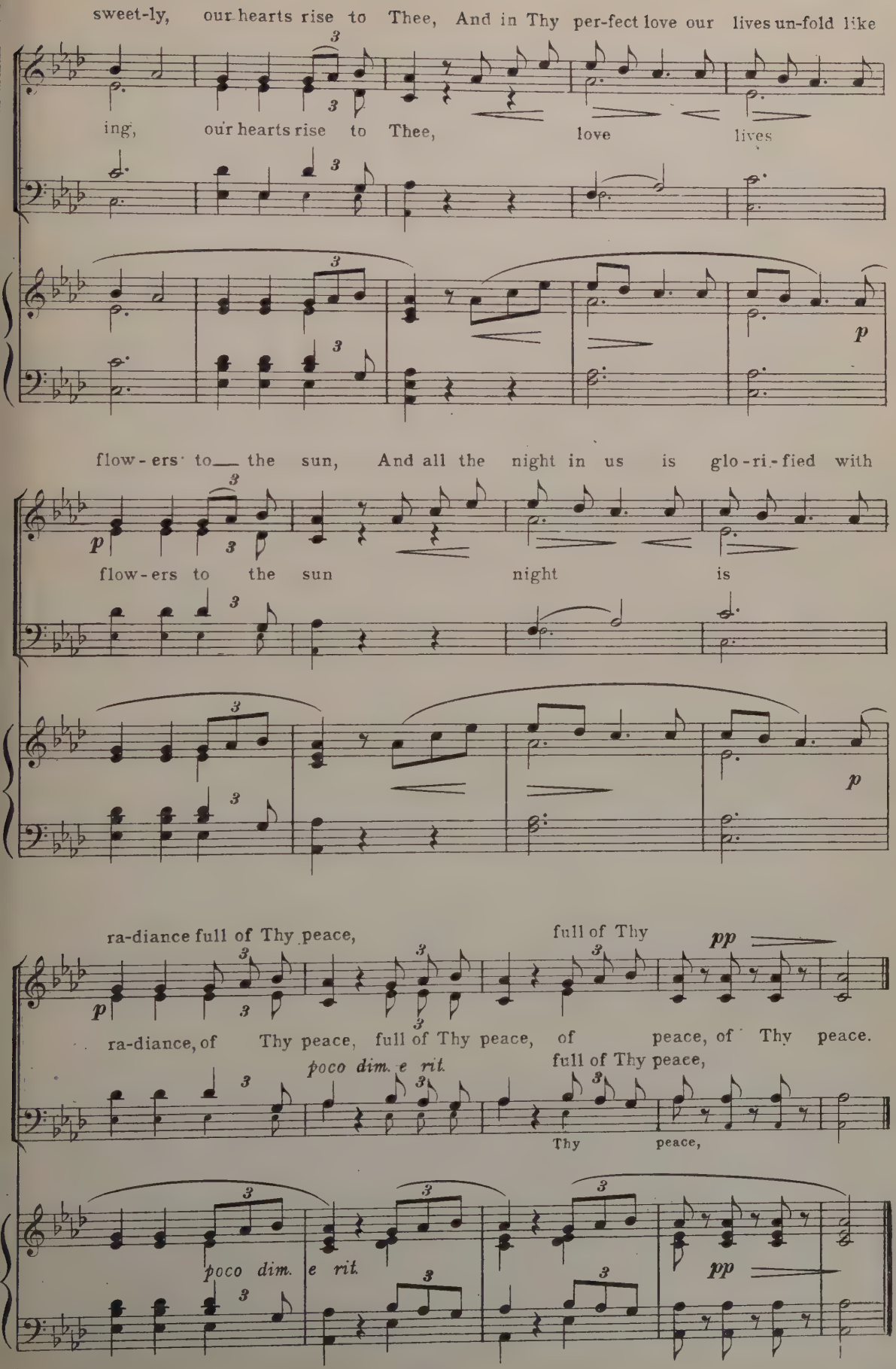
When there are no Bass voices, the Tenors will sing small notes wherever they occur, indicated by *

HYMN OF PEACE
(FIFTH SYMPHONY)

MARY FRANCES GALVIN

BEETHOVEN
Arr. by Ralph L. Baldwin


Andante con moto (♩ = 92)
mf
When the stars throng the heav'n in glo - ry; When all the
BASS
ad lib.
stars
glo - y
p.4
dim.
poco cresc.
vales are fill'd with night and sol - i - tude, Our thoughts a - rise_ to Thee, O Lord God Al-
vales fill'd with night hearts rise Thee, Lord Al -
f
might - - y; Lord Al - might - y, as
And as birds sing - ing,
birds_ sing -
might - - y;
Ped.


sweet-ly, our hearts rise to Thee, And in Thy per-fect love our lives un-fold like
ing, our hearts rise to Thee, love lives
p
flow-ers to the sun, And all the night in us is glo-ri-fied with
p
flow-ers to the sun night is
p
ra-diance full of Thy peace, full of Thy
pp
p
ra-diance, of Thy peace, full of Thy peace, of peace, of Thy peace.
poco dim. e rit.
full of Thy peace,
Thy peace,
poco dim. e rit.
pp

FRIENDSHIP

(LA CI DAREM LA MANO)

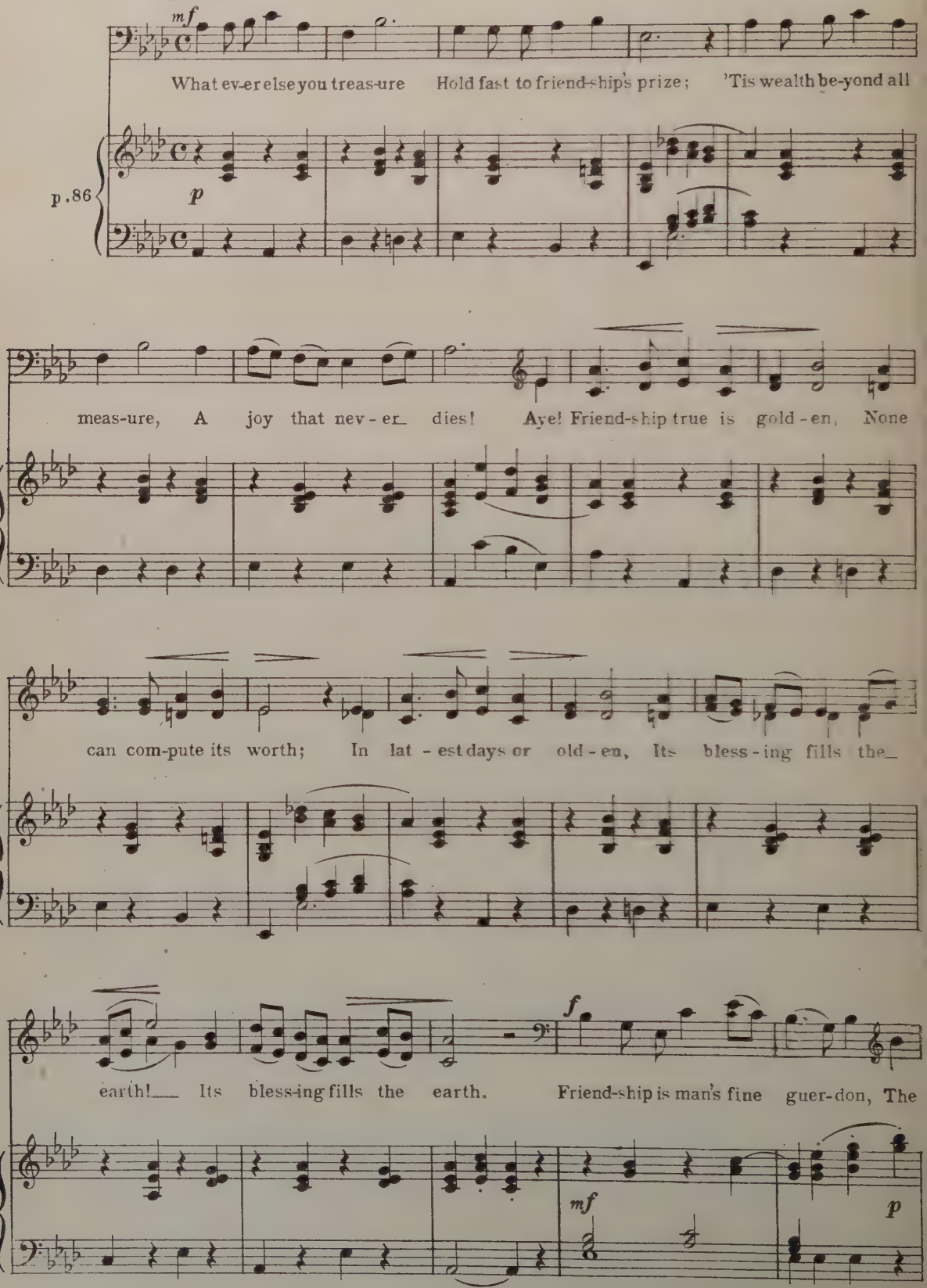
"Don Giovanni"

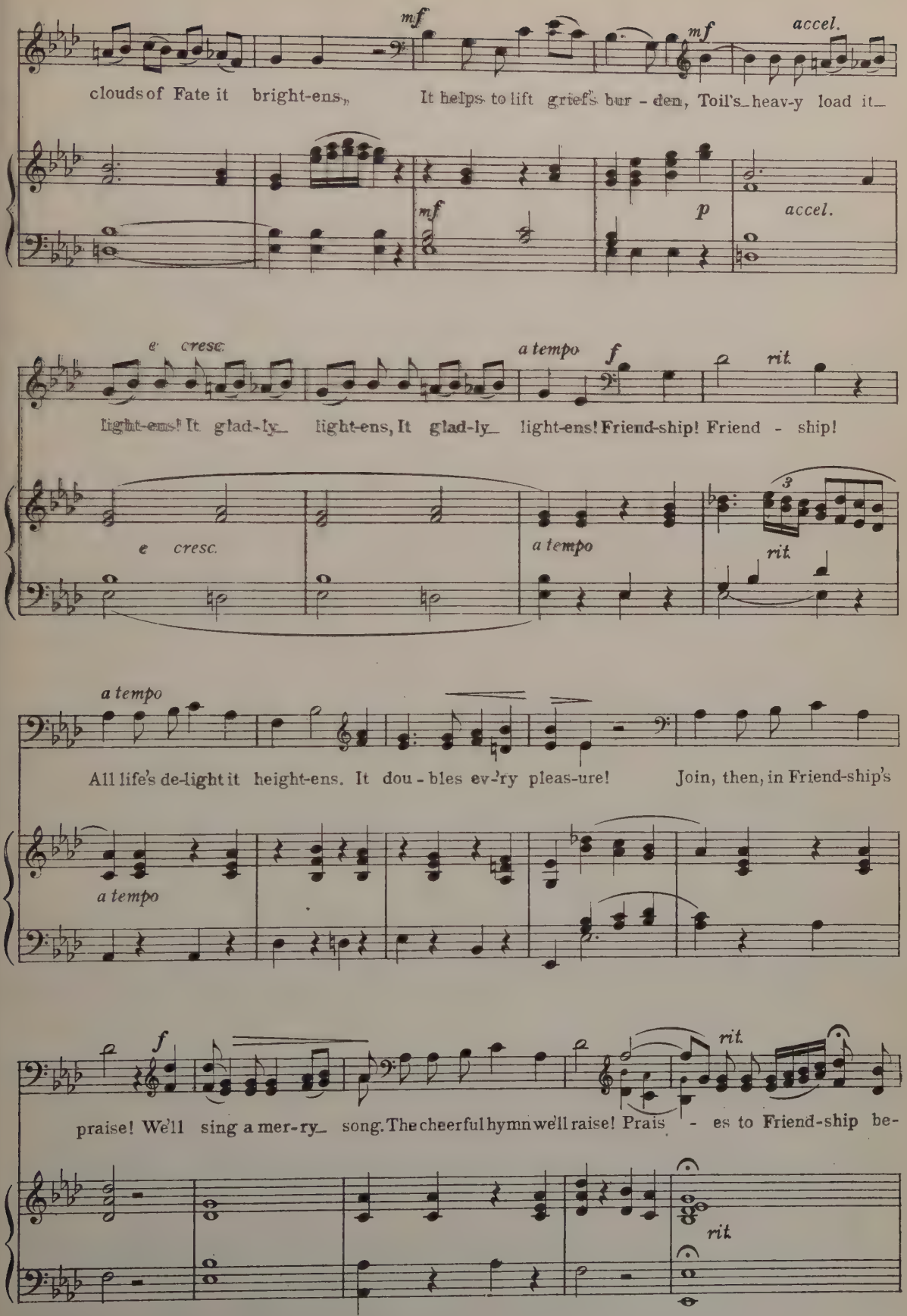
NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

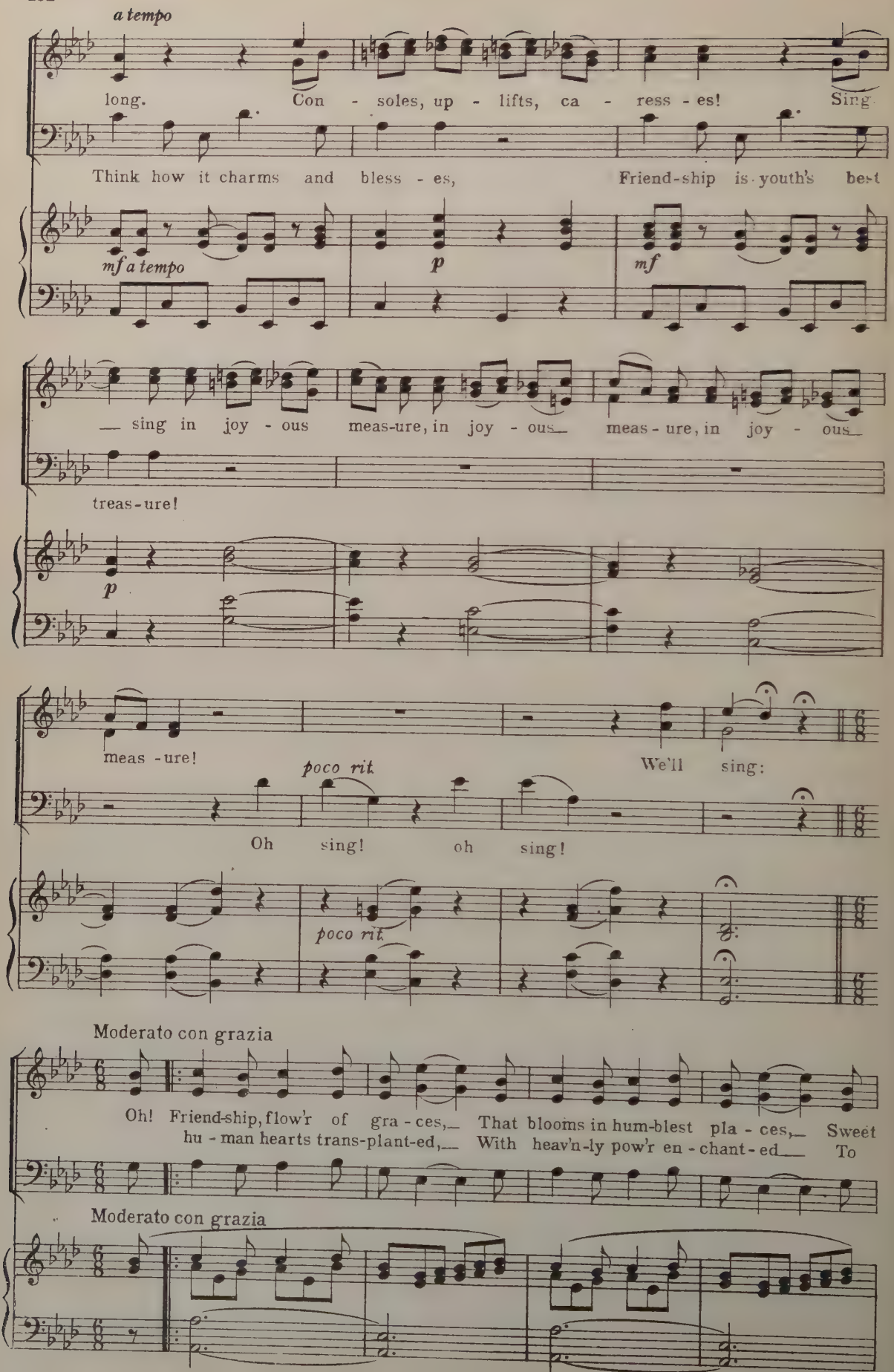
W. A. MOZART

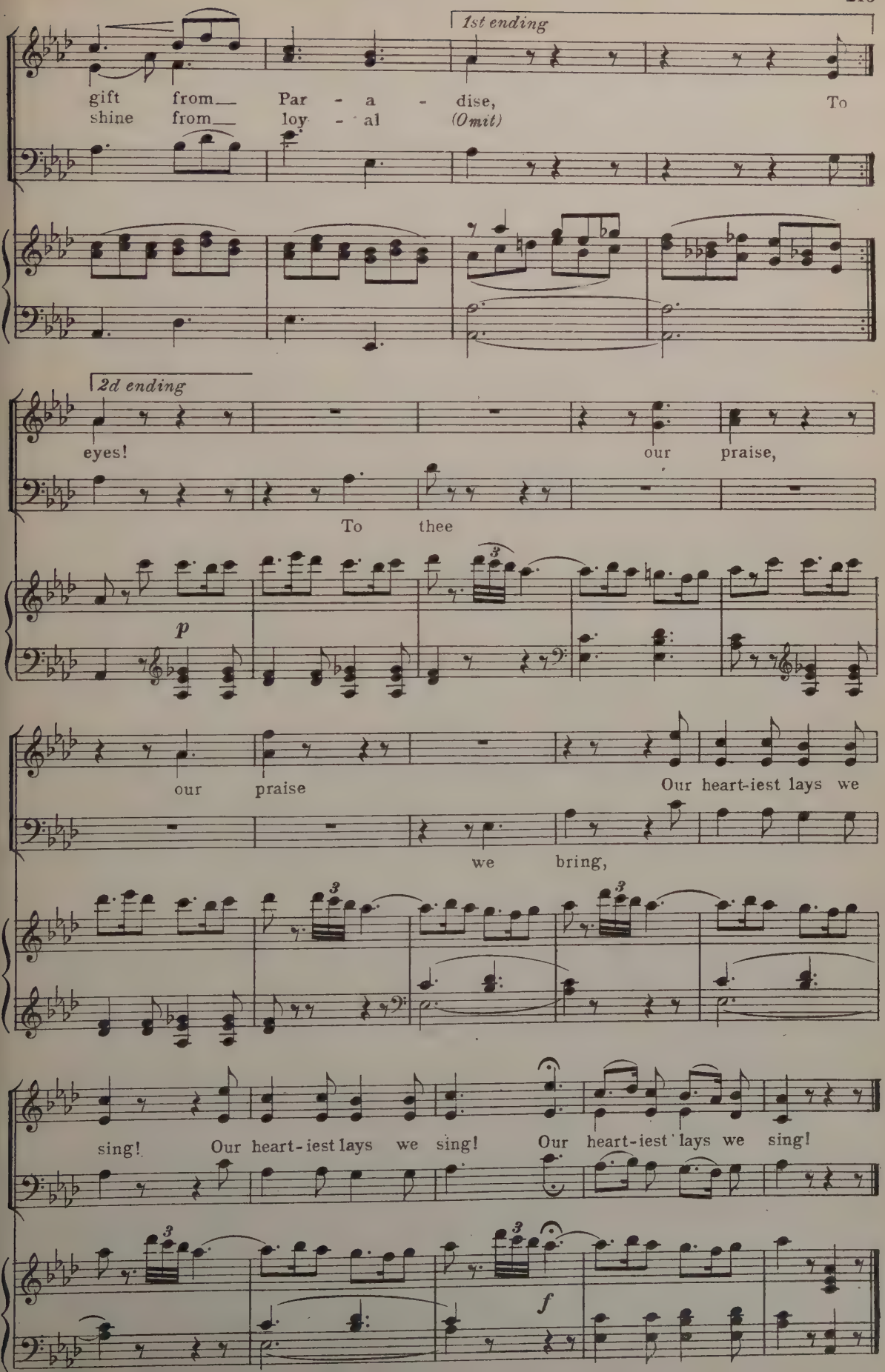
Arr. by Bertha Remick

Andante


mf
What ev-er else you treas-ure Hold fast to friend-ship's prize; 'Tis wealth be-yond all
p. 86
p
meas-ure, A joy that nev-er dies! Aye! Friend-ship true is gold-en, None
can com-pute its worth; In lat-est days or old-en, Its bless-ing fills the
f
earth! Its bless-ing fills the earth. Friend-ship is man's fine guer-don, The
mf
p


mf
mf
accel.
clouds of Fate it bright-ens, It helps to lift grief's bur - den, Toil's heav-y load it
mf
p
accel.
e cresc.
a tempo
f
rit.
light-ens! It glad-ly light-ens, It glad-ly light-ens! Friend-ship! Friend - ship!
e cresc.
a tempo
3
rit.
a tempo
All life's de-light it height-ens. It dou - bles ev-'ry pleas-ure! Join, then, in Friend-ship's
a tempo
f
rit.
praise! We'll sing a mer-ry song. The cheerful hymn we'll raise! Prais - es to Friend-ship be-
rit.

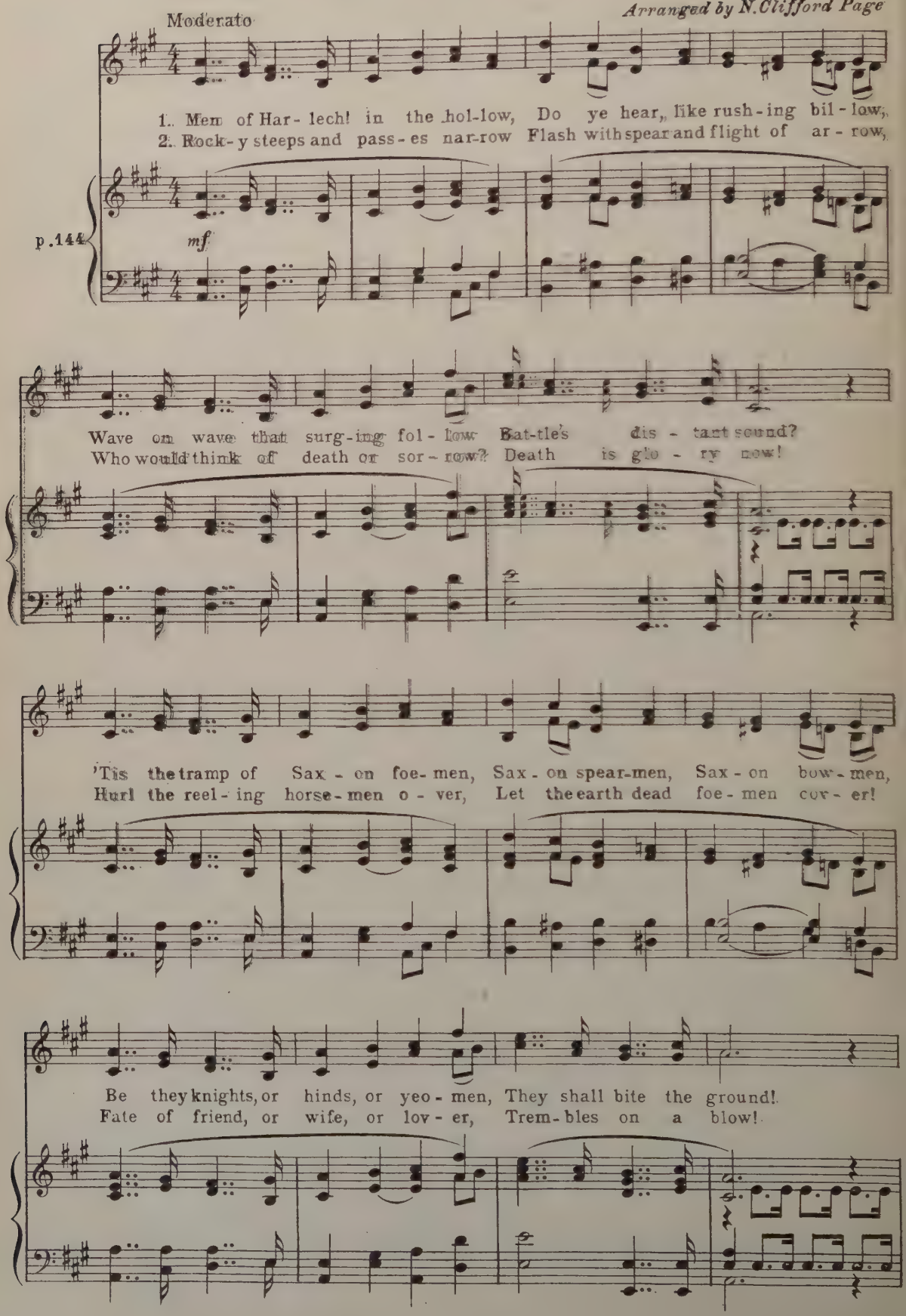

a tempo
long. Con - soles, up - lifts, ca - ress - es! Sing
Think how it charms and bless - es, Friend-ship is youth's best
mf a tempo
p
mf
— sing in joy - ous meas-ure, in joy - ous— meas - ure, in joy - ous—
treas-ure!
p
meas - ure!
poco rit
We'll sing:
Oh sing! oh sing!
poco rit
Moderato con grazia
Oh! Friend-ship, flow'r of gra - ces,— That blooms in hum-blest pla - ces,— Sweet
hu - man hearts trans-plant-ed,— With heav'n-ly pow'r en - chant - ed— To
Moderato con grazia

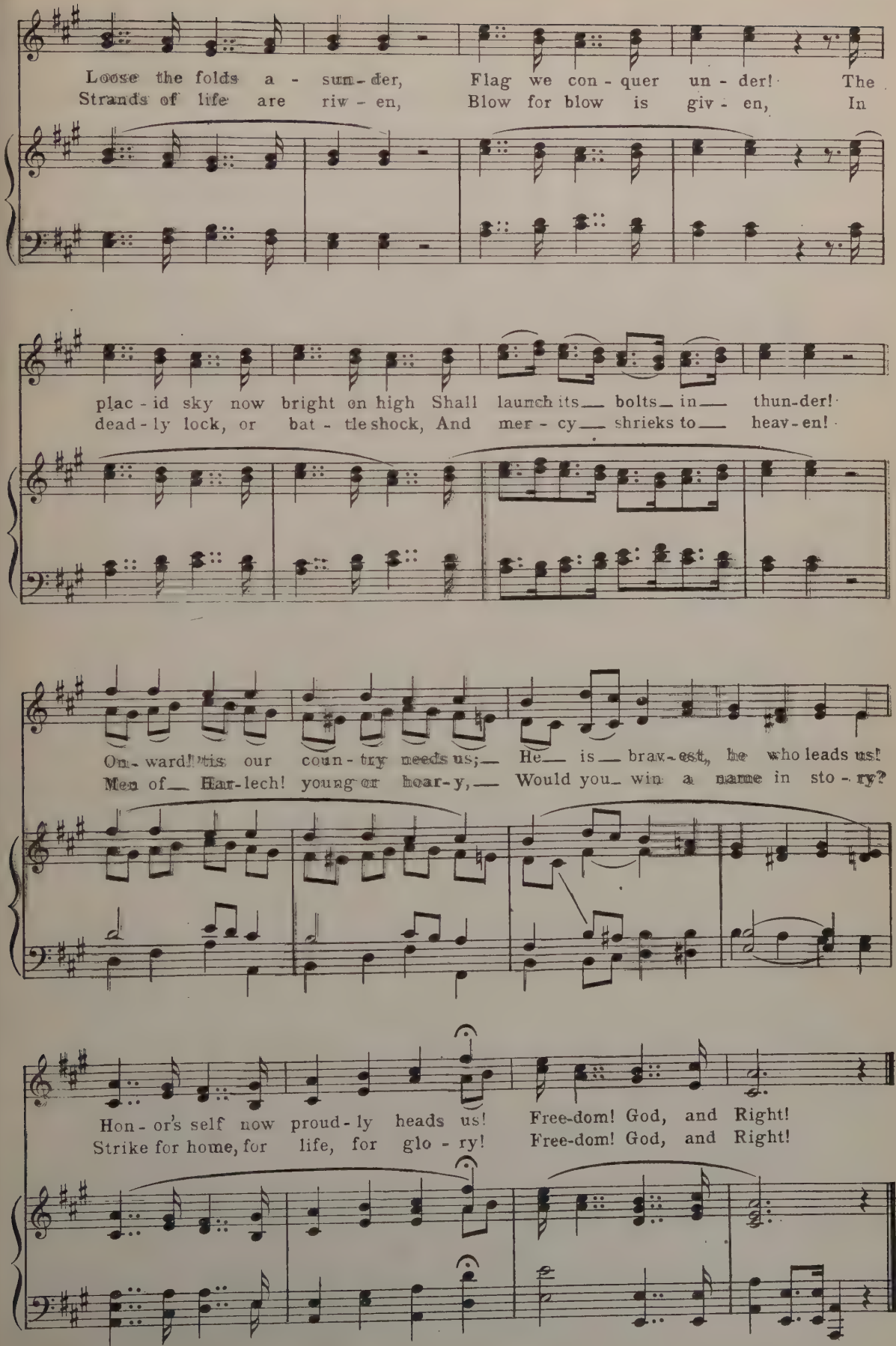

1st ending
gift from Par - a - dise, To
shine from loy - al (Omit)
2d ending
eyes! our praise,
To thee
p
our praise Our heart-iest lays we
we bring,
sing! Our heart-iest lays we sing! Our heart-iest lays we sing!
f

MEN OF HARLECH

Welsh Air

Arranged by N. Clifford Page

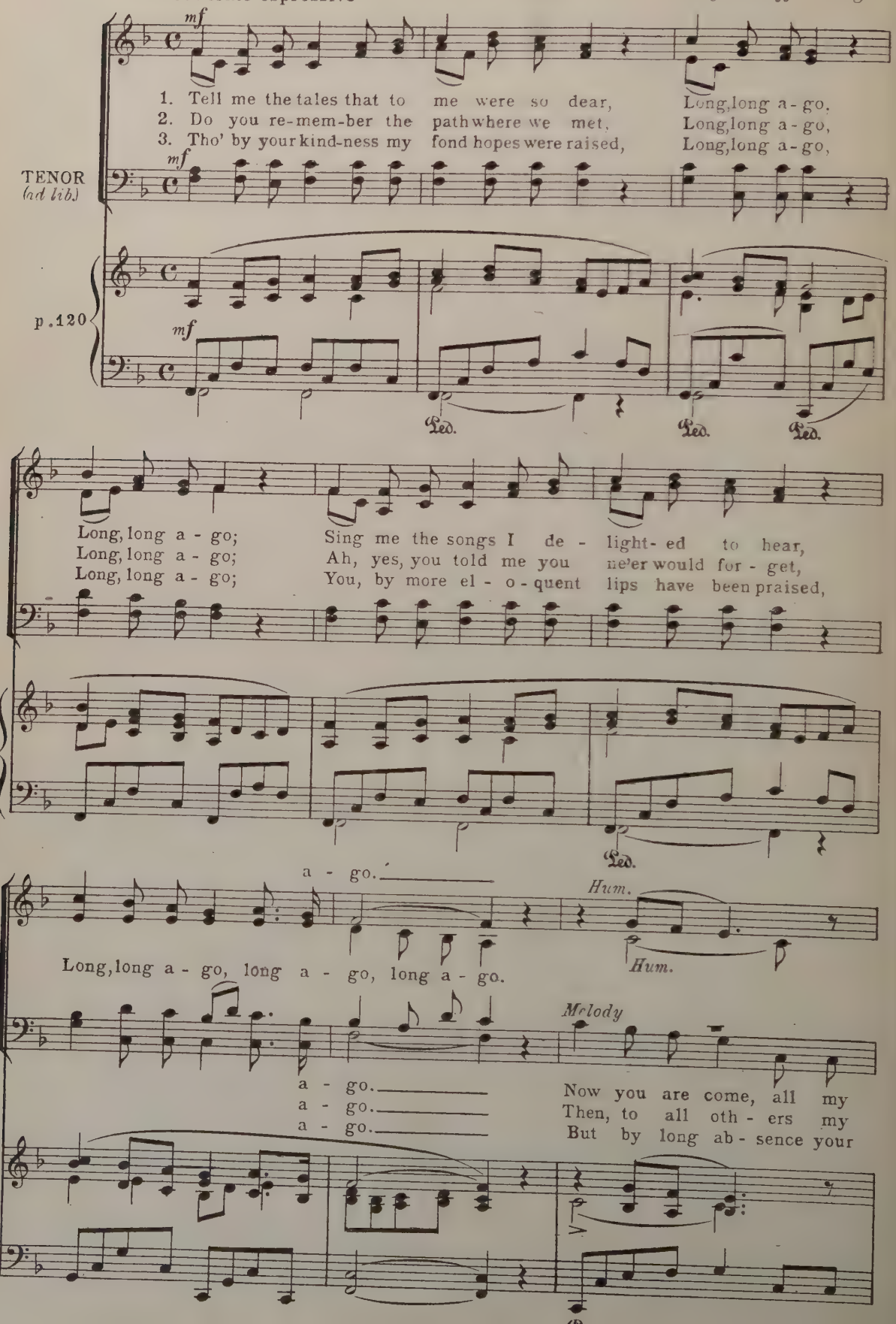

Moderato
1. Men of Har - lech! in the hol-low, Do ye hear, like rush - ing bil - low,
2. Rock - y steeps and pass - es nar-row Flash with spear and flight of ar - row,
p. 144
mf
Wave on wave that surg-ing fol - low Bat-tle's dis - tant sound?
Who would think of death or sor - row? Death is glo - ry now!
'Tis the tramp of Sax - on foe-men, Sax - on spear-men, Sax - on bow - men,
Hurl the reel - ing horse - men o - ver, Let the earth dead foe - men cov - er!
Be they knights, or hinds, or yeo - men, They shall bite the ground!
Fate of friend, or wife, or lov - er, Trem - bles on a blow!

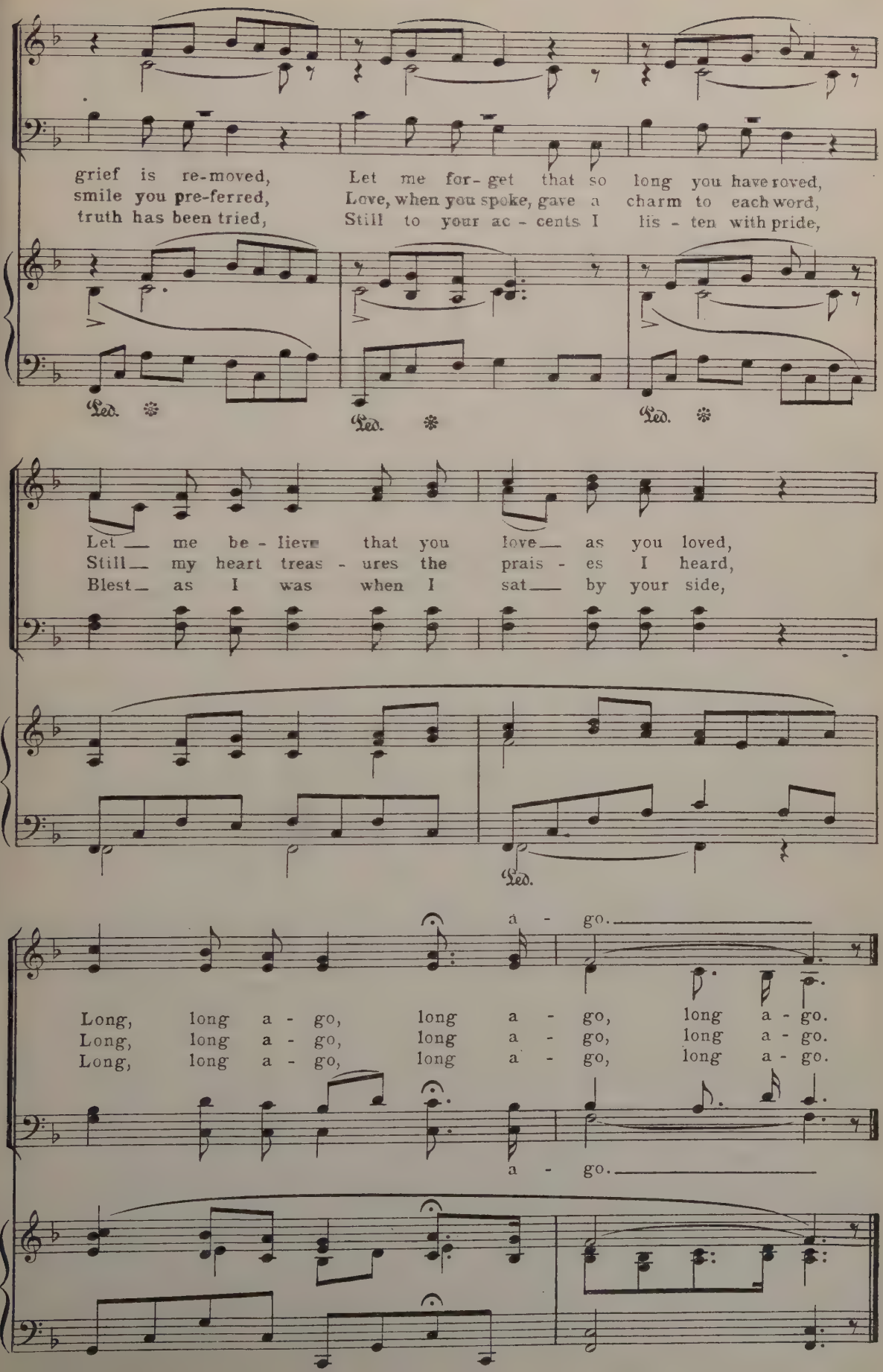

Loose the folds a - sun - der, Flag we con - quer un - der! The
Strands of life are riv - en, Blow for blow is giv - en, In
plac - id sky now bright on high Shall launch its bolts in thun-der!
dead - ly lock, or bat - tle shock, And mer - cy shrieks to heav - en!
On - ward! 'tis our coun - try needs us; He is brav - est, he who leads us!
Men of Har-lech! young or hoar - y, Would you win a name in sto - ry?
Hon - or's self now proud - ly heads us! Free-dom! God, and Right!
Strike for home, for life, for glo - ry! Free-dom! God, and Right!

LONG, LONG AGO

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY
Arr. by N. Clifford Page

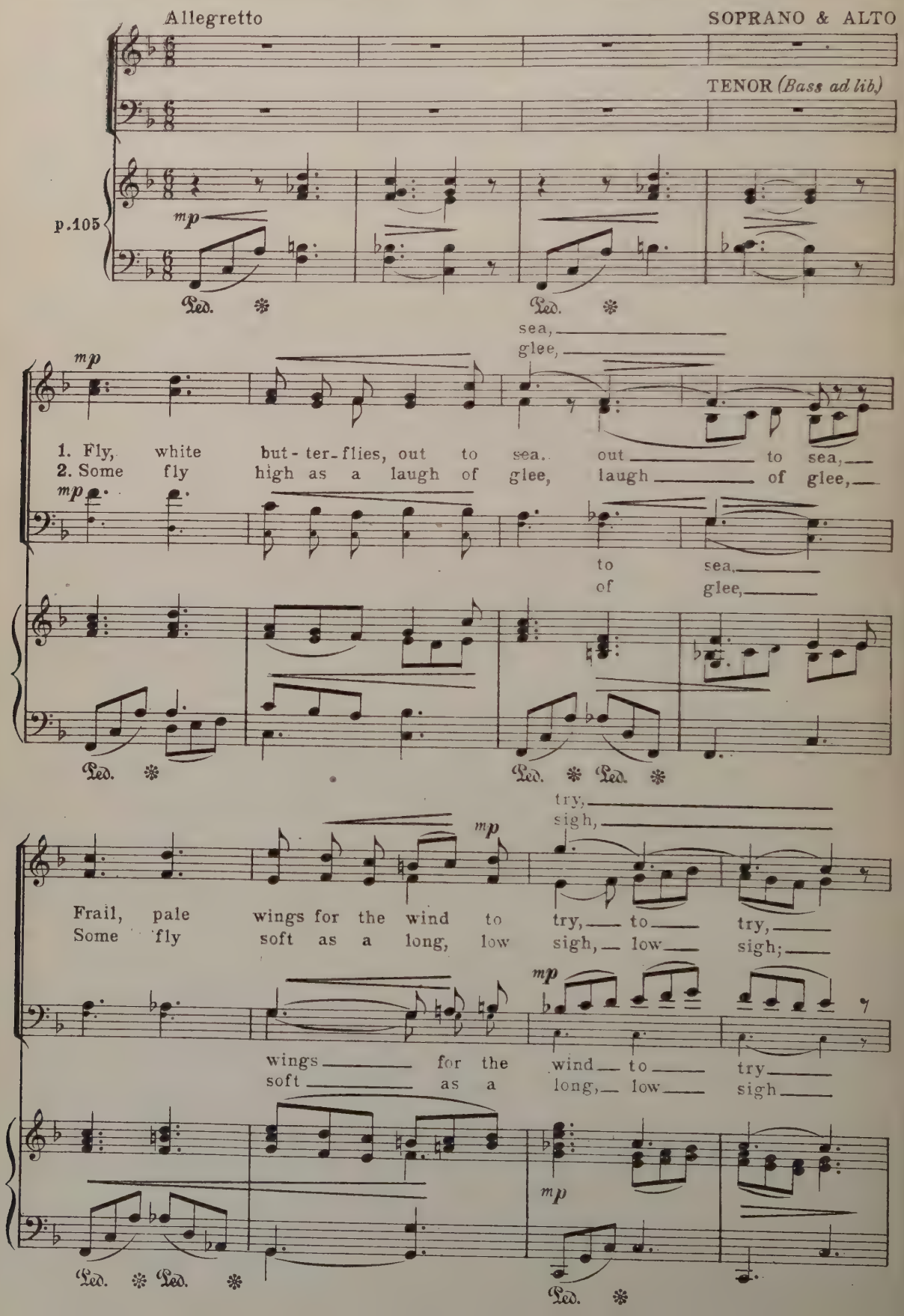
Moderato espressivo

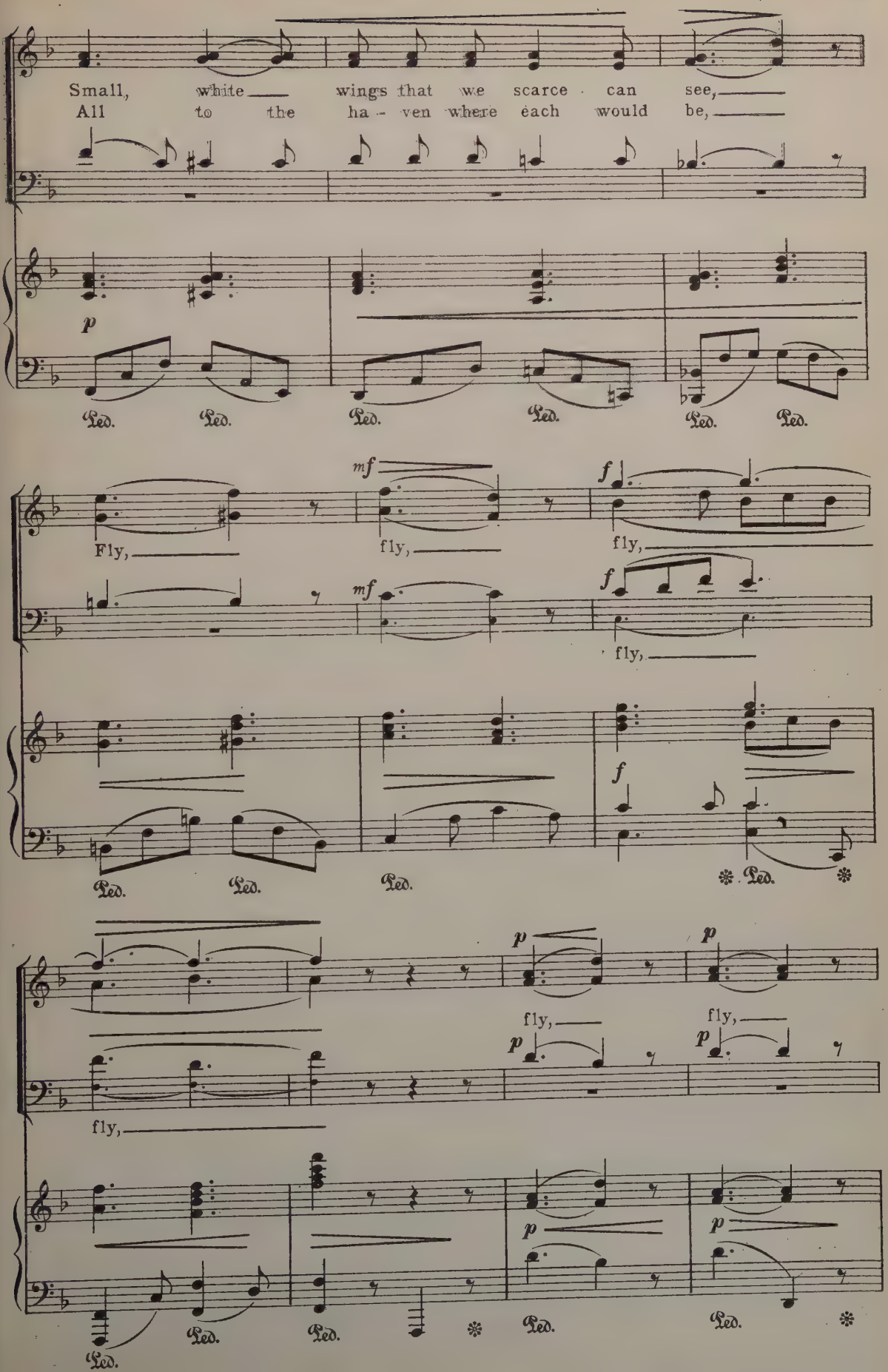

mf
1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a - go.
2. Do you re-mem-ber the path where we met, Long, long a - go,
3. Tho' by your kind-ness my fond hopes were raised, Long, long a - go,
TENOR
(ad lib.)
p. 120
Ped.
Long, long a - go; Sing me the songs I de - light - ed to hear,
Long, long a - go; Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would for - get,
Long, long a - go; You, by more el - o - quent lips have been praised,
a - go.
Hum.
Long, long a - go, long a - go, long a - go.
Melody
a - go.
a - go.
a - go.
Now you are come, all my
Then, to all oth - ers my
But by long ab - sence your

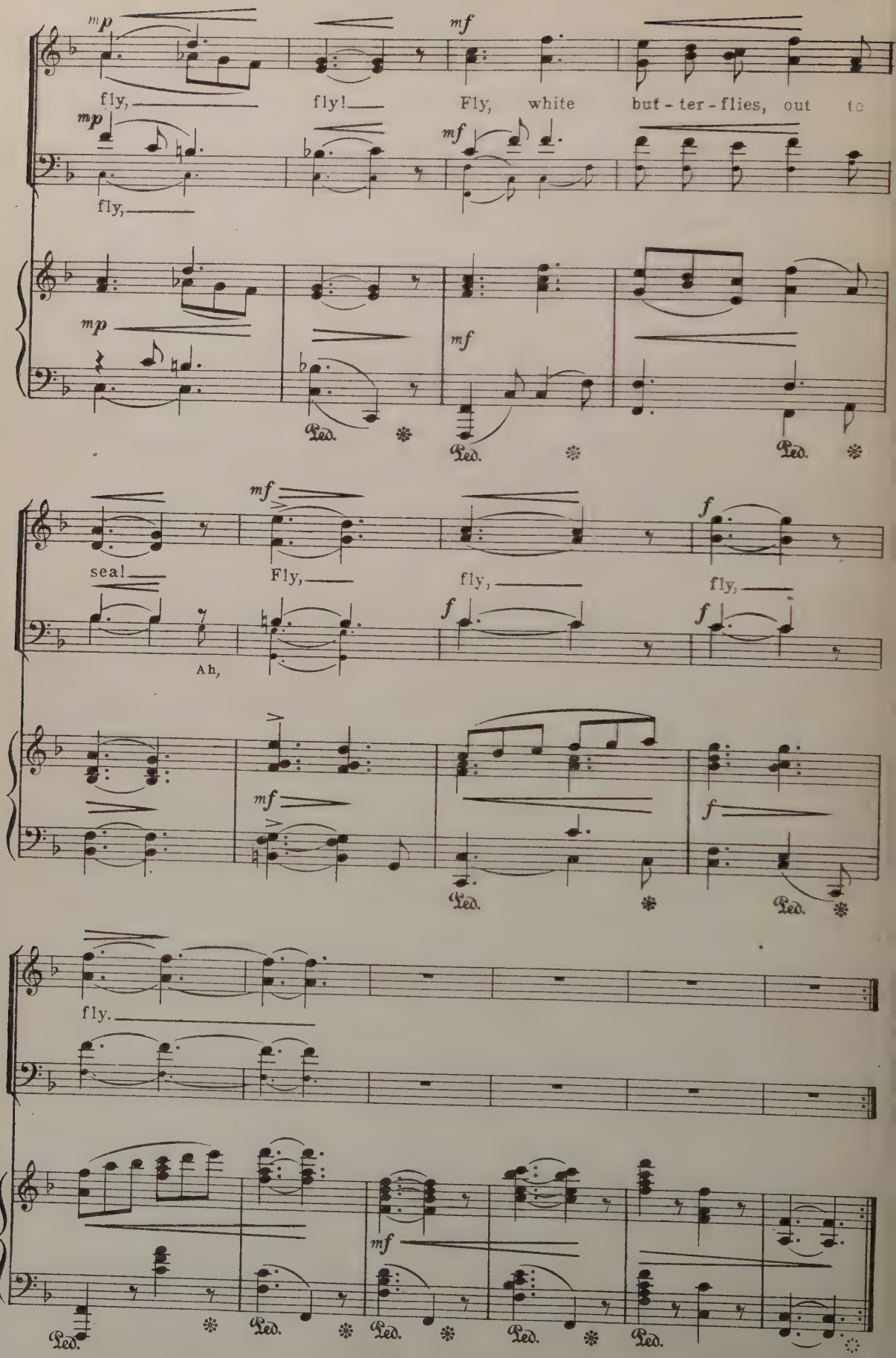

grief is re-moved, Let me for-get that so long you have roved,
smile you pre-ferred, Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,
truth has been tried, Still to your ac-cents I lis-ten with pride,
Let me be-lieve that you love as you loved,
Still my heart treas-ures the prais-es I heard,
Blest as I was when I sat by your side,
Long, long a-go, long a-go, long a-go.
Long, long a-go, long a-go, long a-go.
Long, long a-go, long a-go, long a-go.
a-go.
a-go.

WHITE BUTTERFLIES

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE — MARGARET RUTHVEN LANG



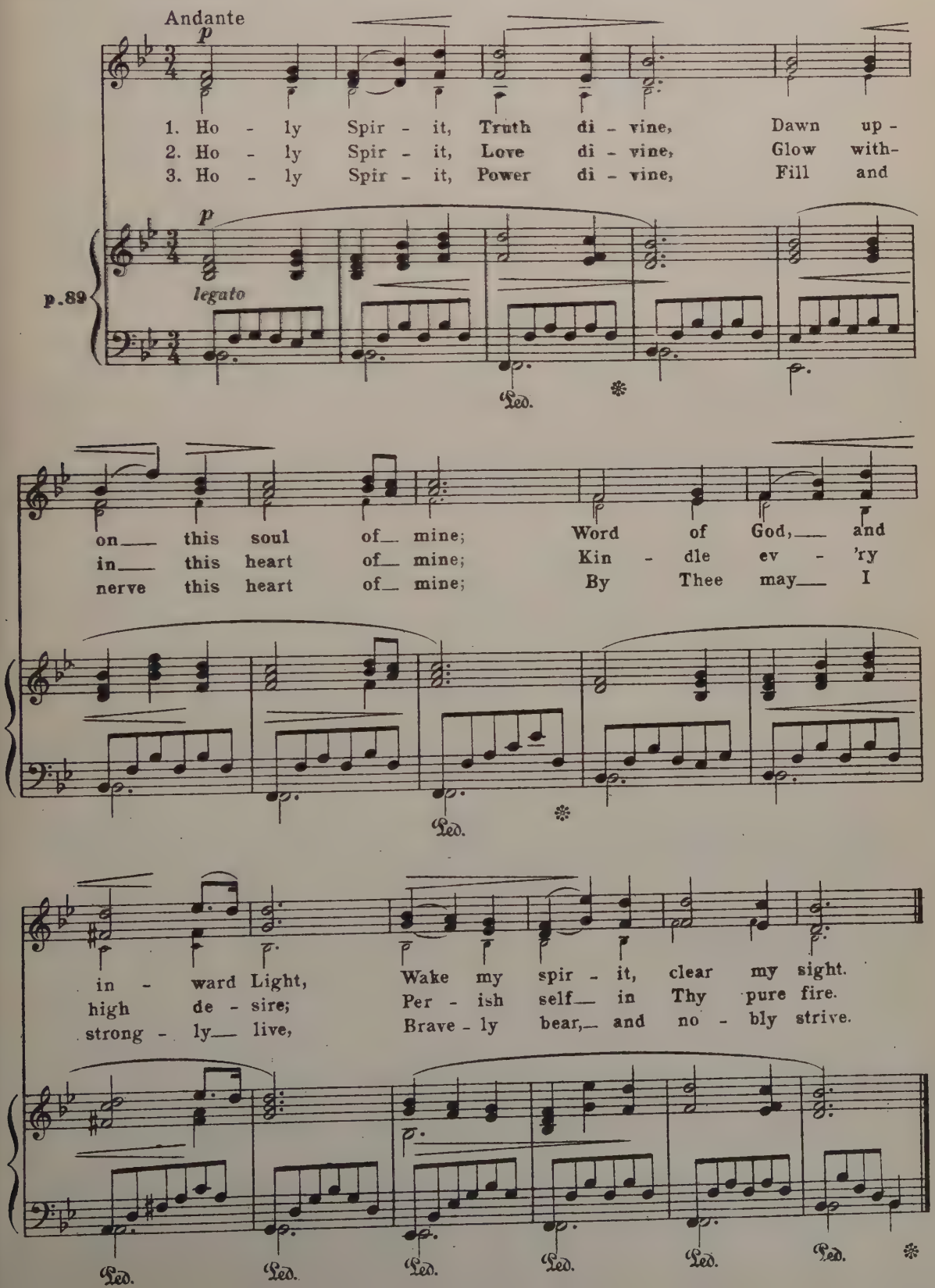

Small, white wings that we scarce can see,
All to the ha - ven where each would be,
p
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
Fly,
mf
fly,
f
fly,
mf
f
fly,
f
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
p
fly,
p
fly,
p
fly,
p
p
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.


mp
mf
fly, fly! Fly, white but - ter - flies, out to
mp
mf
fly,
mp
mf
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
mf
f
sea! Fly, fly, fly,
f
f
Ah,
mf
f
Ped.
Ped.
fly.
mf
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

HOLY SPIRIT, TRUTH DIVINE

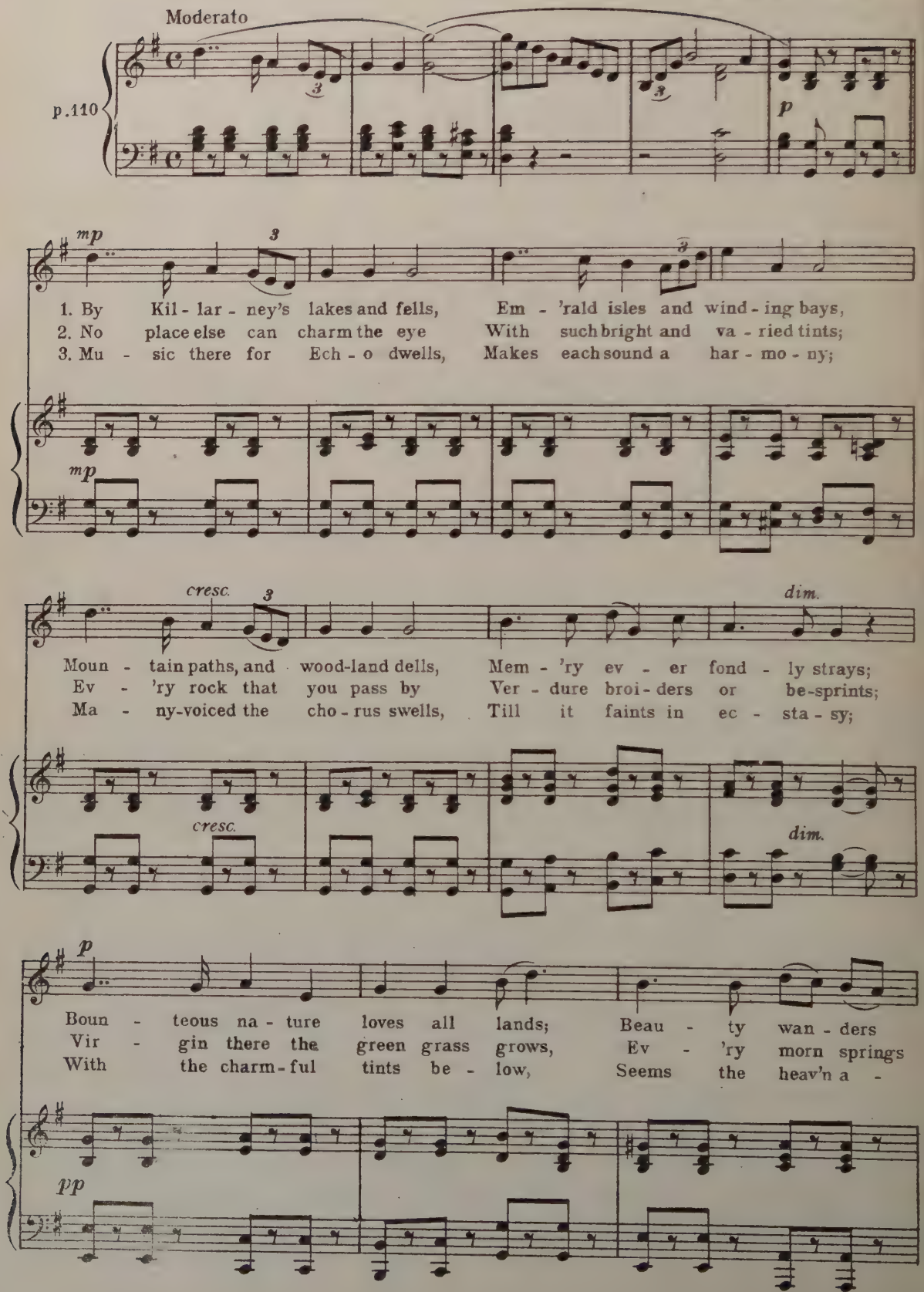
SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

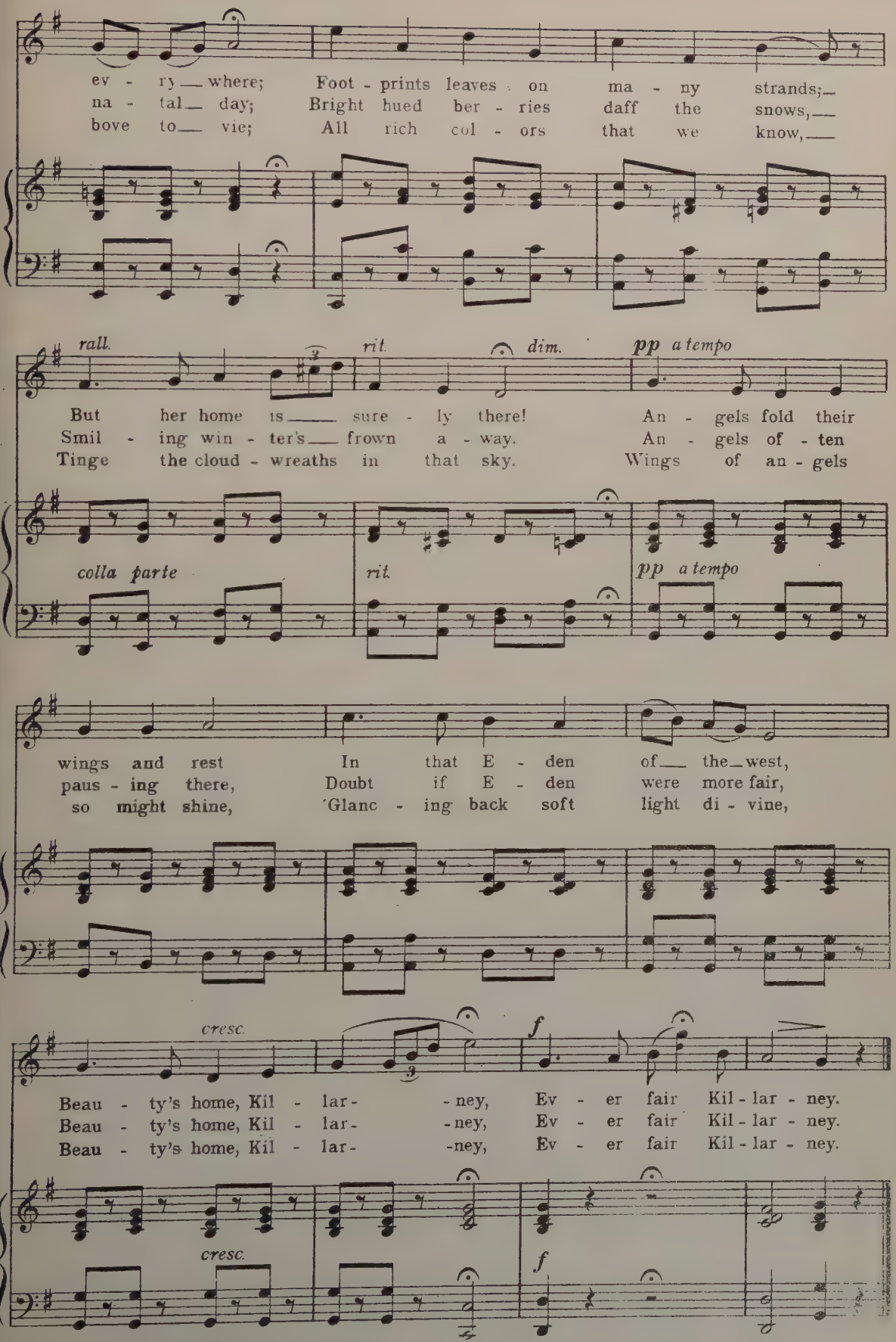
LOUIS MOREAU GOTTCHALK (1856)
Arr. by Bertha Remick


Andante
p
1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Truth di - vine, Dawn up -
2. Ho - ly Spir - it, Love di - vine, Glow with-
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, Power di - vine, Fill and
p
legato
p. 89
Ped.
on this soul of mine; Word of God, and
in this heart of mine; Kin - dle ev - 'ry
nerve this heart of mine; By Thee may I
Ped.
in - ward Light, Wake my spir - it, clear my sight.
high de - sire; Per - ish self in Thy pure fire.
strong - ly live, Brave - ly bear, and no - bly strive.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

KILLARNEY

MICHAEL W. BALFE

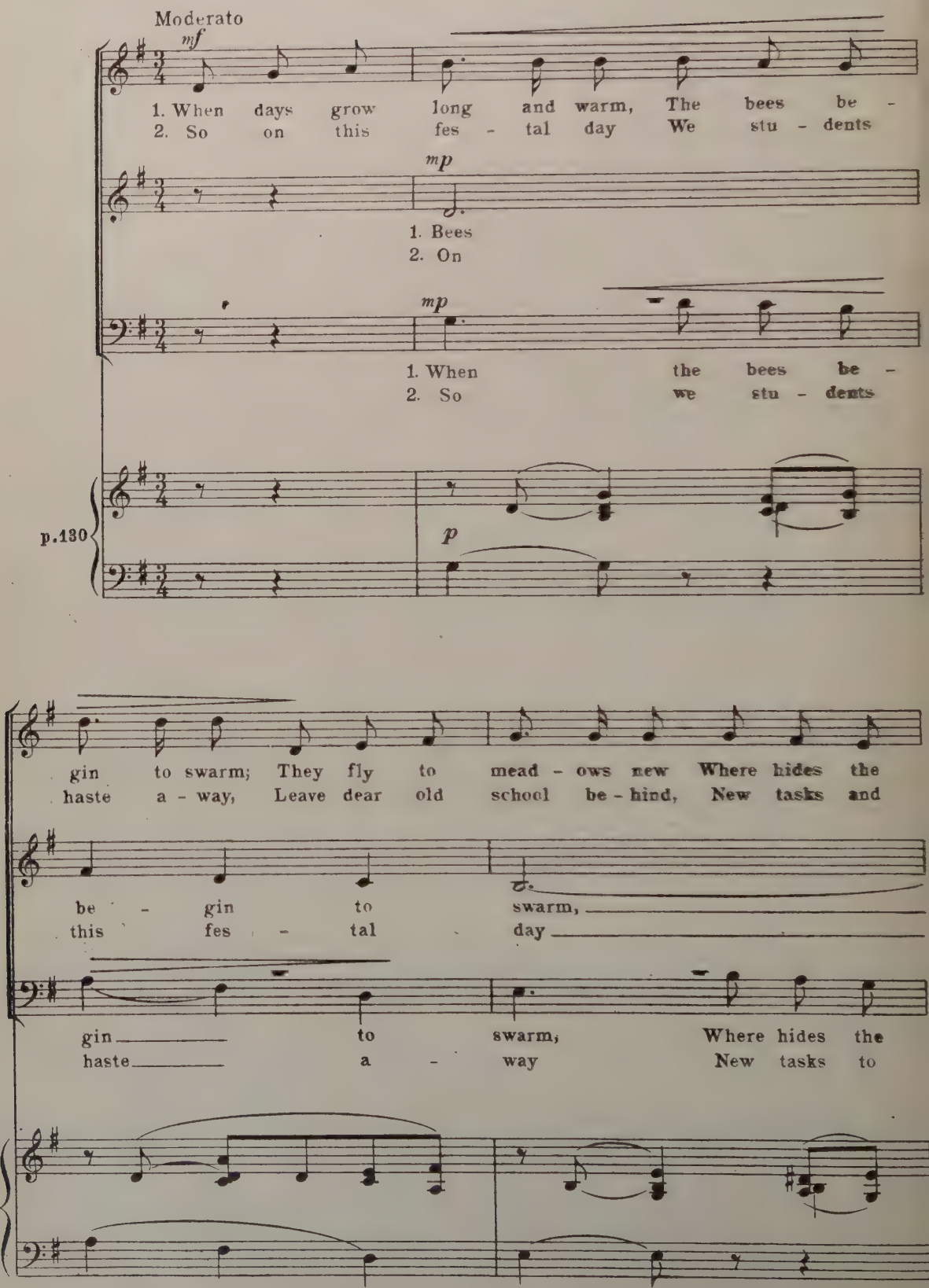

Moderato
p.110
p
mp
1. By Kil - lar - ney's lakes and fells, Em - 'rald isles and wind - ing bays,
2. No place else can charm the eye With such bright and va - ried tints;
3. Mu - sic there for Ech - o dwells, Makes each sound a har - mo - ny;
mp
cresc.
dim.
Moun - tain paths, and wood-land dells, Mem - 'ry ev - er fond - ly strays;
Ev - 'ry rock that you pass by Ver - dure broi - ders or be-sprints;
Ma - ny-voiced the cho - rus swells, Till it faints in ec - sta - sy;
cresc.
dim.
p
Boun - teous na - ture loves all lands; Beau - ty wan - ders
Vir - gin there the green grass grows, Ev - 'ry morn springs
With the charm - ful tints be - low, Seems the heav'n a -
pp

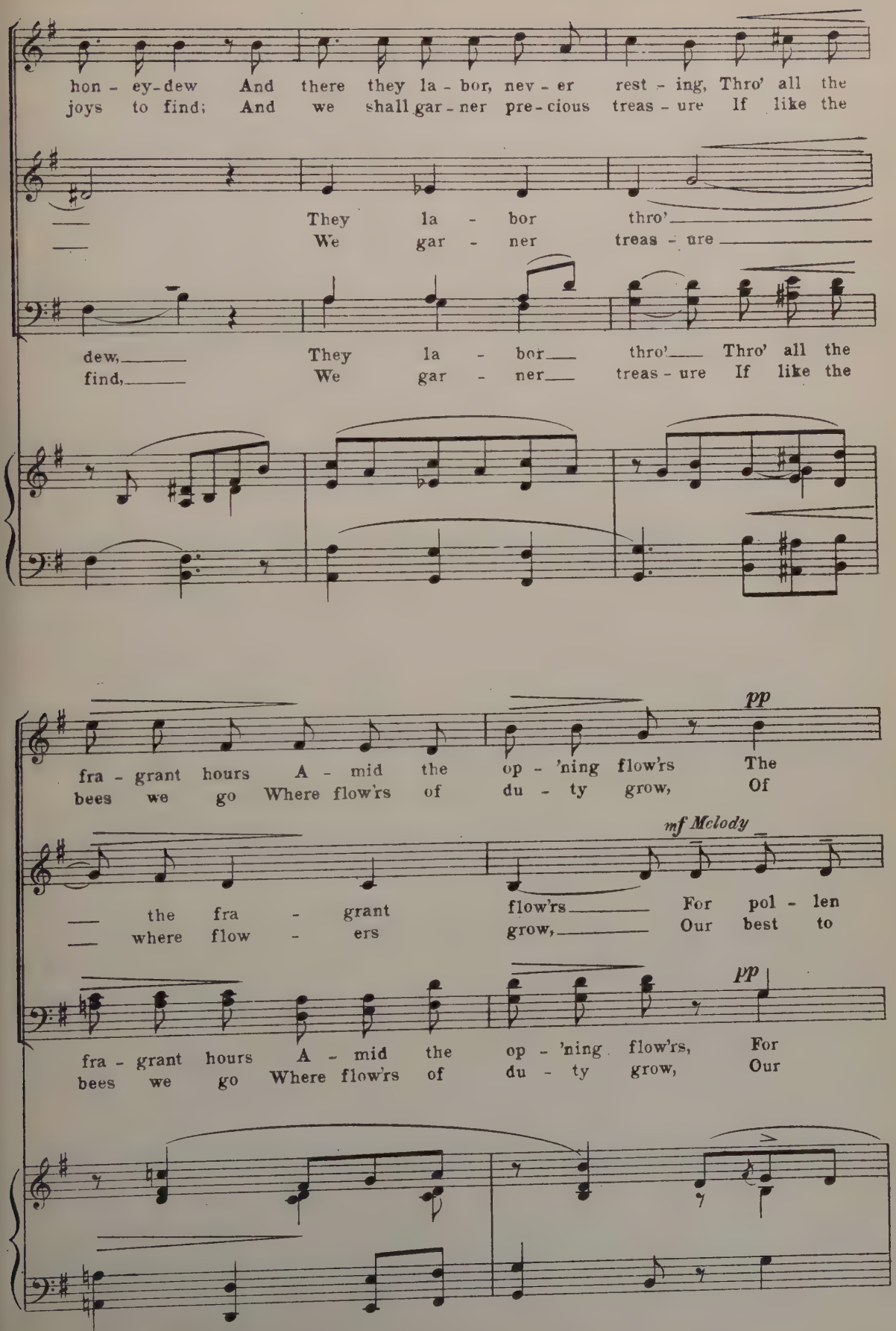

ev - ry where; Foot - prints leaves on ma - ny strands;
na - tal day; Bright hued ber - ries daff the snows,
bove to vie; All rich col - ors that we know,
rall.
rit.
dim.
pp a tempo
But her home is sure - ly there! An - gels fold their
Smil - ing win - ter's frown a - way. An - gels of - ten
Tinge the cloud - wreaths in that sky. Wings of an - gels
colla parte
rit.
pp a tempo
wings and rest In that E - den of the west,
paus - ing there, Doubt if E - den were more fair,
so might shine, Glanc - ing back soft light di - vine,
cresc.
f
Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.
Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.
Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.
cresc.
f

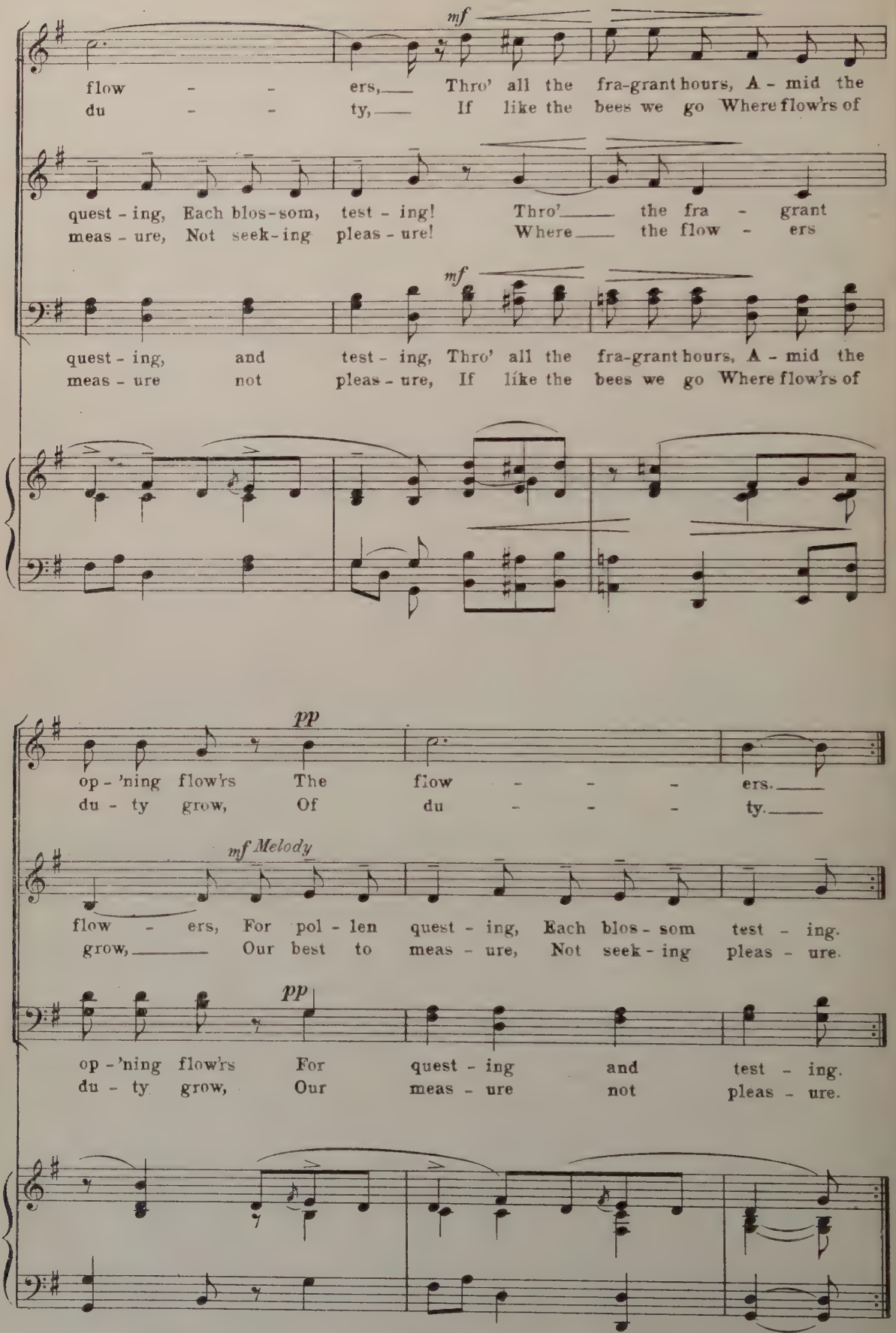
PARTING SONG

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

German Folksong
Arr. by J. Remington


Moderato
mf
1. When days grow long and warm, The bees be -
2. So on this fes - tal day We stu - dents
mp
1. Bees
2. On
mp
1. When the bees be -
2. So we stu - dents
p.130
p
gin to swarm; They fly to mead - ows new Where hides the
haste a - way, Leave dear old school be - hind, New tasks and
be - gin to swarm,
this fes - tal day
gin to swarm; Where hides the
haste a - way New tasks to

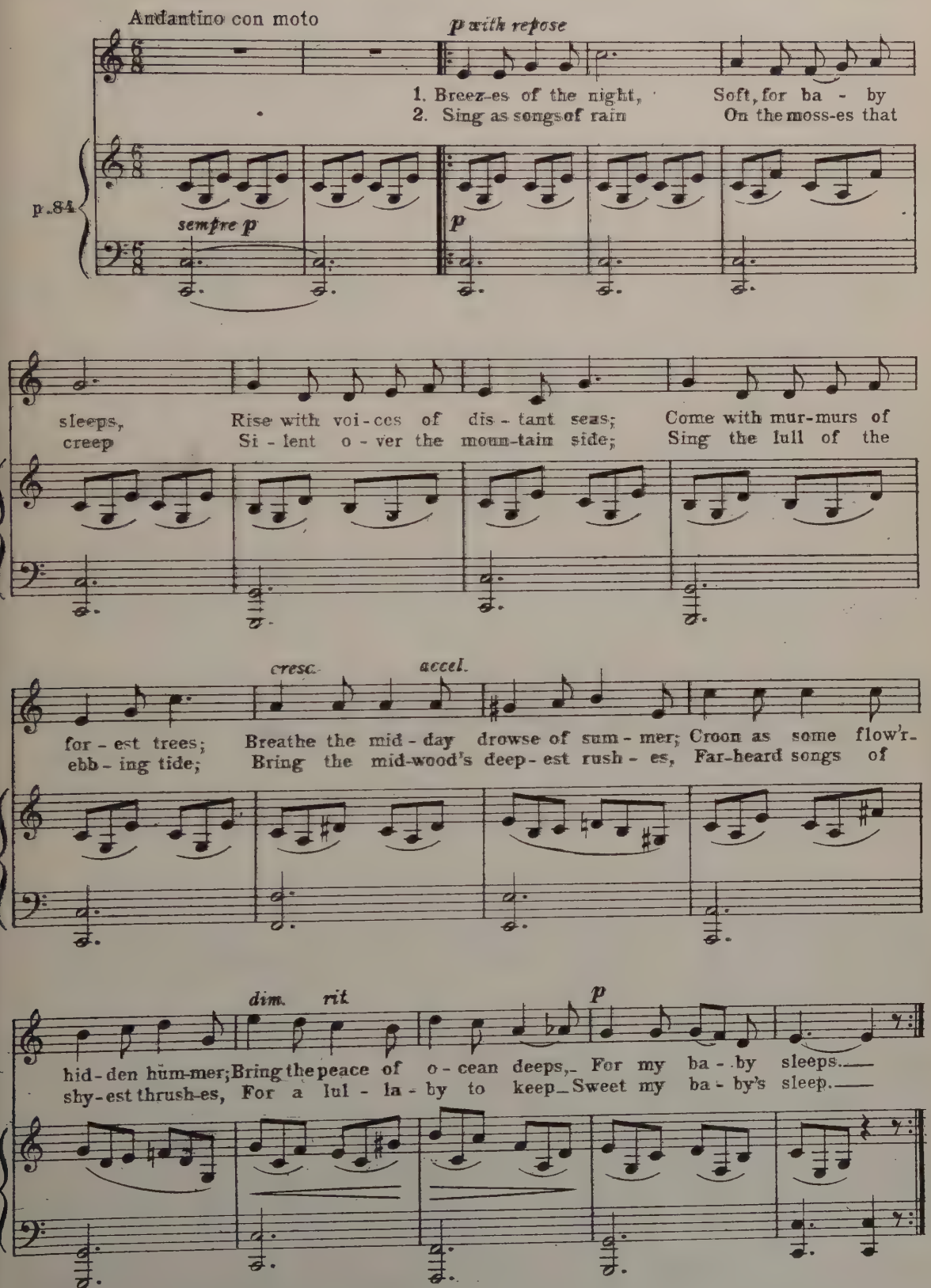

hon - ey-dew And there they la - bor, nev - er rest - ing, Thro' all the
joys to find; And we shall gar - ner pre - cious treas - ure If like the
They la - bor thro'
We gar - ner treas - ure
dew, They la - bor thro' Thro' all the
find, We gar - ner treas - ure If like the
pp
fra - grant hours A - mid the op - 'ning flow'rs The
bees we go Where flow'rs of du - ty grow, Of
mf Melody
the fra - grant flow'rs For pol - len
where flow - ers grow, Our best to
pp
fra - grant hours A - mid the op - 'ning flow'rs, For
bees we go Where flow'rs of du - ty grow, Our


mf
flow - - ers, Thro' all the fra-grant hours, A - mid the
du - - ty, If like the bees we go Where flow'rs of
quest - ing, Each blos-som, test - ing! Thro' the fra - grant
meas - ure, Not seek-ing pleas - ure! Where the flow - ers
mf
quest - ing, and test - ing, Thro' all the fra-grant hours, A - mid the
meas - ure not pleas - ure, If like the bees we go Where flow'rs of
pp
op - 'ning flow'rs The flow - - - ers.
du - ty grow, Of du - - - ty.
mf Melody
flow - ers, For pol - len quest - ing, Each blos - som test - ing.
grow, Our best to meas - ure, Not seek - ing pleas - ure.
pp
op - 'ning flow'rs For quest - ing and test - ing.
du - ty grow, Our meas - ure not pleas - ure.

CRADLE SONG

FREDERIC MANLEY

W. TAUBERT

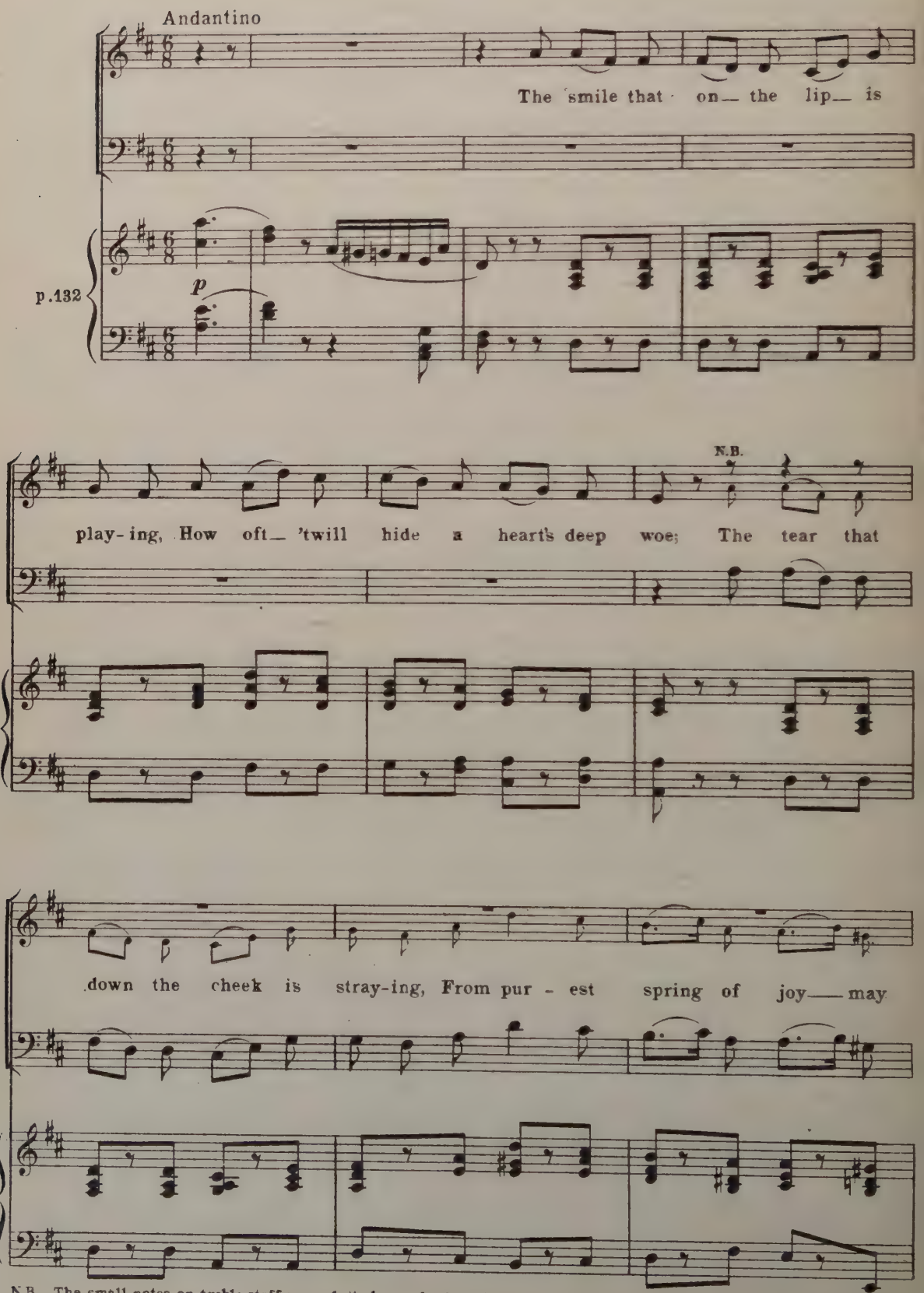

Andantino con moto
p with repose
1. Breez-es of the night, Soft, for ba - by
2. Sing as songs of rain On the moss-es that
p. 84
sempre p
p
sleeps, Rise with voi-ces of dis - tant seas; Come with mur-murs of
creep Si - lent o - ver the moun-tain side; Sing the lull of the
cresc.
accel.
for - est trees; Breathe the mid - day drowse of sum - mer; Croon as some flow'r-
ebb - ing tide; Bring the mid-wood's deep - est rush - es, Far-heard songs of
dim.
rit.
p
hid - den hum-mer; Bring the peace of o - cean deeps, For my ba - by sleeps.
shy - est thrush-es, For a lul - la - by to keep Sweet my ba - by's sleep.

SMILES AND TEARS

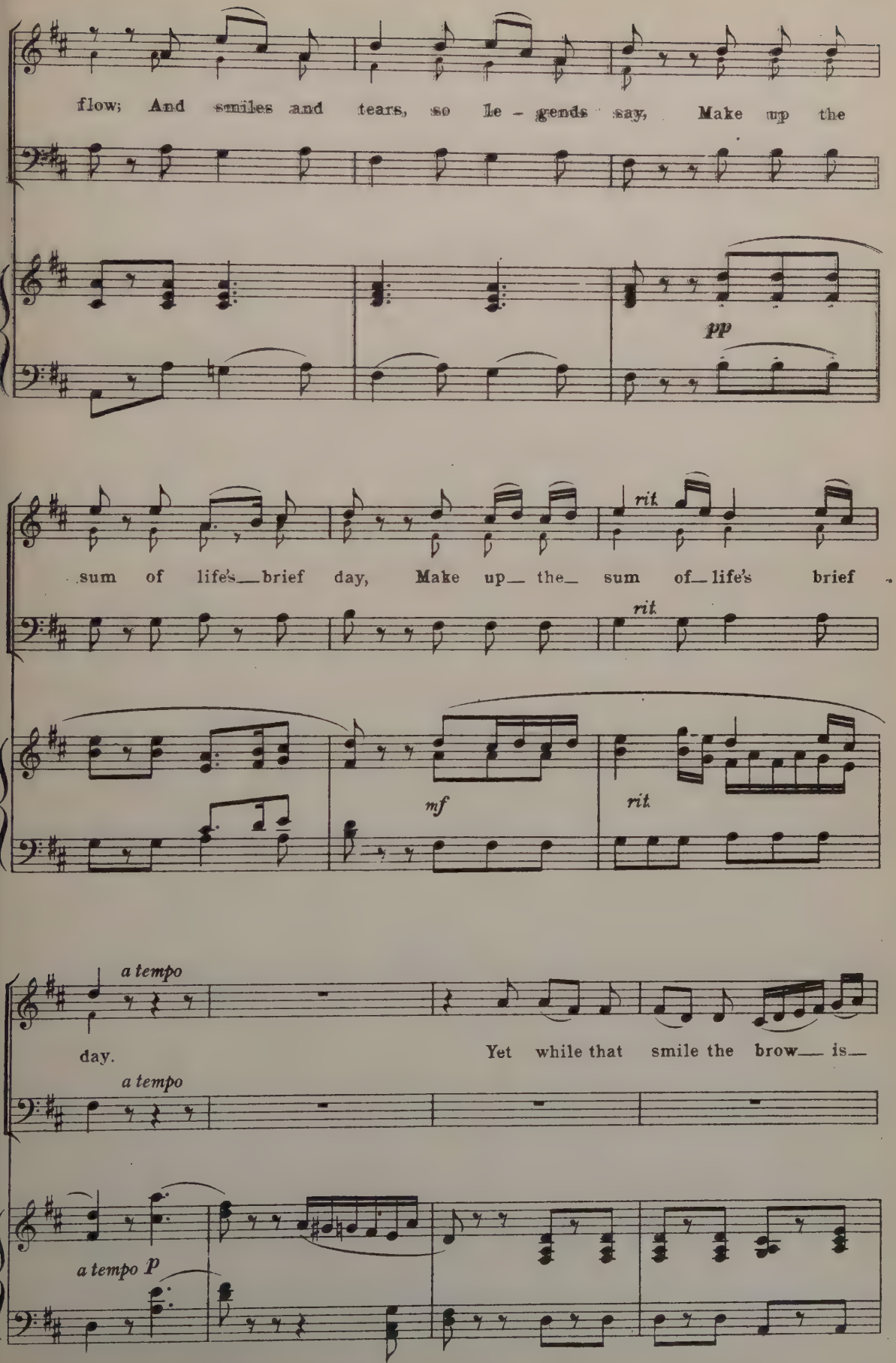
(LA DOVE PRENDE)

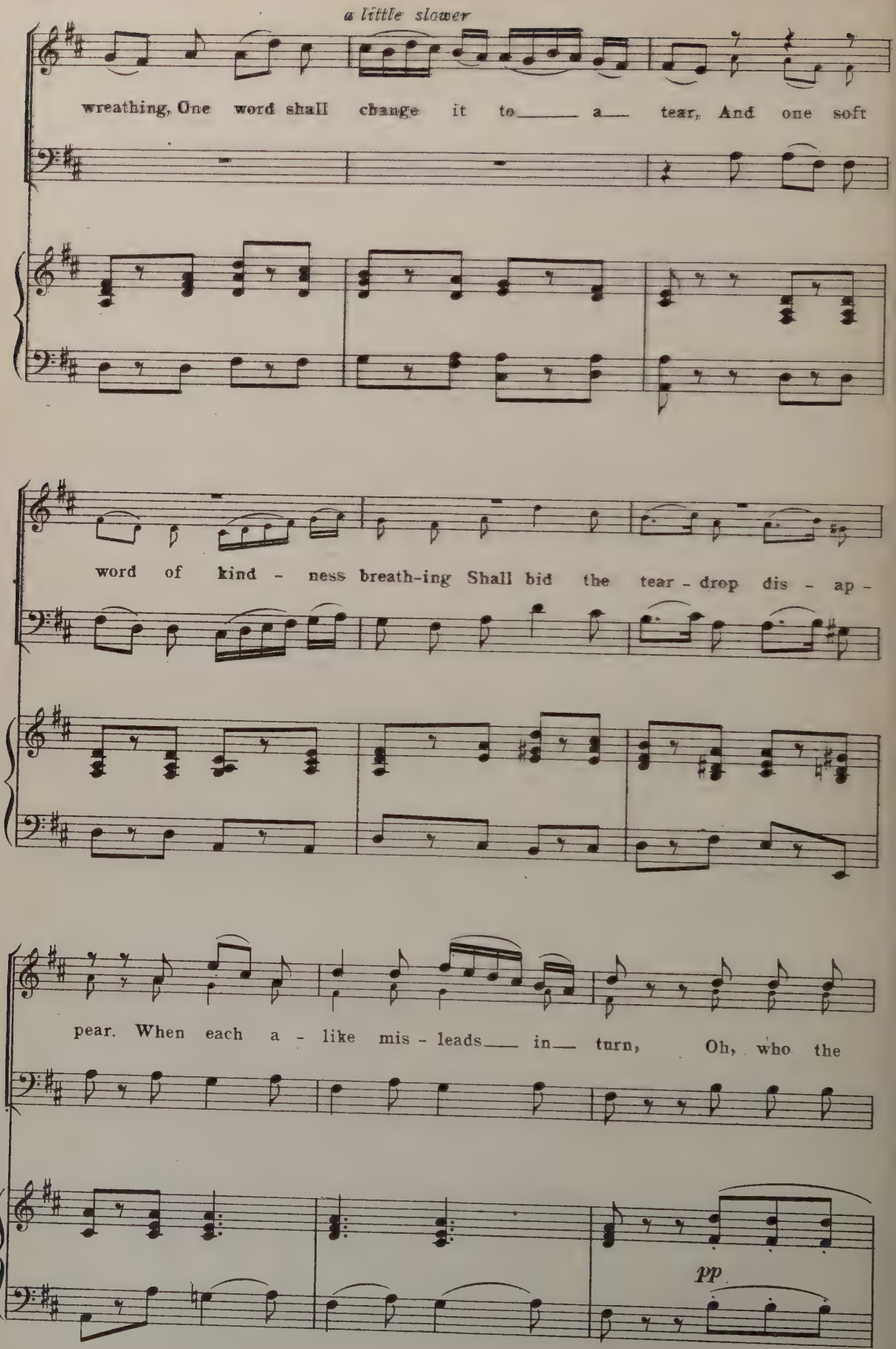
From "The Magic Flute"

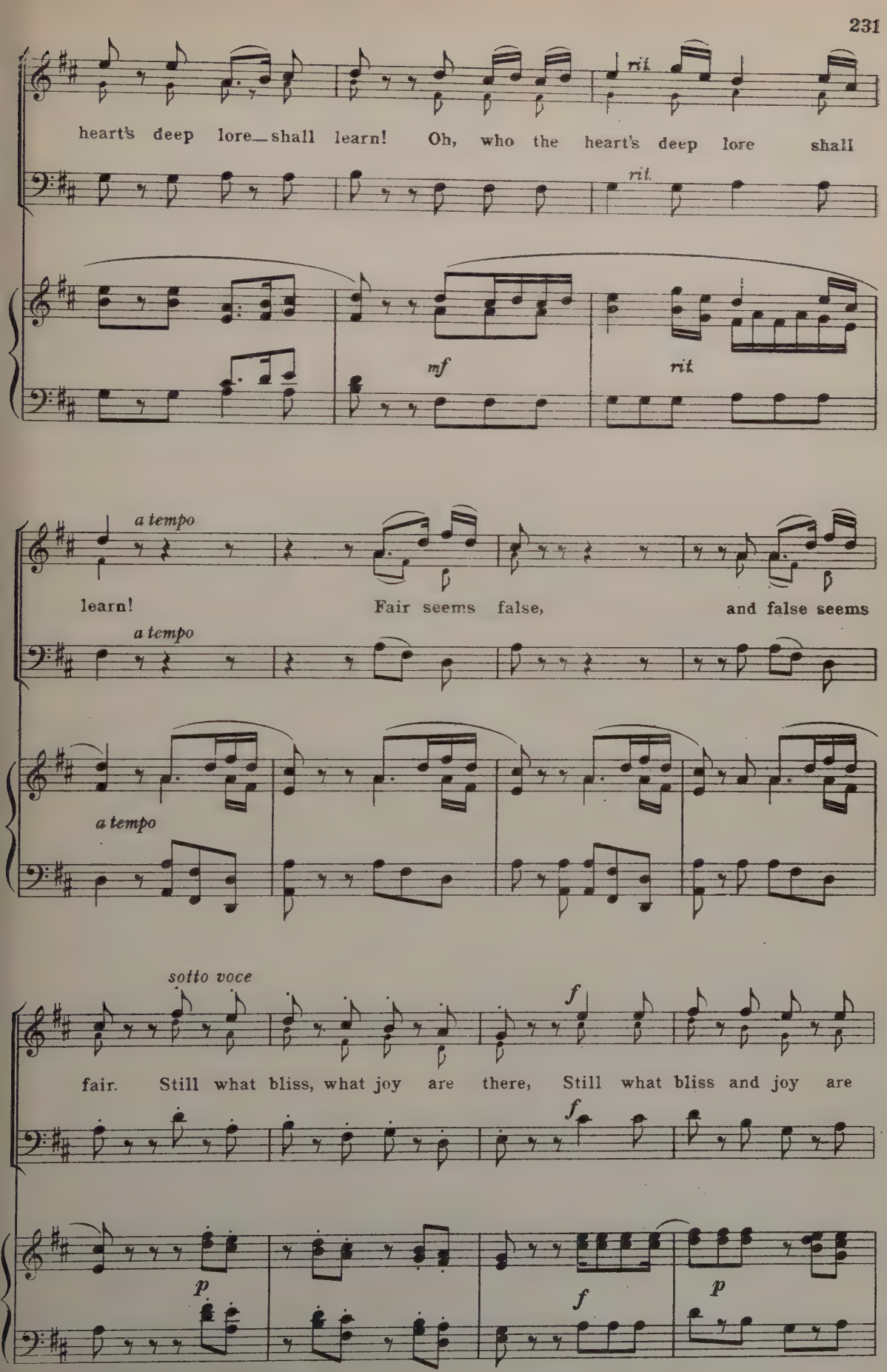
W. A. MOZART

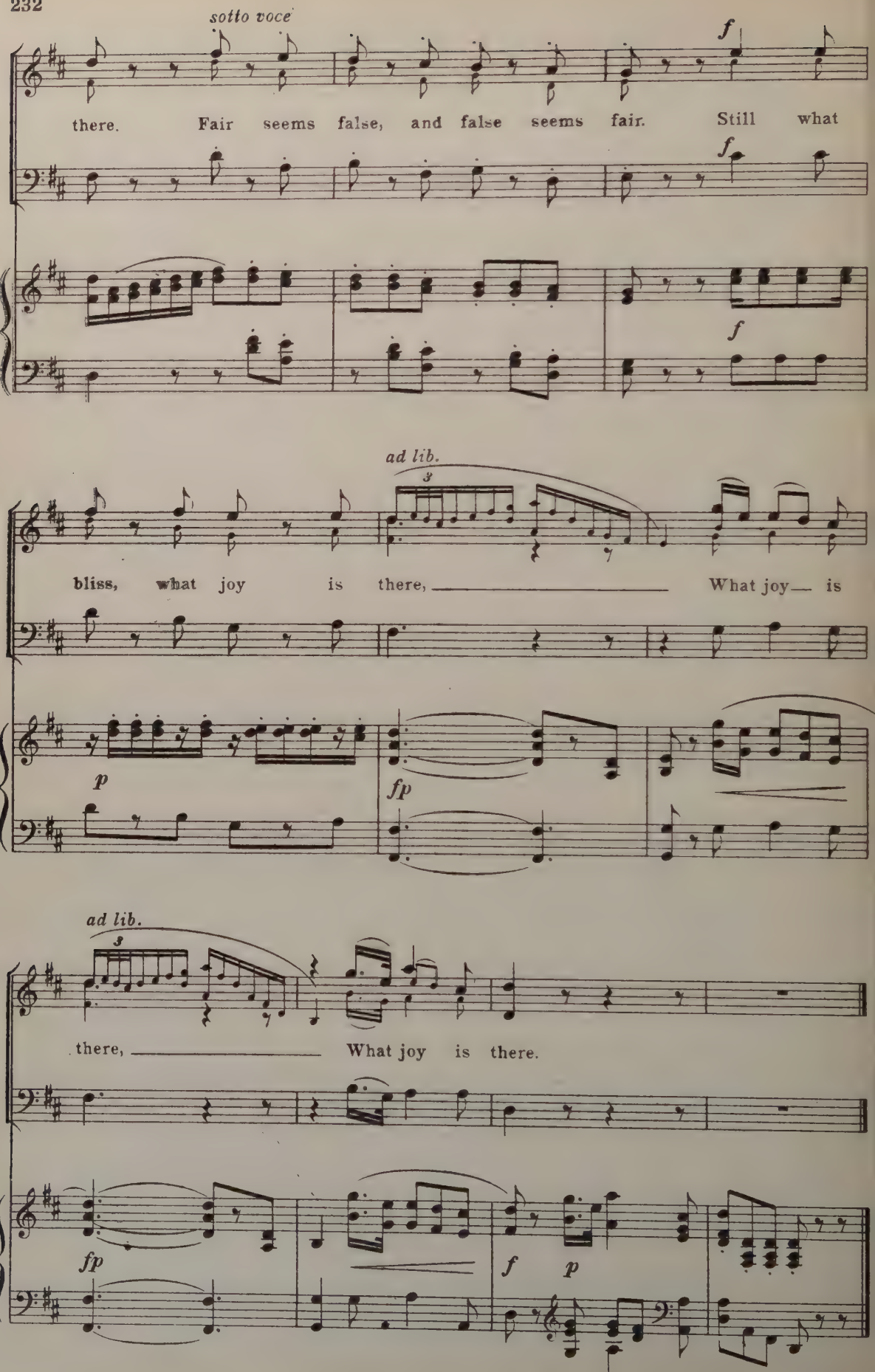

Andantino
The smile that on the lip is
p.132
p
play-ing, How oft 'twill hide a heart's deep woe; The tear that
N.B.
down the cheek is stray-ing, From pur - est spring of joy may

N.B. The small notes on treble staff are only to be used when there are no Basses.


flow; And smiles and tears, so le - gends say, Make up the
pp
sum of life's brief day, Make up the sum of life's brief
rit
rit
mf
rit
a tempo
day.
Yet while that smile the brow is
a tempo
a tempo p


a little slower
wreathing, One word shall change it to a tear, And one soft
word of kind - ness breath-ing Shall bid the tear - drop dis - ap -
pear. When each a - like mis - leads in turn, Oh, who the
pp


rit.
heart's deep lore— shall learn! Oh, who the heart's deep lore shall
rit.
mf
rit
a tempo
learn! Fair seems false, and false seems
a tempo
a tempo
sotto voce
f
fair. Still what bliss, what joy are there, Still what bliss and joy are
f
p
f
p

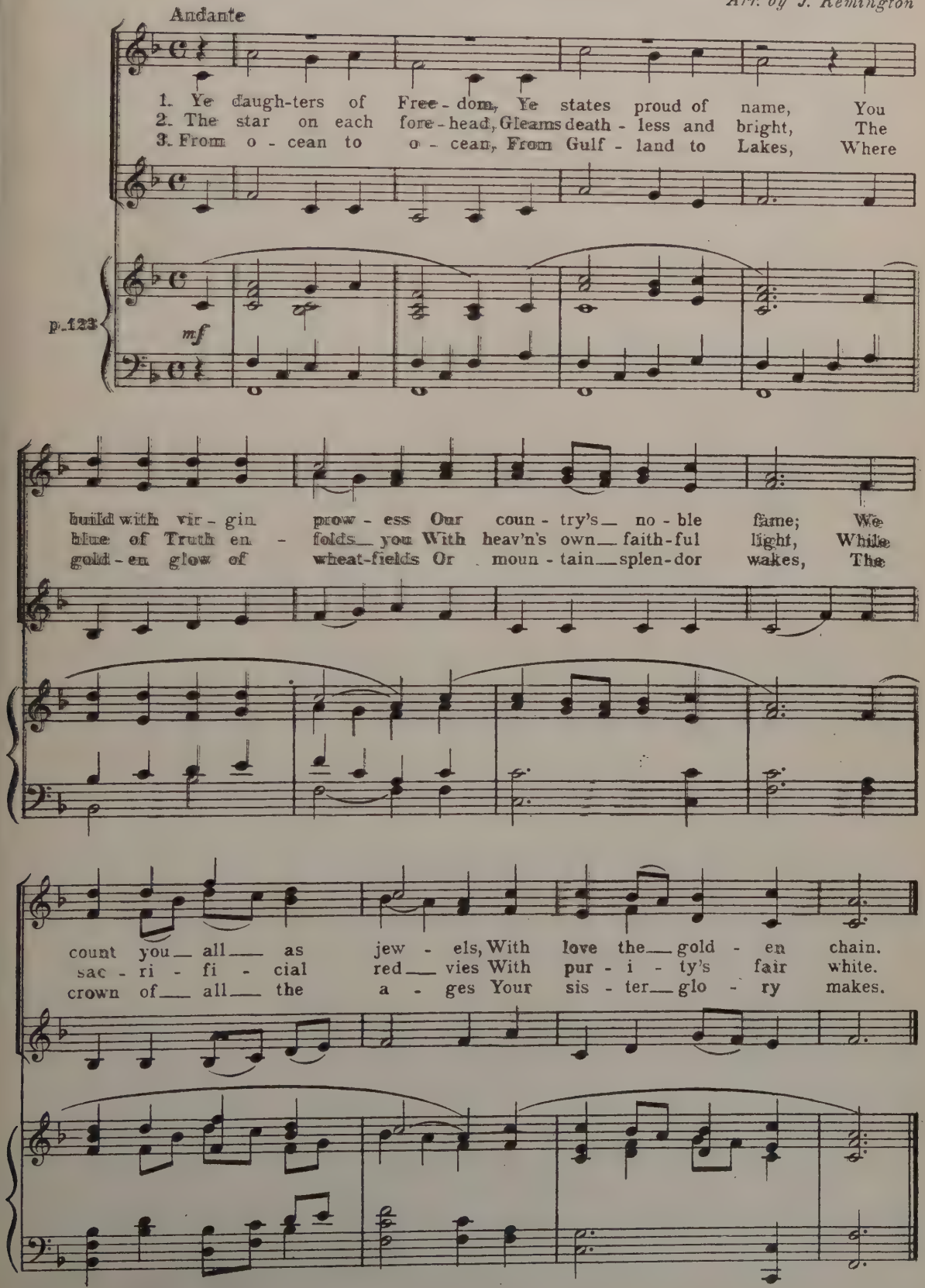

sotto voce
there. Fair seems false, and false seems fair. Still what
f
f
f
ad lib.
3
bliss, what joy is there, What joy is
p
fp
ad lib.
3
there, What joy is there.
fp
f
p

THE SISTER STATES

(GELÜBDE)

M. LOUISE BAUM

German Folksong*
Arr. by J. Remington


Andante
1. Ye daugh-ters of Free-dom, Ye states proud of name, You
2. The star on each fore-head, Gleams death-less and bright, The
3. From o-cean to o-cean, From Gulf-land to Lakes, Where
p. 123
mf
build with vir-gin prow-ess Our coun-try's no-ble fame; We
blue of Truth en-folds you With heav'n's own faith-ful light, While
gold-en glow of wheat-fields Or moun-tain splen-dor wakes, The
count you all as jew-els, With love the gold-en chain.
sac-ri-fi-cial red-vies With pur-i-ty's fair white.
crown of all the a-ges Your sis-ter glo-ry makes.

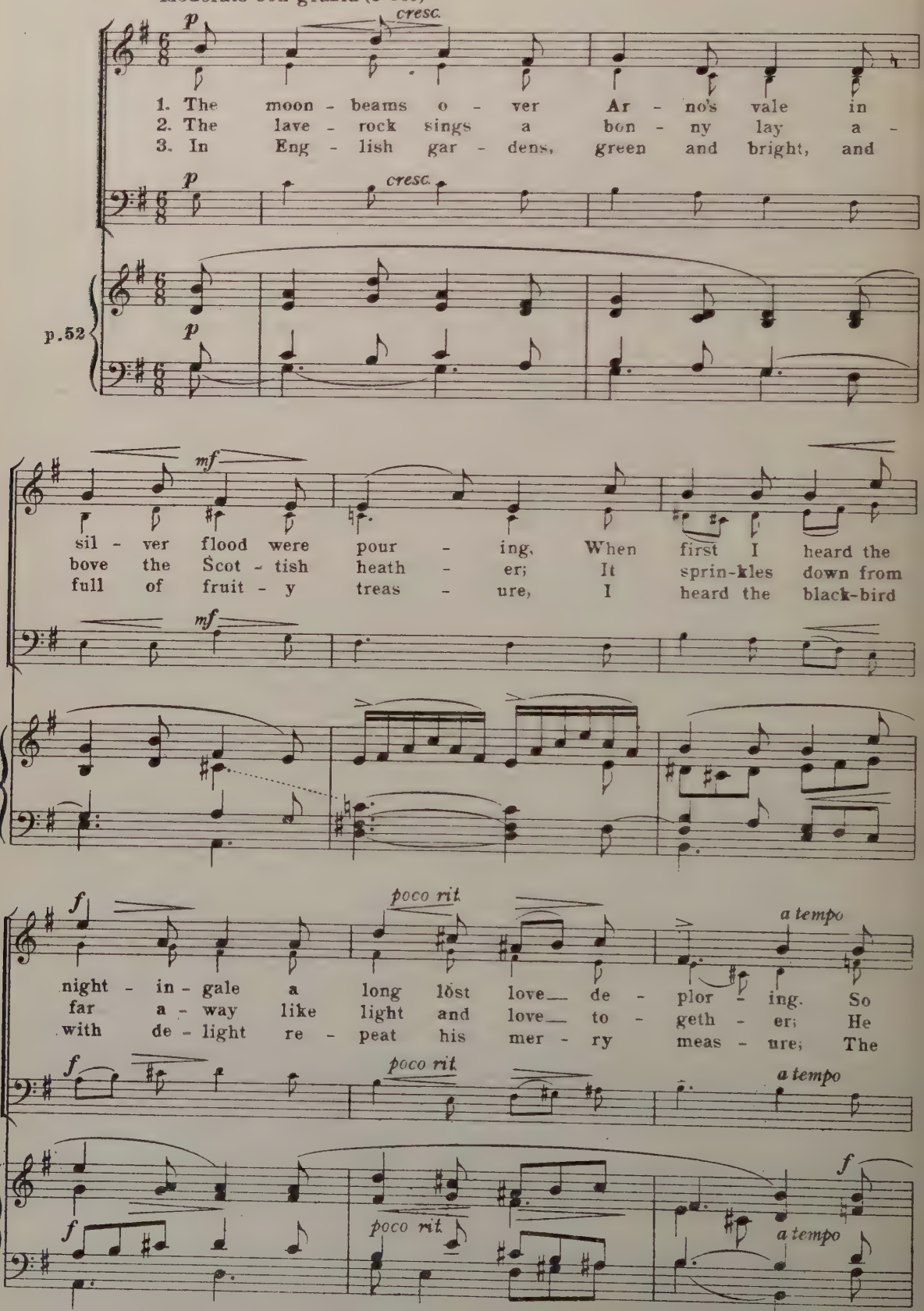
* Used by Johannes Brahms in his "Akademische Fest-Overture"

THE VEERY

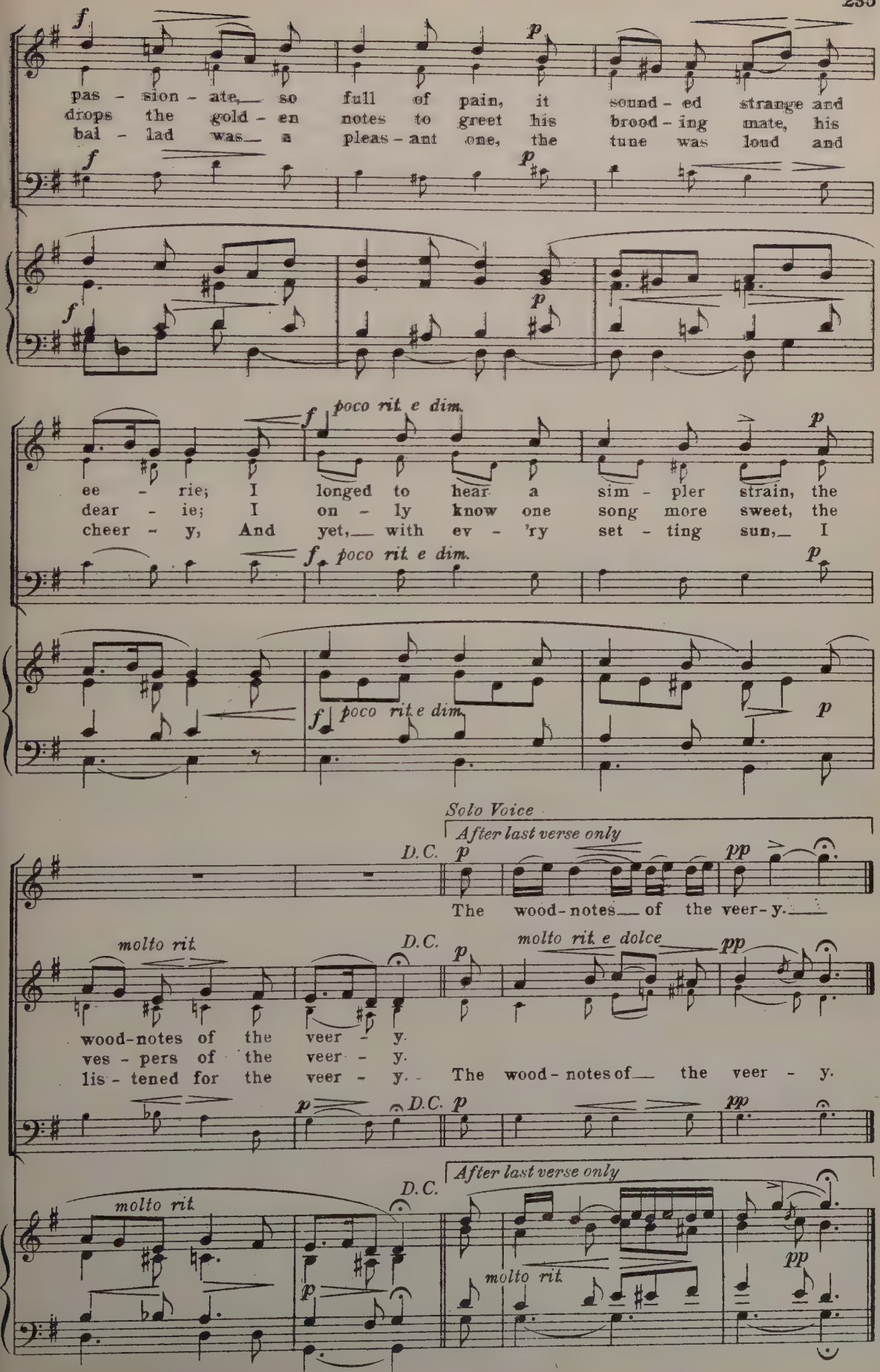
HENRY VAN DYKE*

N. CLIFFORD PAGE

Moderato con grazia (♩.=60)


p
cresc.
1. The moon - beams o - ver Ar - no's vale in
2. The lave - rock sings a bon - ny lay a -
3. In Eng - lish gar - dens, green and bright, and
p.52
mf
sil - ver flood were pour - ing, When first I heard the
bove the Scot - tish heath - er; It sprin-kles down from
full of fruit - y treas - ure, I heard the black-bird
f
poco rit.
a tempo
night - in - gale a long lost love de - plor - ing. So
far a - way like light and love to - geth - er; He
with de - light re - peat his mer - ry meas - ure; The

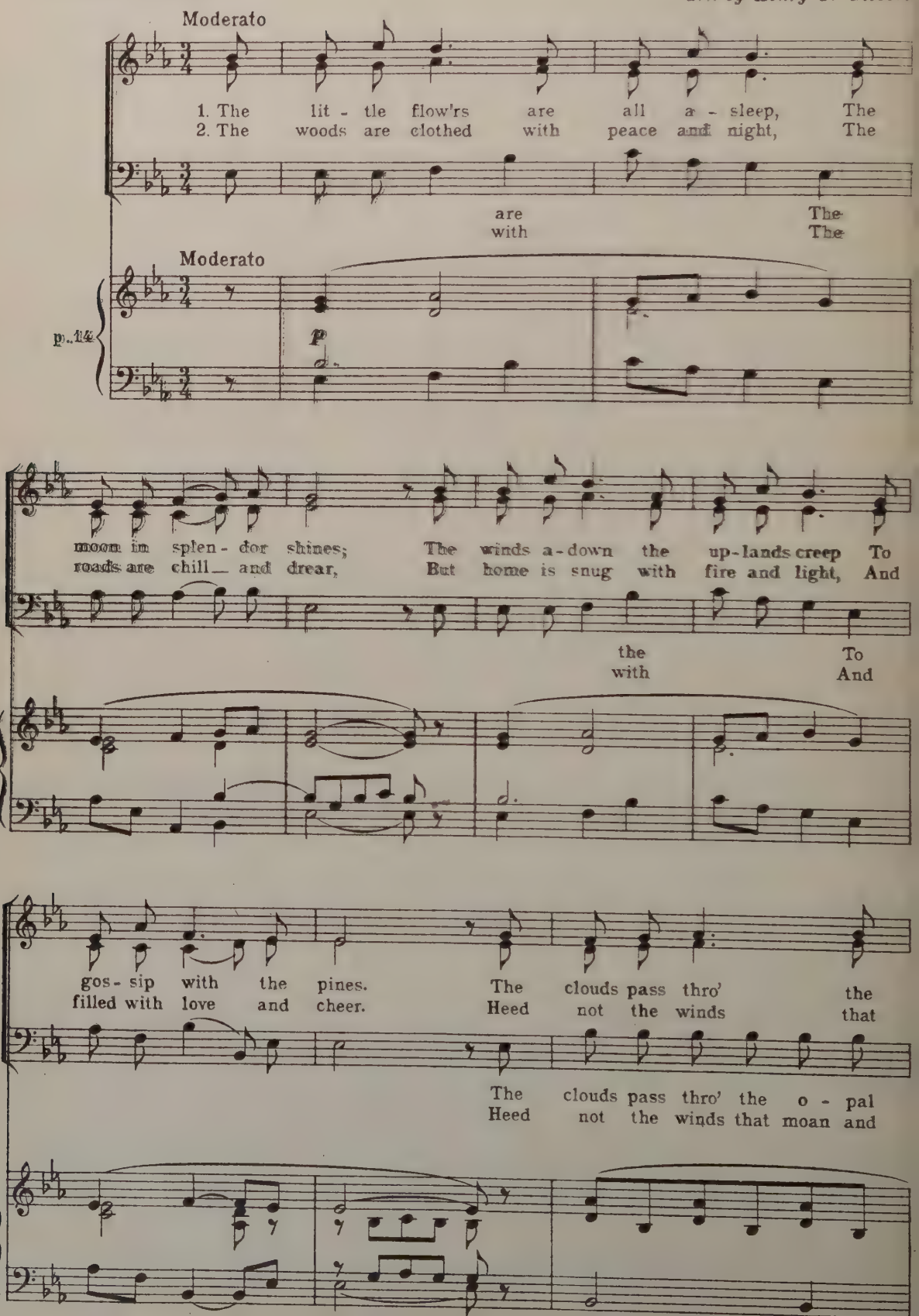
* Poem from "The Builders and Other Poems." Copyright 1897. By permission of CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.

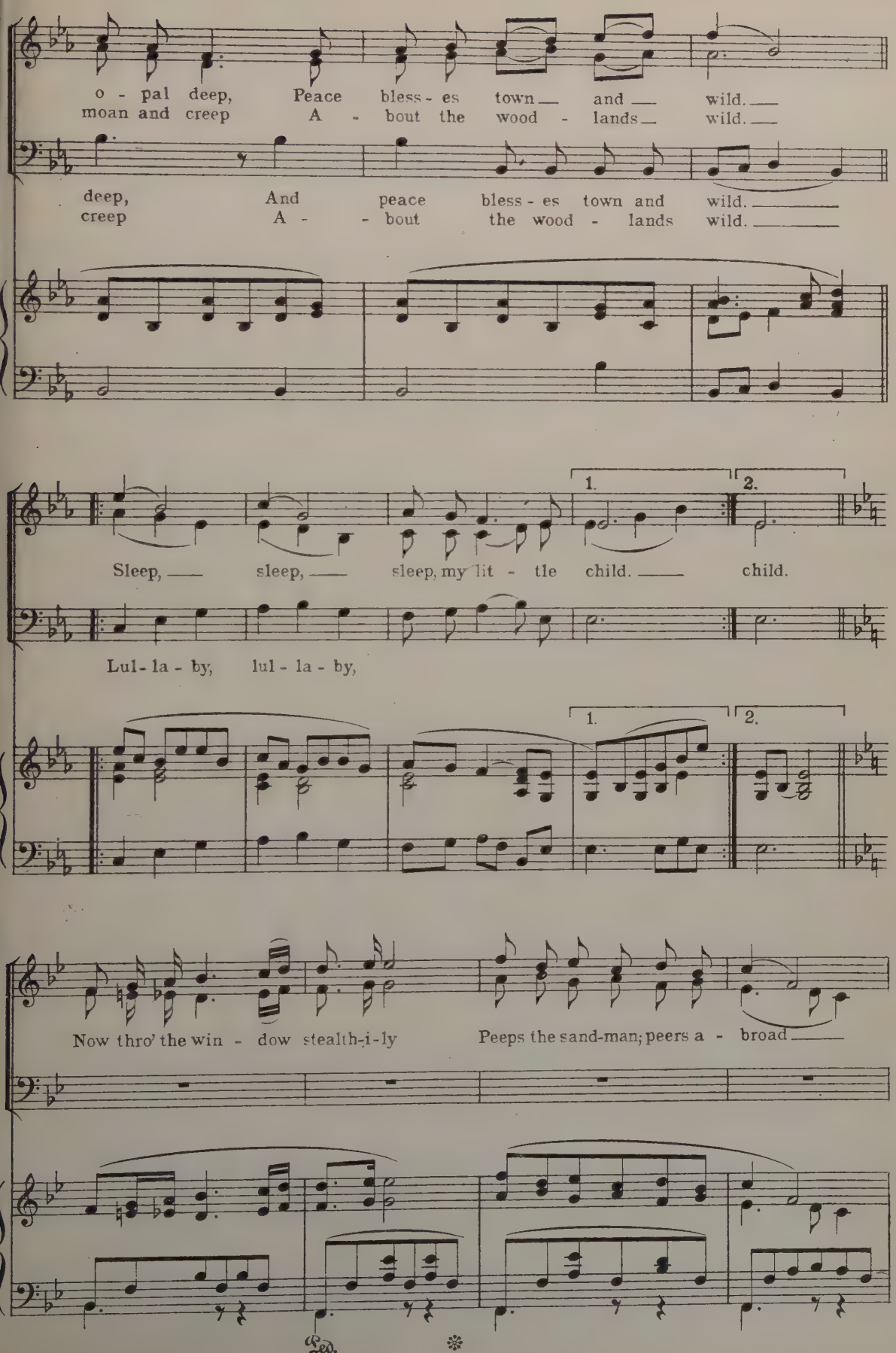

pas - sion - ate, so full of pain, it sound - ed strange and
drops the gold - en notes to greet his brood - ing mate, his
bal - lad was a pleas - ant one, the tune was loud and
poco rit. e dim.
ee - rie; I longed to hear a sim - pler strain, the
dear - ie; I on - ly know one song more sweet, the
cheer - y, And yet, with ev - 'ry set - ting sun, I
Solo Voice
After last verse only
D.C.
The wood-notes of the veer-y.
molto rit.
molto rit. e dolce
wood-notes of the veer - y.
ves - pers of the veer - y.
lis - tened for the veer - y. The wood-notes of the veer - y.

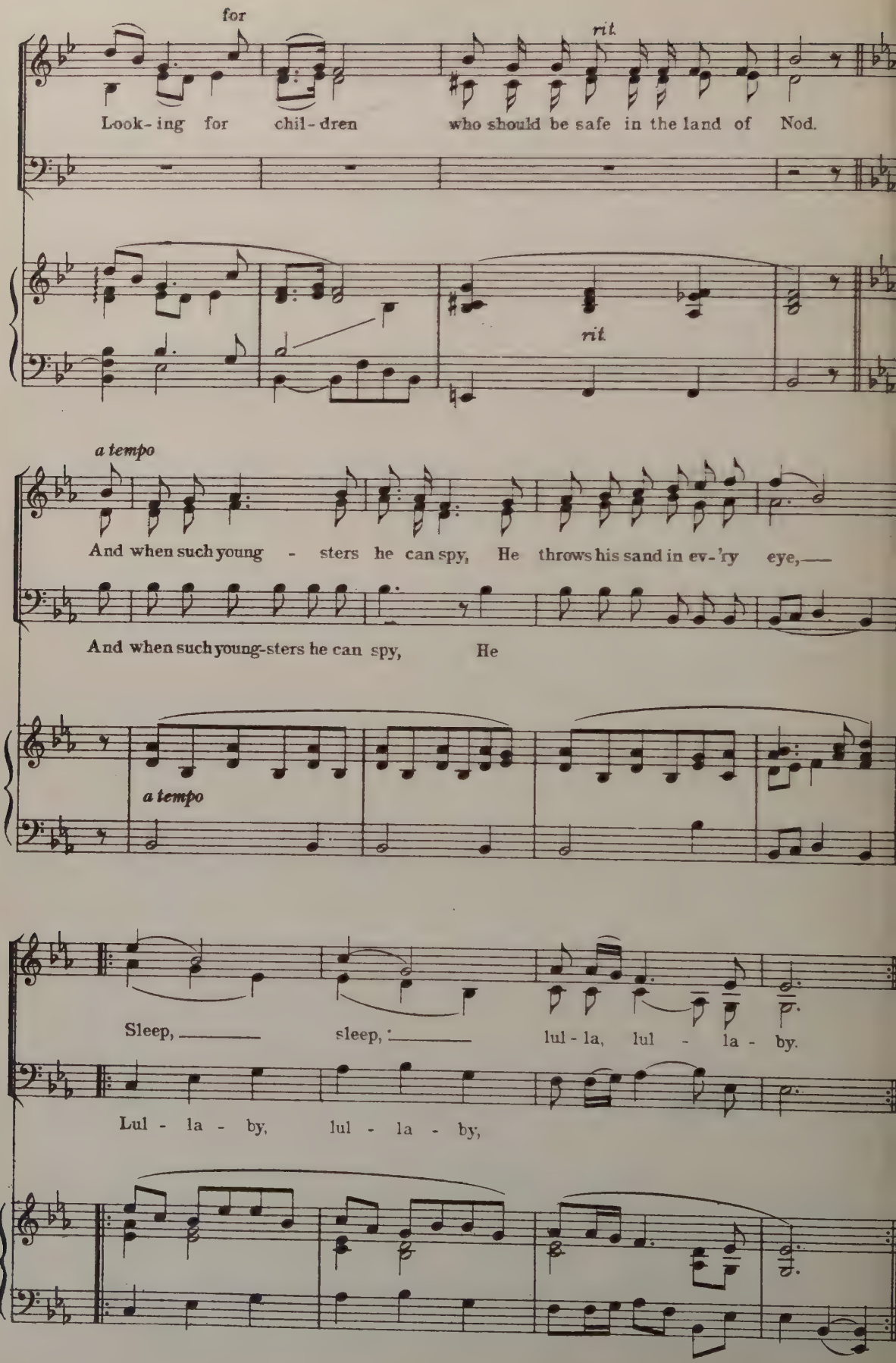
THE SANDMAN'S COMING

LAWRENCE GODARD

HEINRICH SCHNELL
arr. by Henry F. Gilbert


Moderato
1. The lit - tle flow'rs are all a - sleep, The
2. The woods are clothed with peace and night, The
are
with
The
The
Moderato
p. 14
P
moon in splen - dor shines; The winds a - down the up - lands creep To
roads are chill — and drear, But home is snug with fire and light, And
the
with
To
And
gos - sip with the pines. The clouds pass thro' the
filled with love and cheer. Heed not the winds that
The clouds pass thro' the o - pal
Heed not the winds that moan and

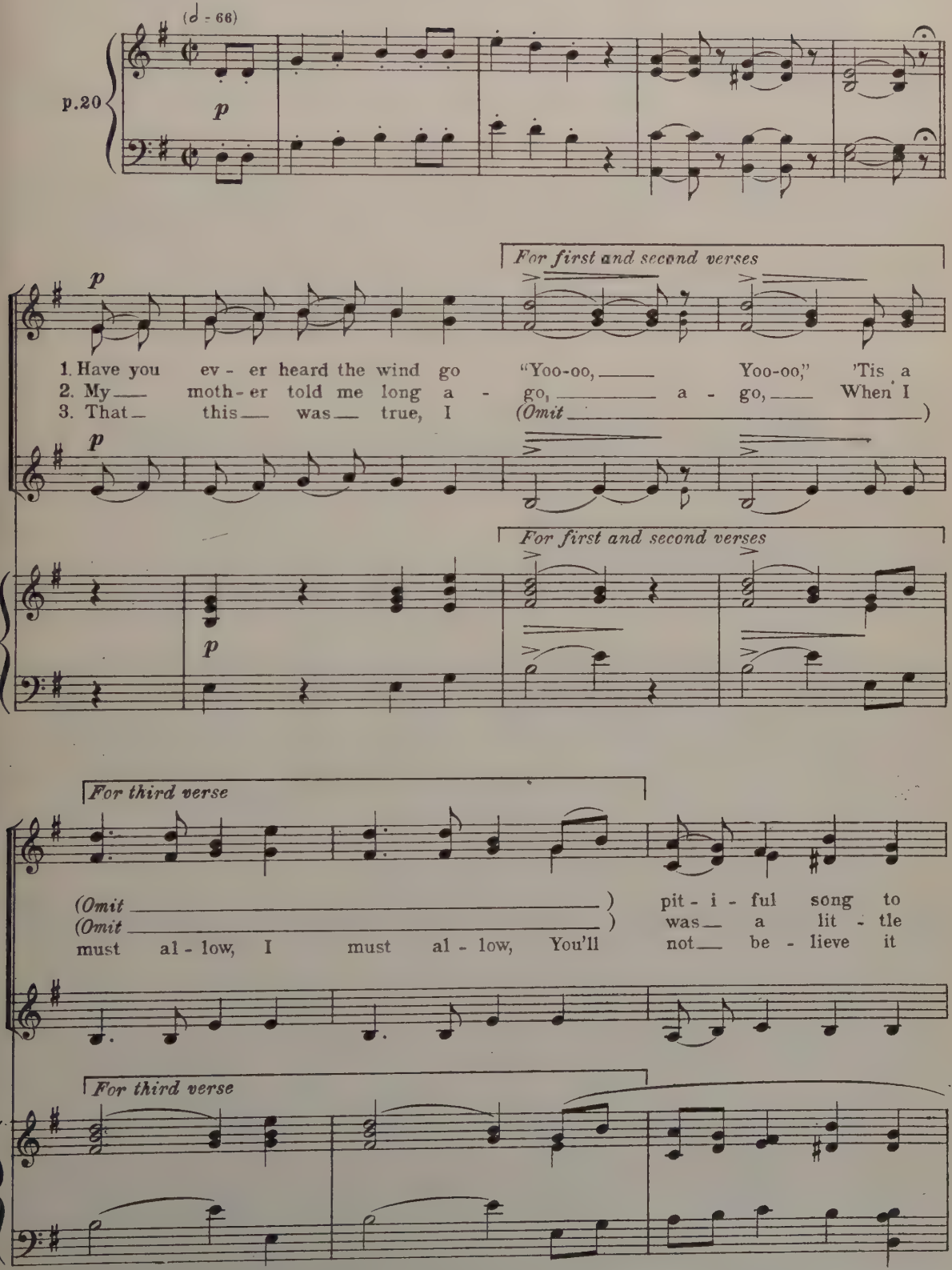

o - pal deep, Peace bless - es town and wild.
moan and creep A - bout the wood - lands wild.
deep, And peace bless - es town and wild.
creep A - - bout the wood - lands wild.
1.
2.
Sleep, sleep, sleep, my lit - tle child. child.
Lul - la - by, lul - la - by,
1.
2.
Now thro' the win - dow stealth-i-ly Peeps the sand-man; peers a - broad
Ped.
*


for
rit.
Look-ing for chil-dren who should be safe in the land of Nod.
rit.
a tempo
And when such young - sters he can spy, He throws his sand in ev-'ry eye,—
And when such young-sters he can spy, He
a tempo
Sleep, — sleep, — lul-la, lul - la - by.
Lul - la - by, lul - la - by,

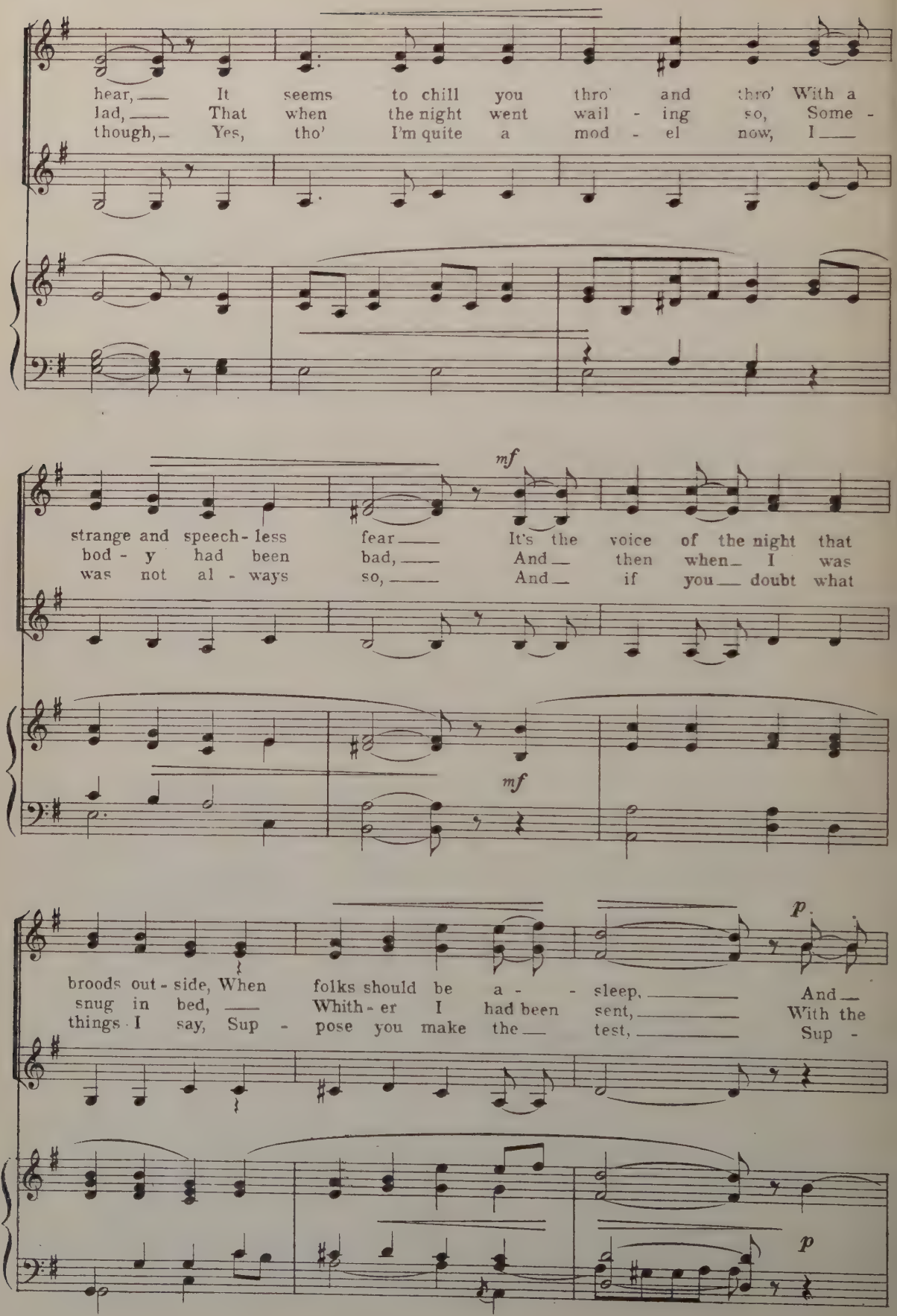
THE NIGHT WIND

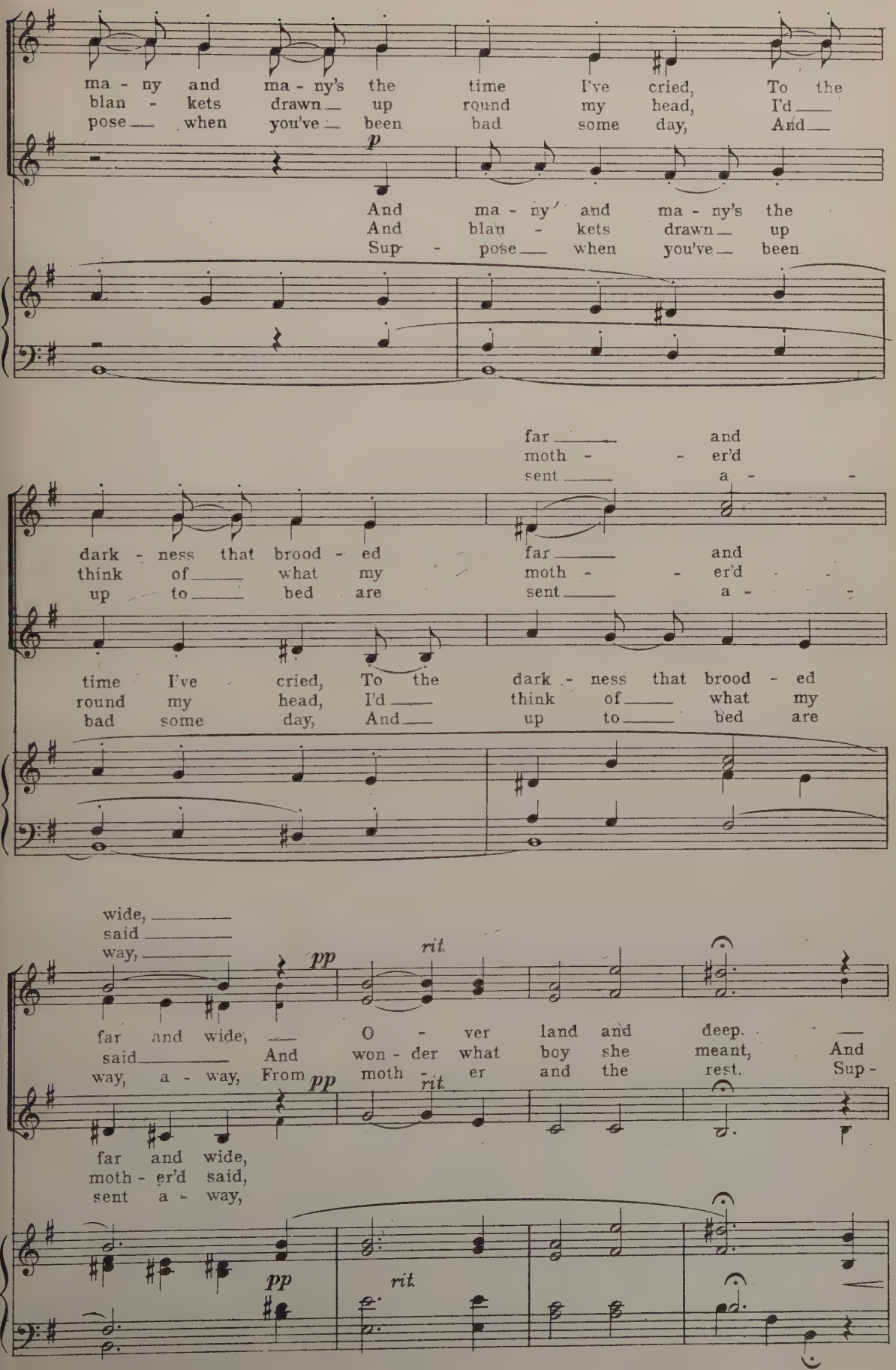
EUGENE FIELD *

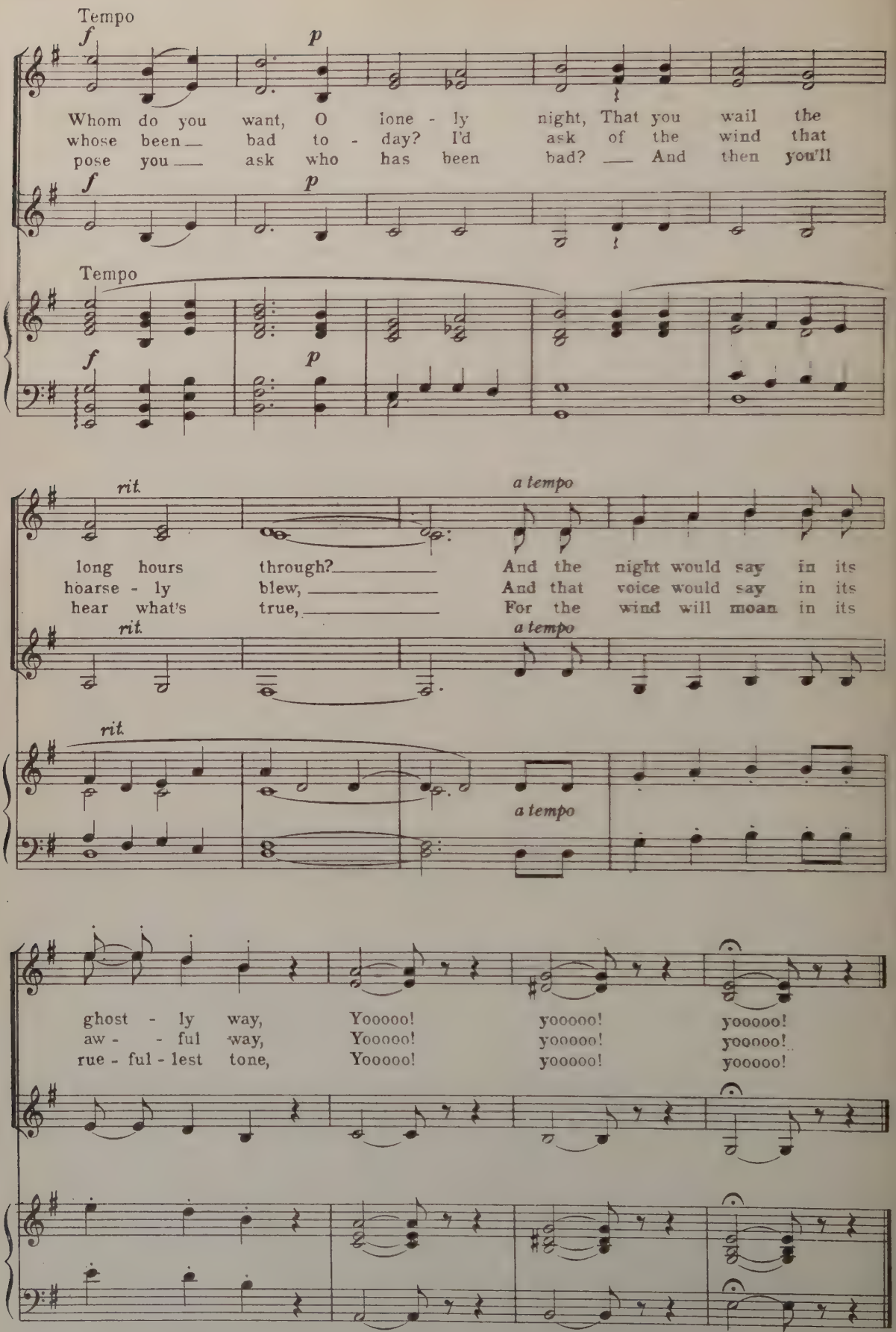
HENRY K. HADLEY


(♩ = 66)
p.20
p
For first and second verses
1. Have you ev - er heard the wind go "Yoo-oo, Yoo-oo," 'Tis a
2. My moth - er told me long a - go, a - go, When I
3. That this was true, I (Omit)
For first and second verses
For third verse
(Omit)
(Omit)
must al - low, I must al - low, You'll pit - i - ful song to
was a lit - tle
not be - lieve it
For third verse

* Note. Poem is from "Love Songs of Childhood." Copyright, 1894, by EUGENE FIELD; Published by CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.


hear, It seems to chill you thro' and thro' With a
lad, That when the night went wail - ing so, Some -
though, Yes, tho' I'm quite a mod - el now, I
mf
strange and speech - less fear It's the voice of the night that
bod - y had been bad, And then when I was
was not al - ways so, And if you doubt what
mf
broods out - side, When folks should be a - sleep, And
snug in bed, Whith - er I had been sent, With the
things I say, Sup - pose you make the test, Sup -
p
p

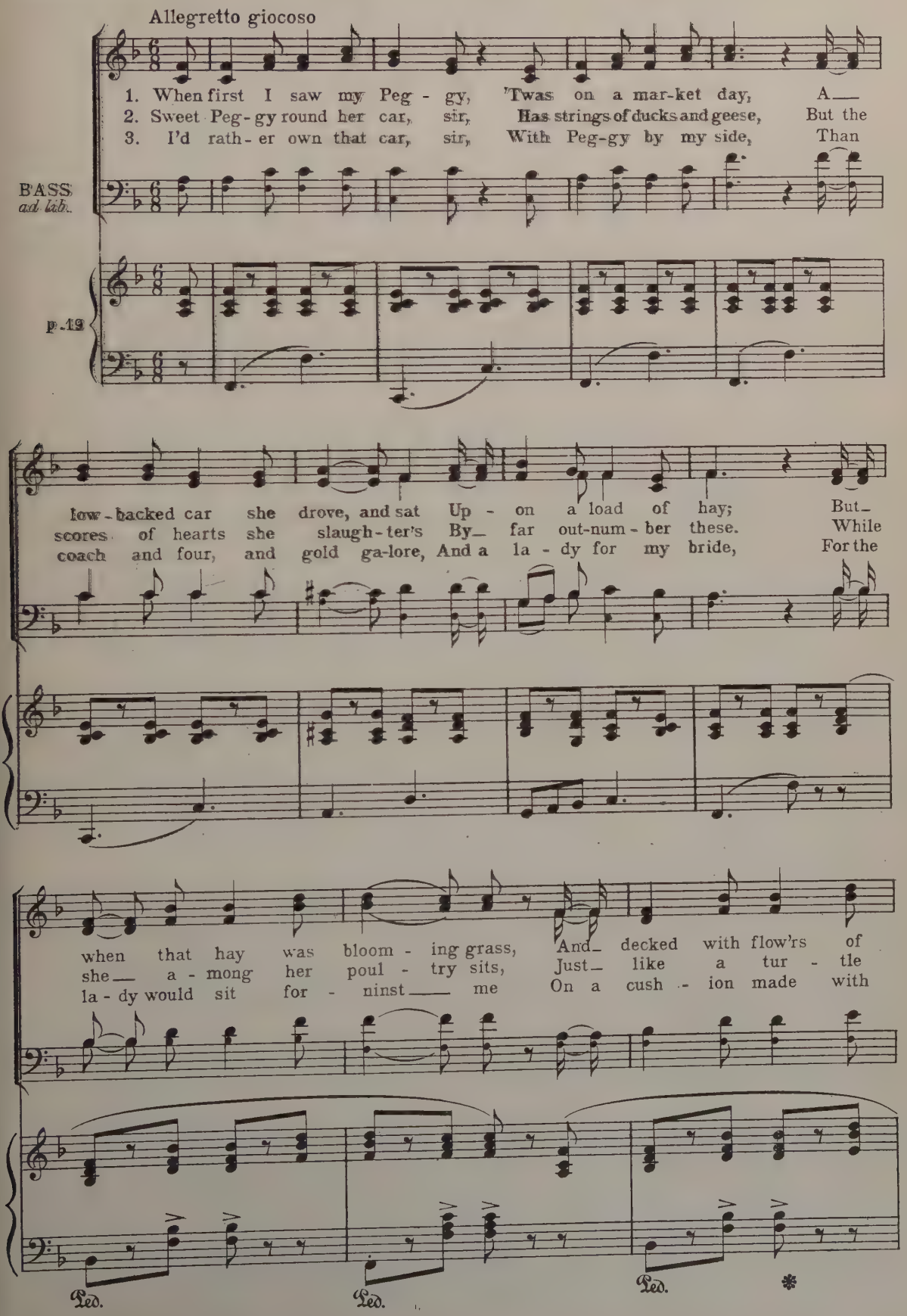

ma - ny and ma - ny's the time I've cried, To the
blan - kets drawn up round my head, I'd
pose when you've been bad some day, And
p
And ma - ny and ma - ny's the
And blan - kets drawn up
Sup - pose when you've been
far and
moth - er'd
sent a -
dark - ness that brood - ed
think of what my
up to bed are
far and
moth - er'd
sent a -
time I've cried, To the
round my head, I'd
bad some day, And
dark - ness that brood - ed
think of what my
up to bed are
wide,
said
way,
pp
rit.
far and wide,
said
way, a - way,
O - ver land and deep.
And won - der what boy she meant, And
From moth - er and the rest. Sup -
pp
rit.
far and wide,
moth - er'd said,
sent a - way,
pp
rit.

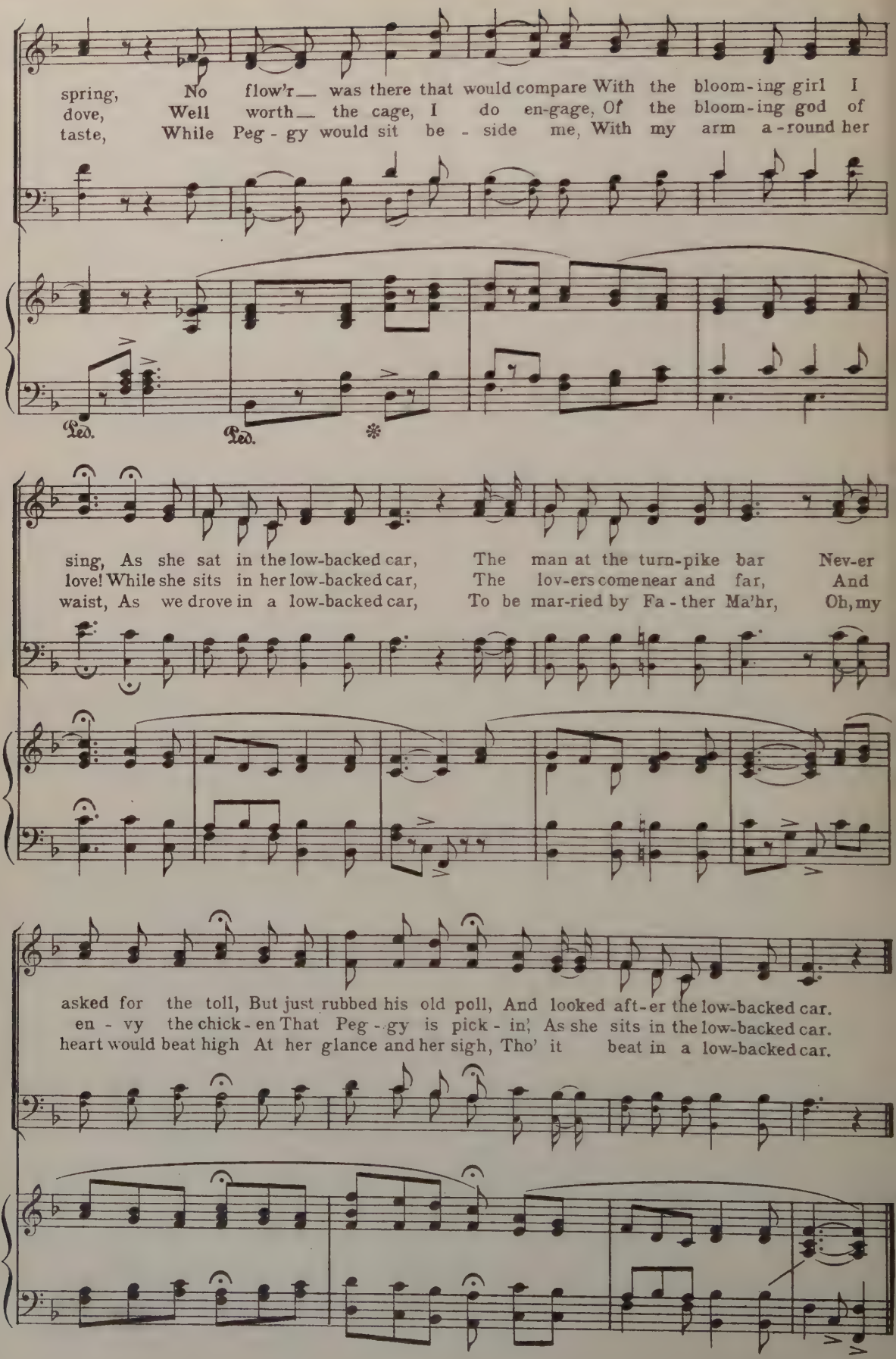

Tempo
f
p
Whom do you want, O lone - ly night, That you wail the
whose been bad to - day? I'd ask of the wind that
pose you ask who has been bad? And then you'll
Tempo
rit.
a tempo
long hours through? And the night would say in its
hoarse - ly blew, And that voice would say in its
hear what's true, For the wind will moan in its
ghost - ly way, Yoooo! yoooo! yoooo!
aw - - ful way, Yoooo! yoooo! yoooo!
rue - ful - lest tone, Yoooo! yoooo! yoooo!

THE LOW-BACKED CAR

SAMUEL LOVER

Arr. by FRANK BELKNAP

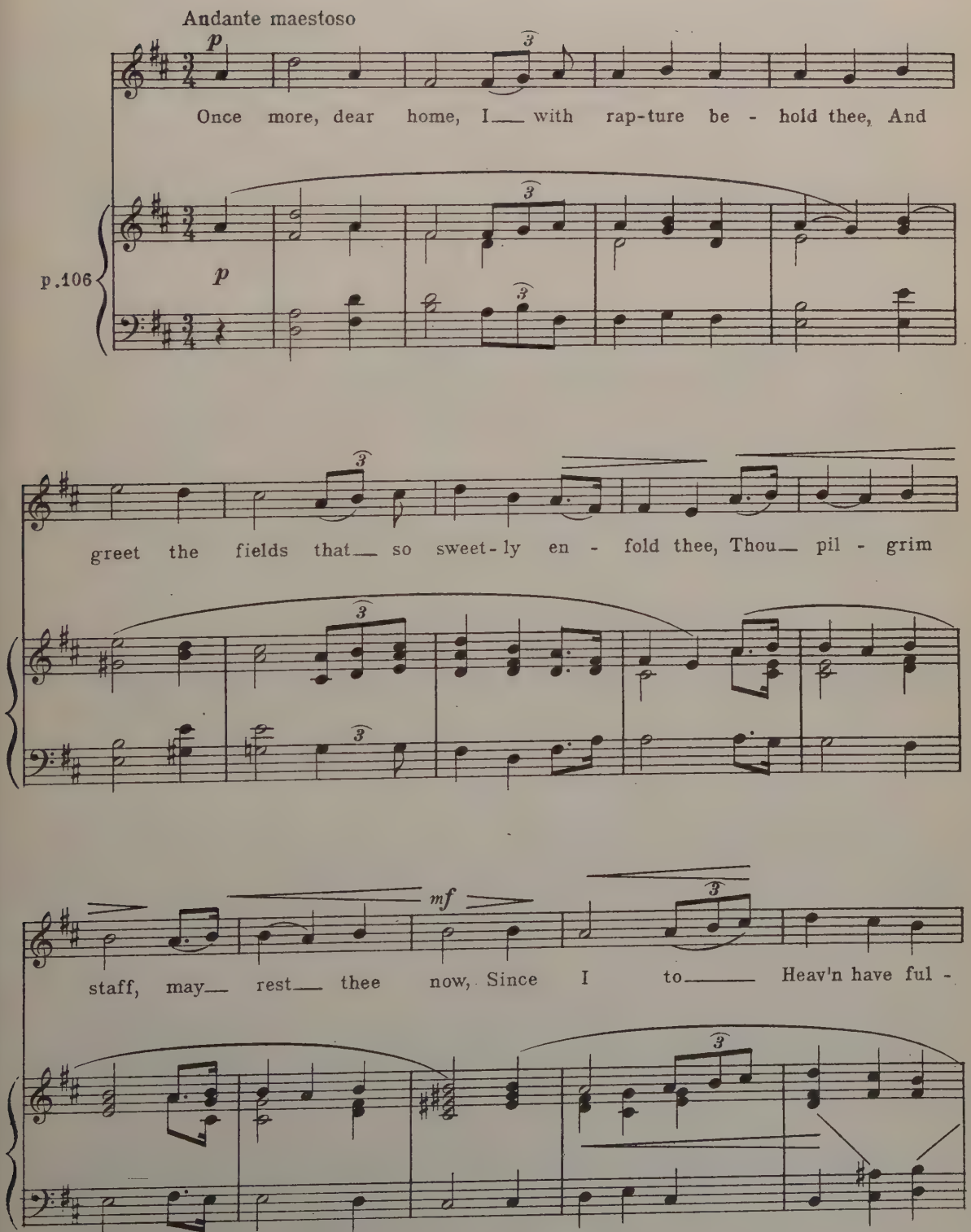

Allegretto giocoso
1. When first I saw my Peg - gy, 'Twas on a mar-ket day, A—
2. Sweet Peg-gy round her car, sir, Has strings of ducks and geese, But the
3. I'd rath - er own that car, sir, With Peg-gy by my side, Than
BASS ad lib.
p.19
low-backed car she drove, and sat Up - on a load of hay; But—
scores of hearts she slaugh-ter's By— far out-num - ber these. While
coach and four, and gold ga-lore, And a la - dy for my bride, For the
when that hay was bloom - ing grass, And— decked with flow'rs of
she— a - mong her poul - try sits, Just— like a tur - tle
la - dy would sit for - ninst— me On a cush - ion made with
Led.
Led.
Led.
*

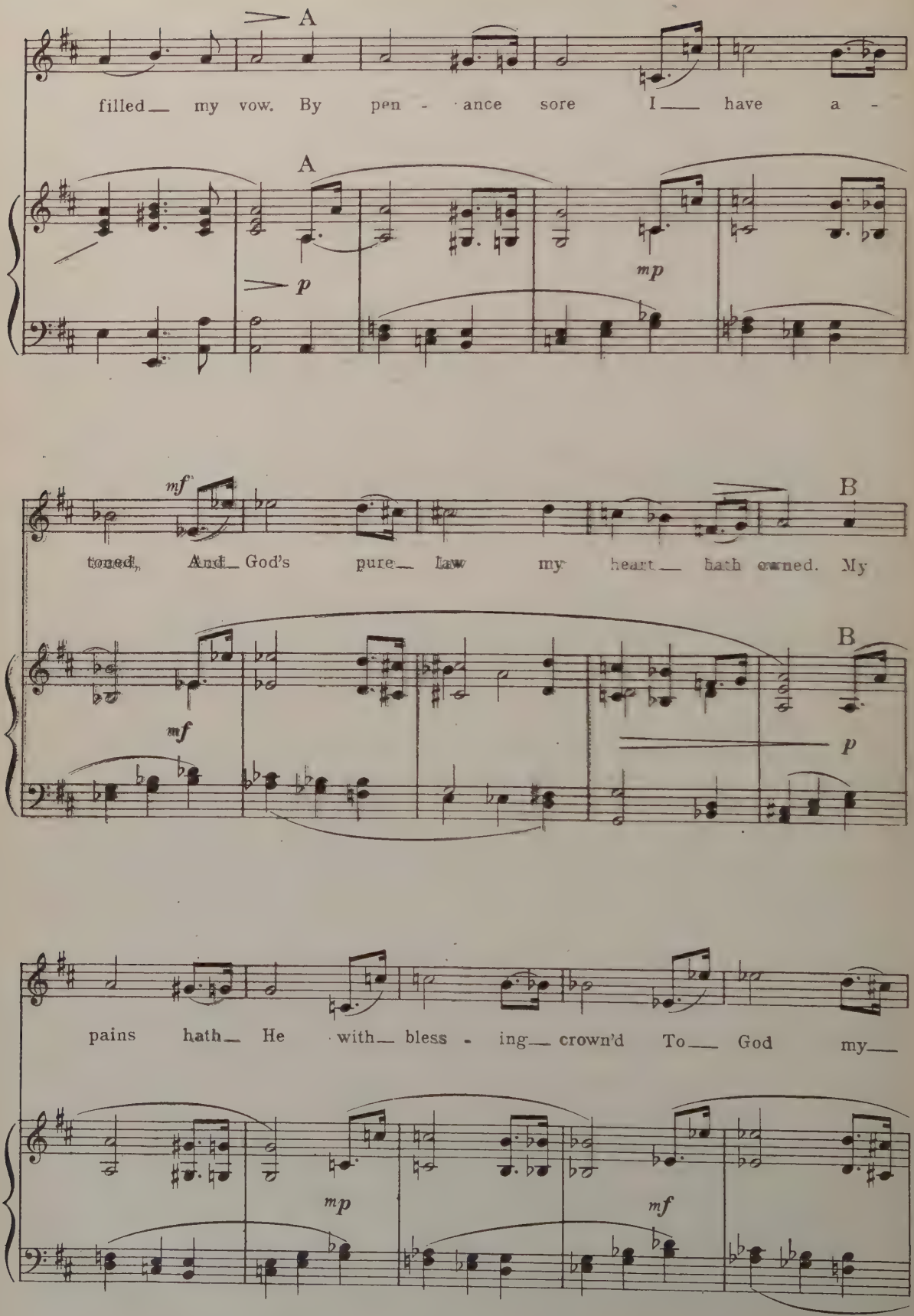

spring, No flow'r was there that would compare With the bloom-ing girl I
dove, Well worth the cage, I do en-gage, Of the bloom-ing god of
taste, While Peg - gy would sit be - side me, With my arm a-round her
Ped. Ped.
sing, As she sat in the low-backed car, The man at the turn-pike bar Nev-er
love! While she sits in her low-backed car, The lov-ers come near and far, And
waist, As we drove in a low-backed car, To be mar-ried by Fa - ther Ma'hr, Oh, my
asked for the toll, But just rubbed his old poll, And looked aft-er the low-backed car.
en - vy the chick - en That Peg - gy is pick - in', As she sits in the low-backed car.
heart would beat high At her glance and her sigh, Tho' it beat in a low-backed car.

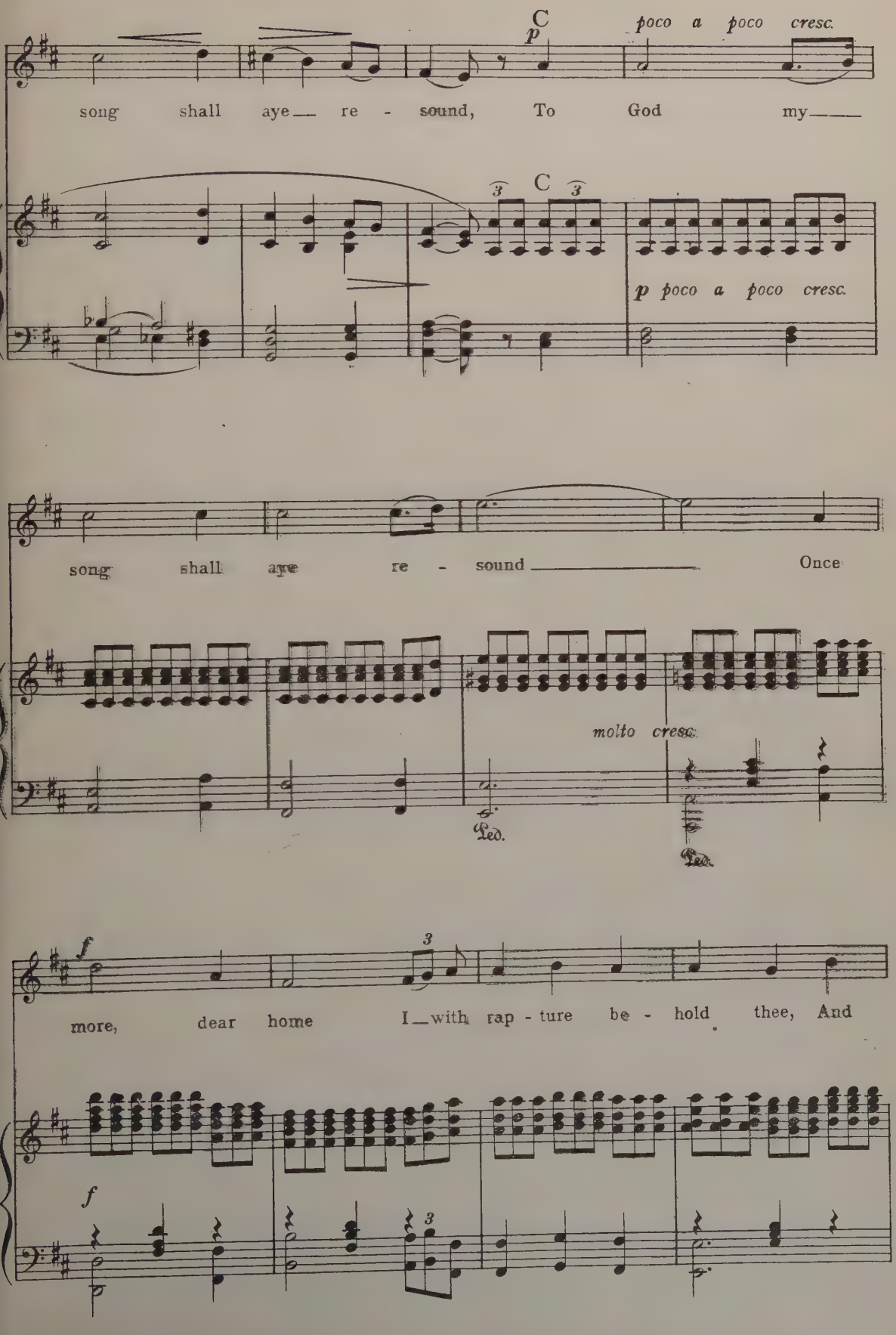
PILGRIM'S CHORUS

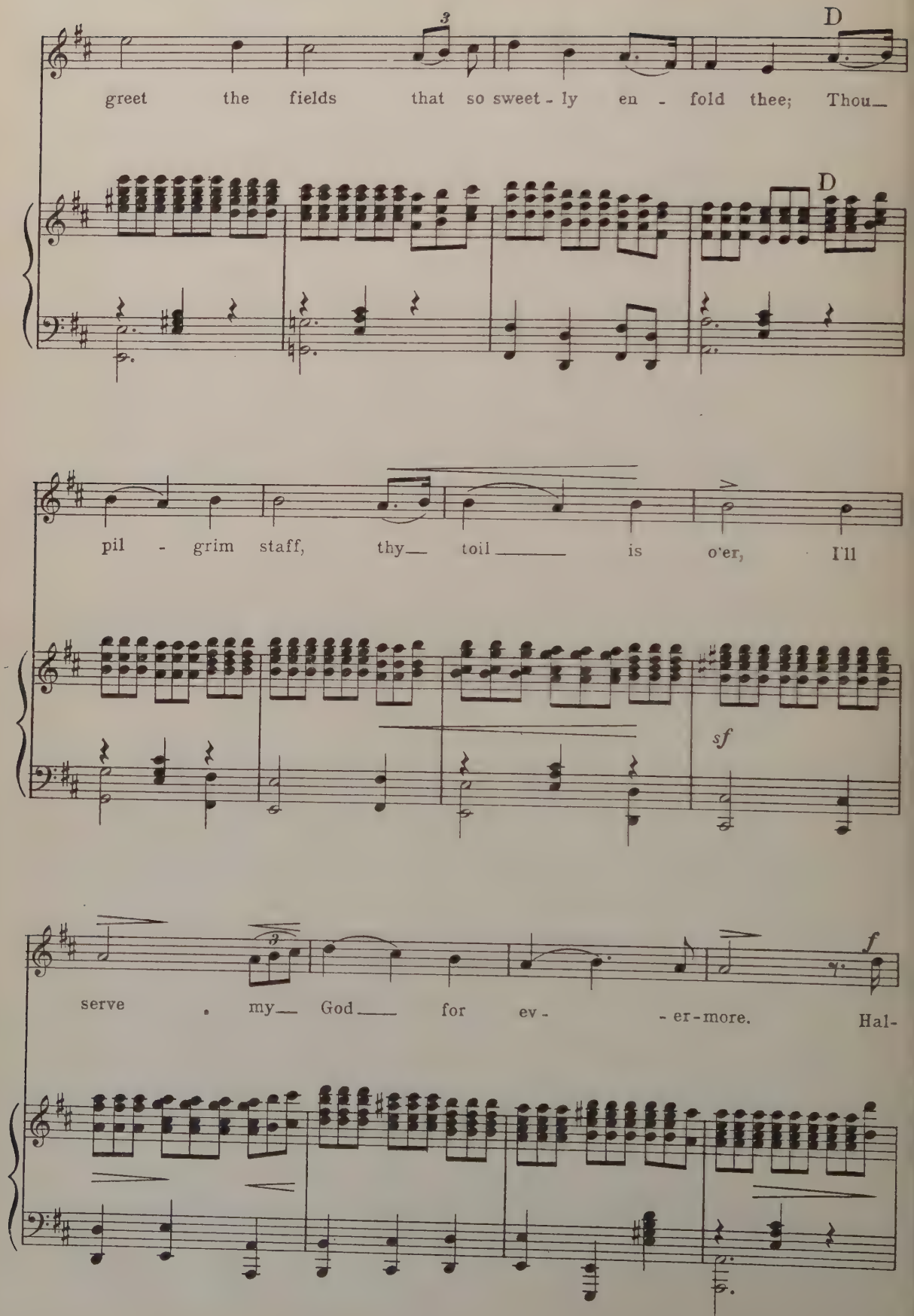
From "TANNHÄUSER"

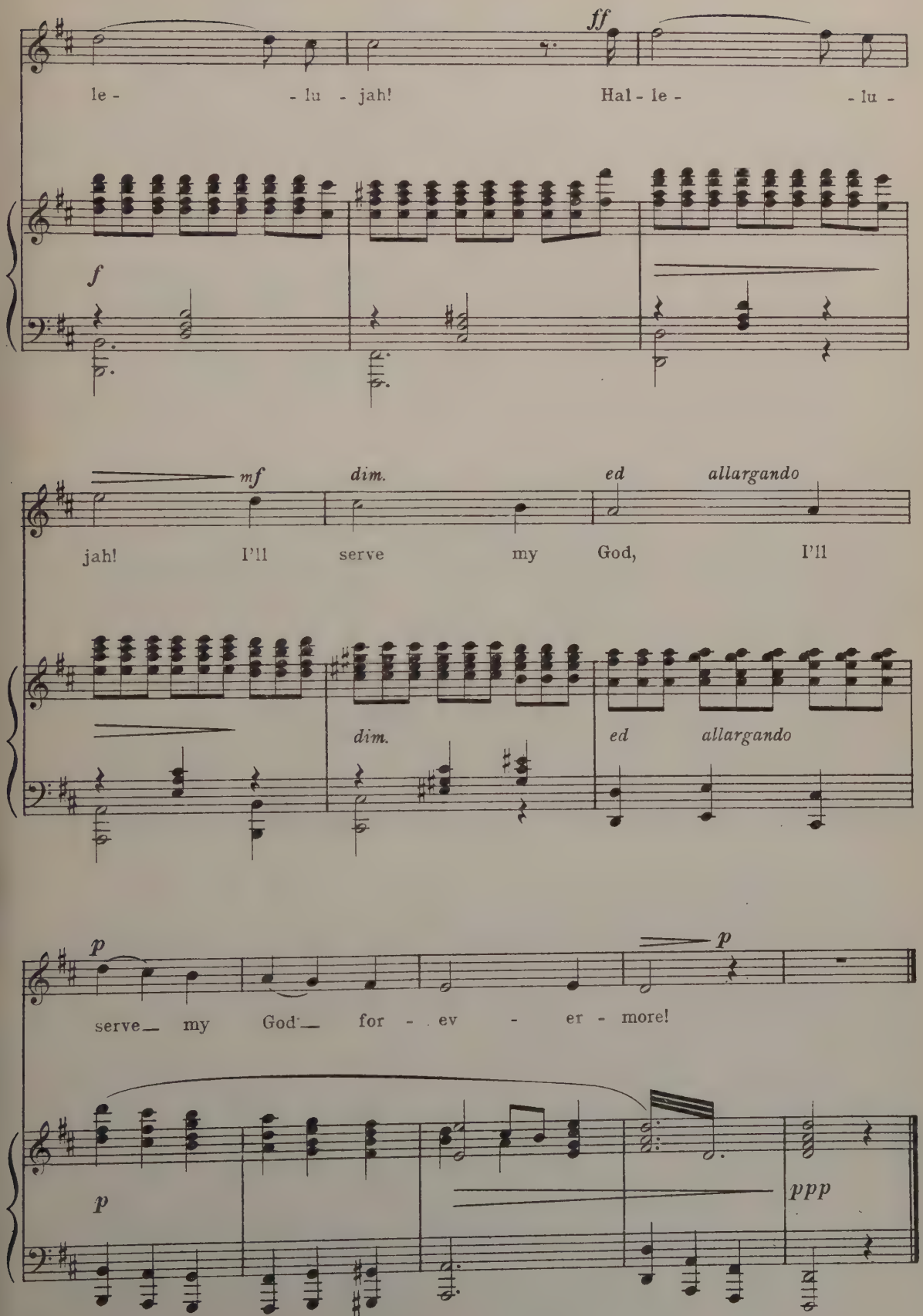
RICHARD WAGNER


Andante maestoso
p
Once more, dear home, I with rap-ture be - hold thee, And
p.106
p
greet the fields that so sweet-ly en - fold thee, Thou pil - grim
mf
staff, may rest thee now, Since I to Heav'n have ful -


A
filled my vow. By pen - ance sore I have a -
A
p
mp
mf
toned, And God's pure law my heart hath owned. My
B
mf
B
p
pains hath He with bless - ing crown'd To God my
mp
mf

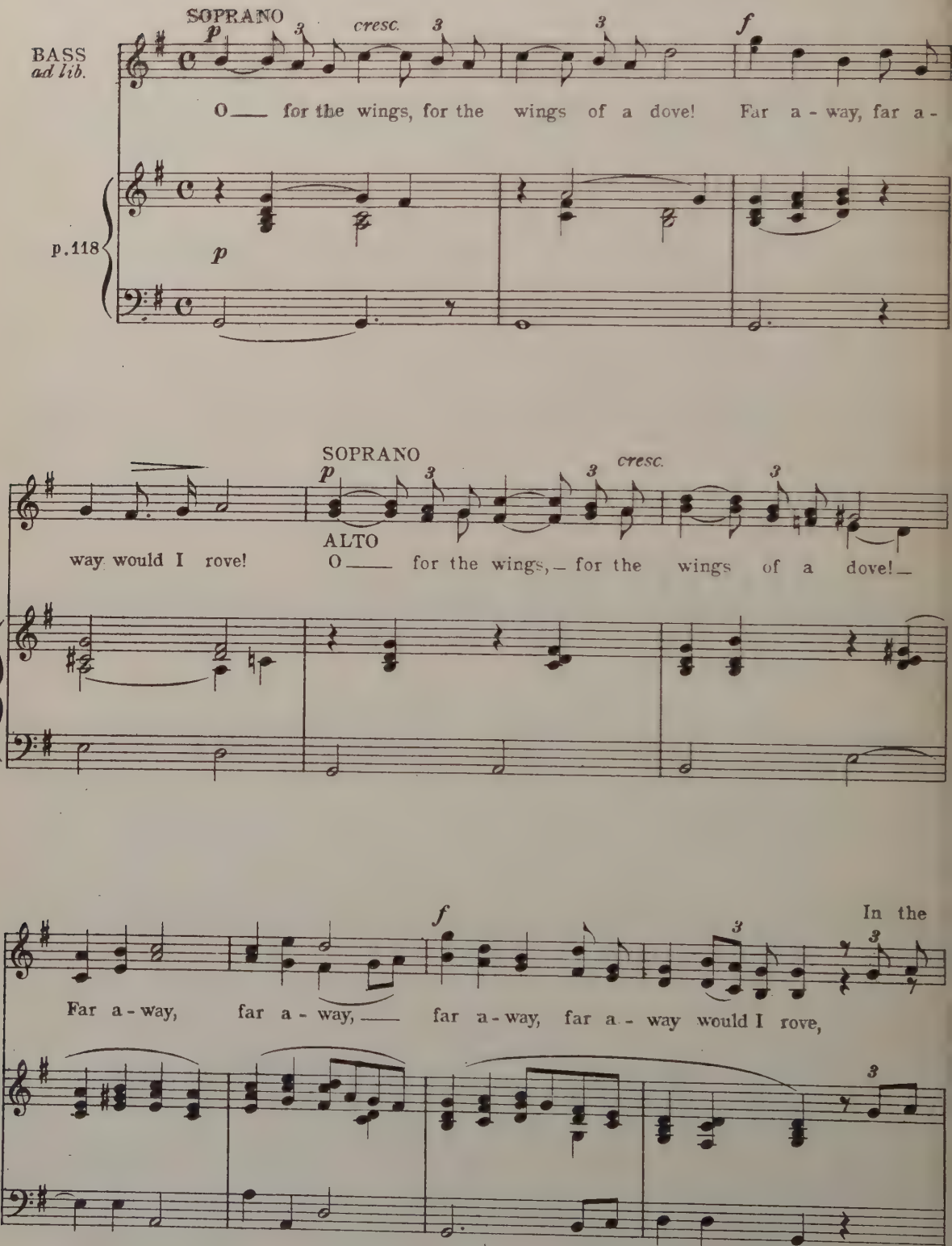

C
p
poco a poco cresc.
song shall aye re - sound, To God my
C
p poco a poco cresc.
song shall aye re - sound Once
molto cresc.
Ped.
Ped.
f
more, dear home I with rap - ture be - hold thee, And
f

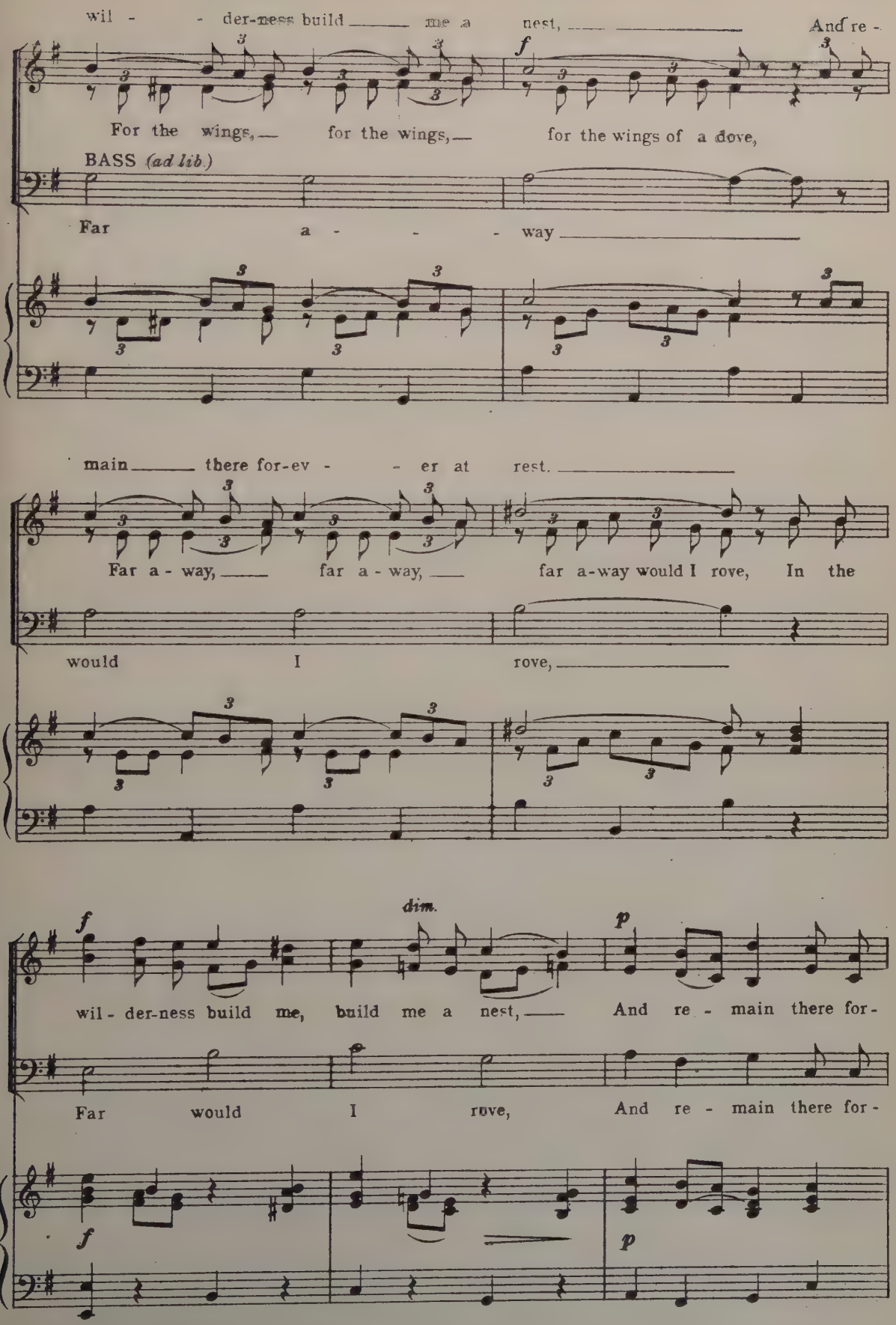

D
greet the fields that so sweet - ly en - fold thee; Thou_
D
pil - grim staff, thy_ toil _____ is o'er, I'll
sf
serve my_ God_____ for ev - - er-more. Hal-
f

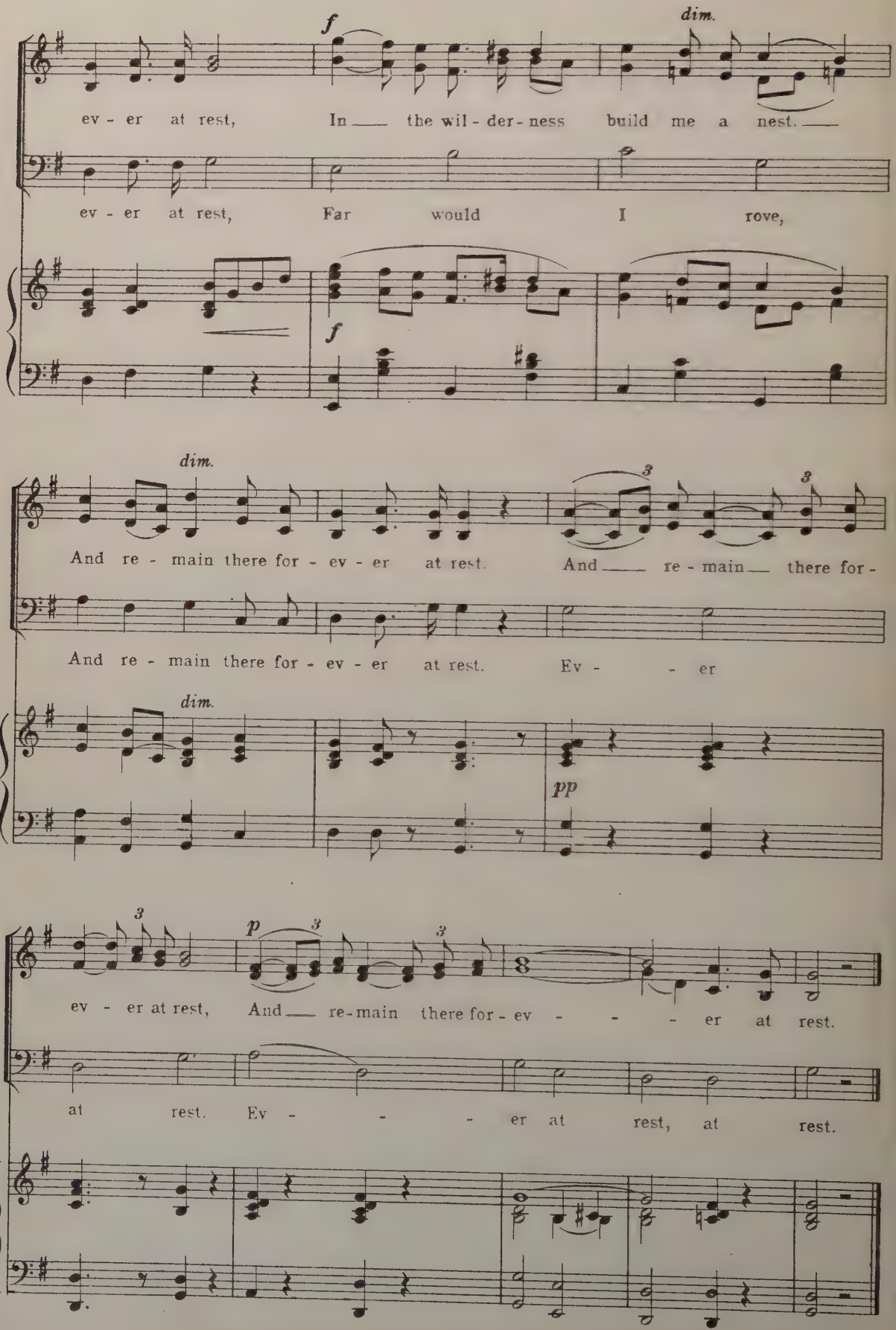

ff
le - - lu - jah! Hal - le - - lu -
f
mf
dim.
ed
allargando
jah! I'll serve my God, I'll
dim.
ed
allargando
p
p
serve my God for - ev - er - more!
p
ppp

O FOR THE WINGS OF A DOVE!

FELIX MENDELSSOHN



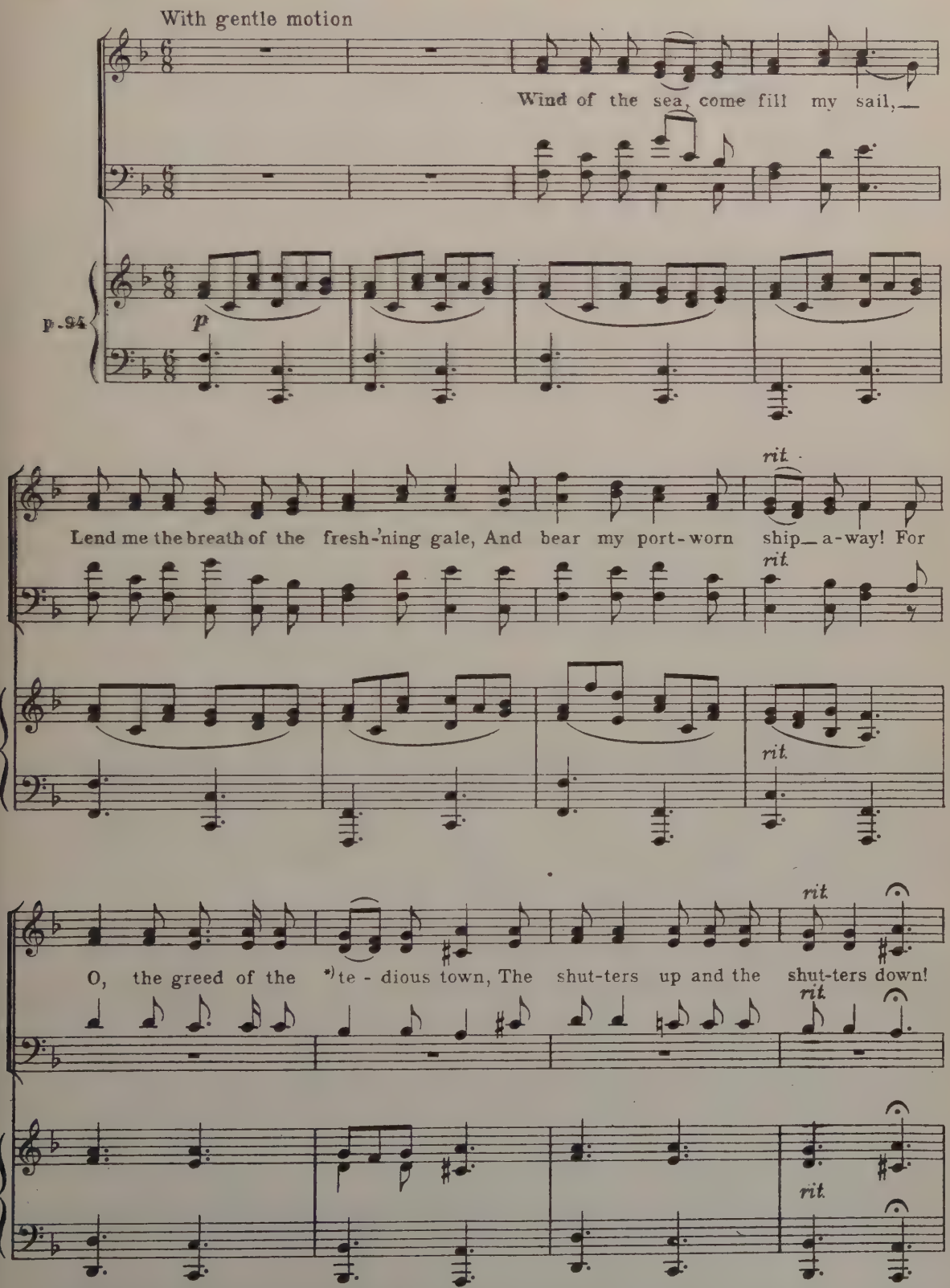

wil - - der-ness build me a nest, And re -
f
For the wings, for the wings, for the wings of a dove,
BASS (ad lib.)
Far a - - - way
main there for-ev - - er at rest.
Far a - way, far a - way, far a-way would I rove, In the
would I rove,
dim.
f
p
wil - der-ness build me, build me a nest, And re - main there for-
Far would I rove, And re - main there for -
f
p


f
dim.
ev - er at rest, In the wil - der - ness build me a nest.
ev - er at rest, Far would I rove,
f
dim.
3
3
And re - main there for - ev - er at rest. And re - main there for -
And re - main there for - ev - er at rest. Ev - er
dim.
pp
3
p
3
3
ev - er at rest, And re - main there for - ev - er at rest.
at rest. Ev - er at rest, at rest.

WIND OF THE SEA

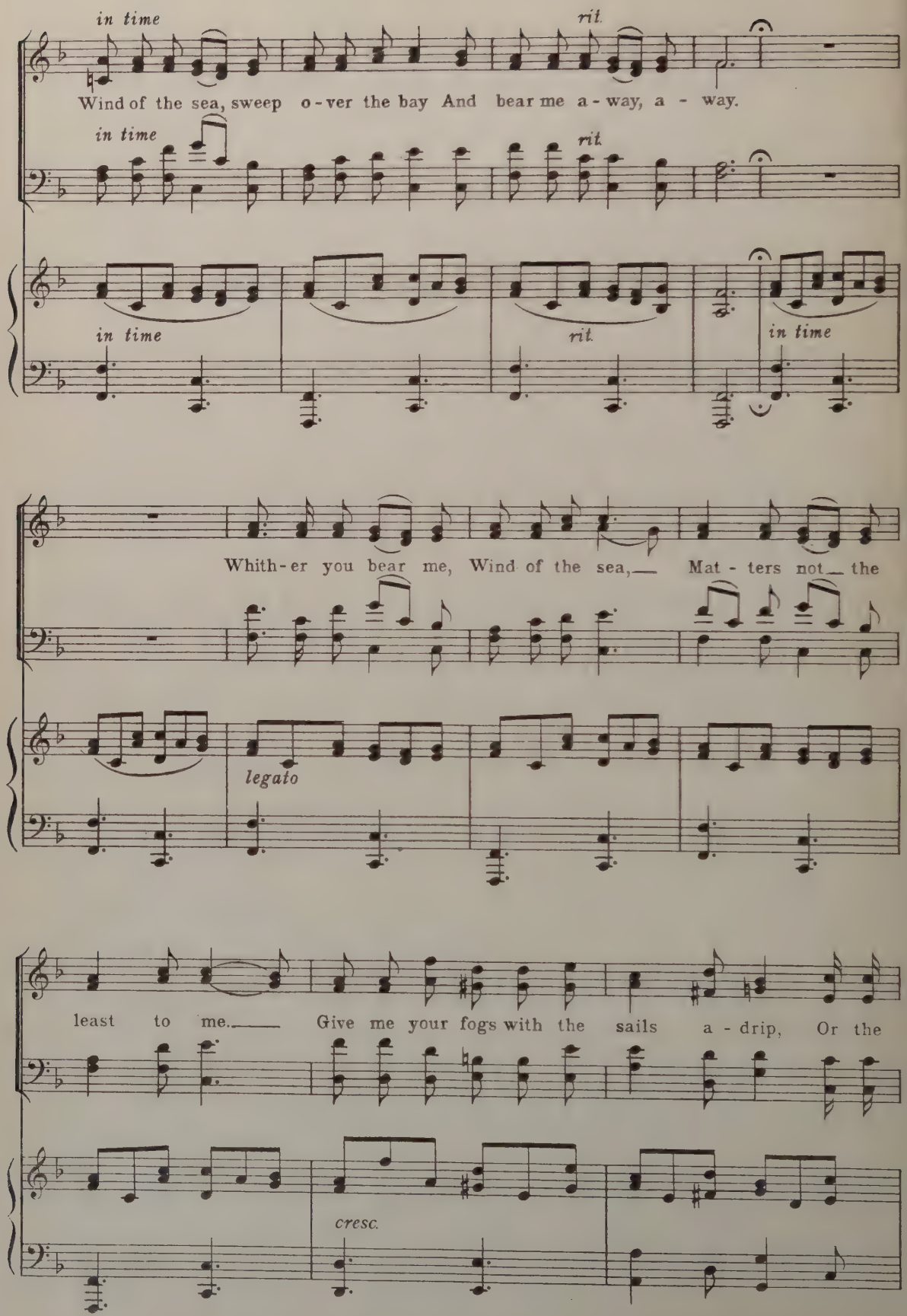
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY *)

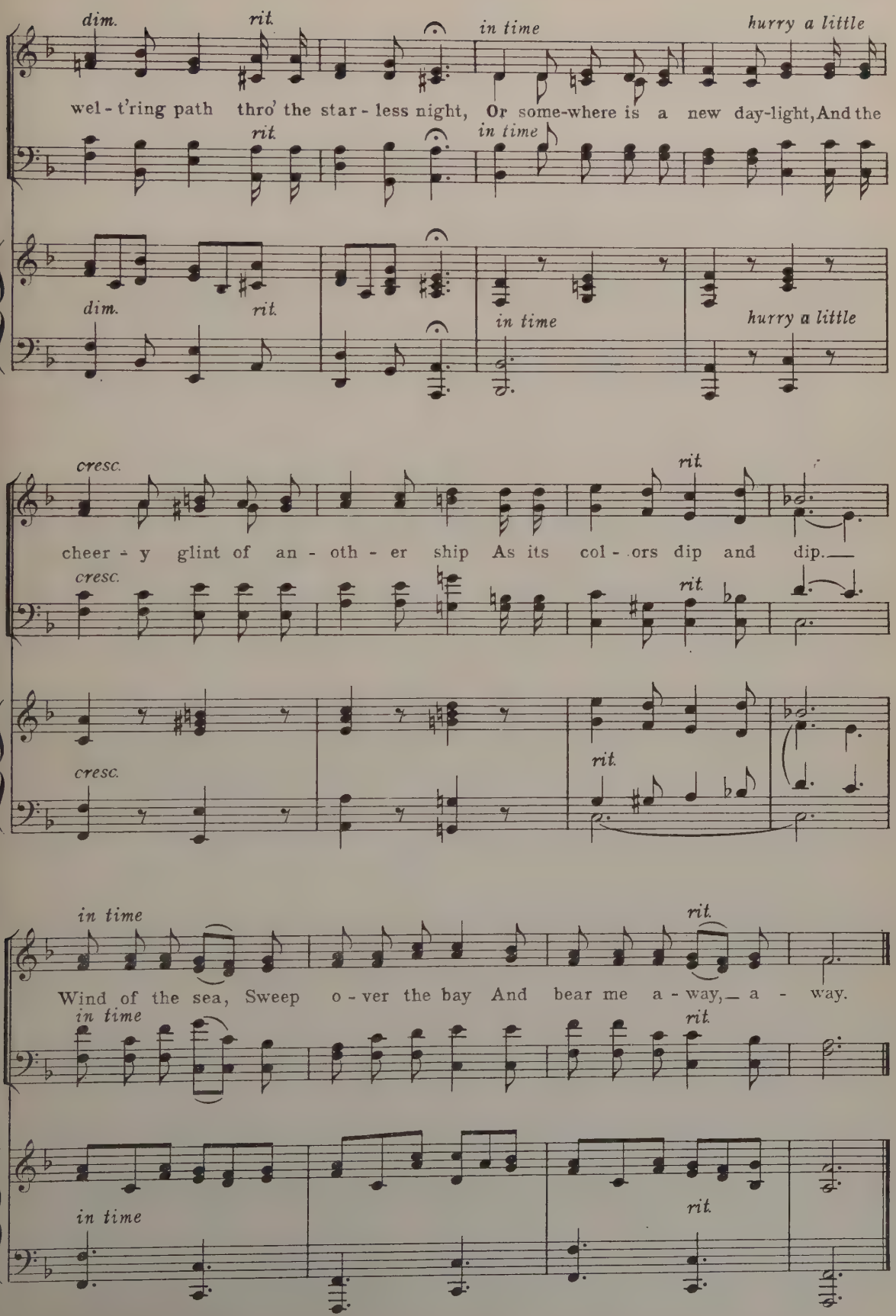
CLAYTON JOHNS


With gentle motion
Wind of the sea, come fill my sail,—
p.94
p
rit.
Lend me the breath of the fresh-'ning gale, And bear my port-worn ship— a-way! For
rit.
rit.
rit.
O, the greed of the *)te - dious town, The shut-ters up and the shut-ters down!
rit.
rit.

*) From "The Book of Joyous Children"; Copyright, 1902, by JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY. Published by CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.

*) pronounce tēd-jous

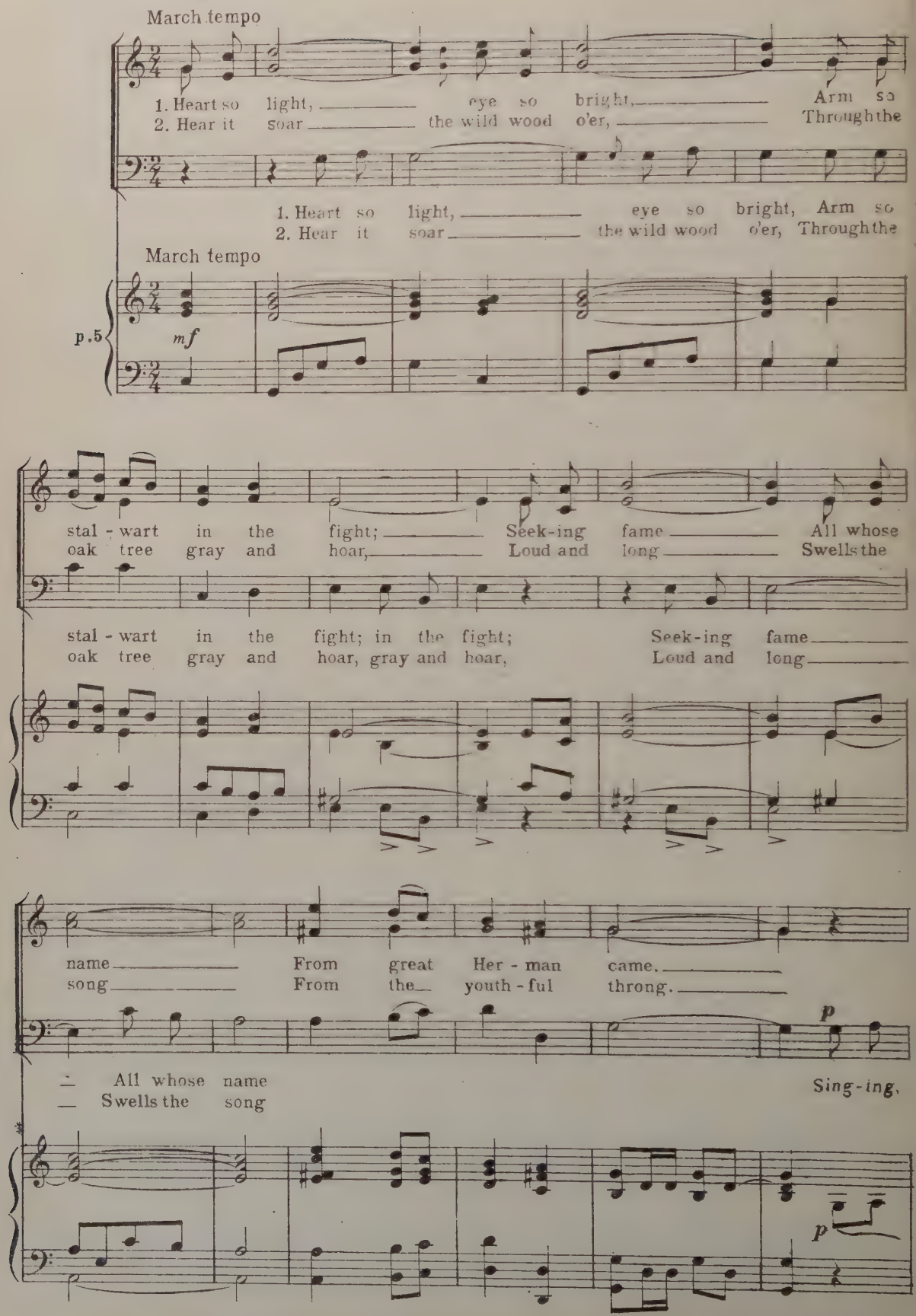

in time
rit.
Wind of the sea, sweep o-ver the bay And bear me a-way, a - way.
in time
rit.
in time
rit.
in time
Whith-er you bear me, Wind of the sea,— Mat - ters not— the
legato
least to me.— Give me your fogs with the sails a - drip, Or the
cresc.

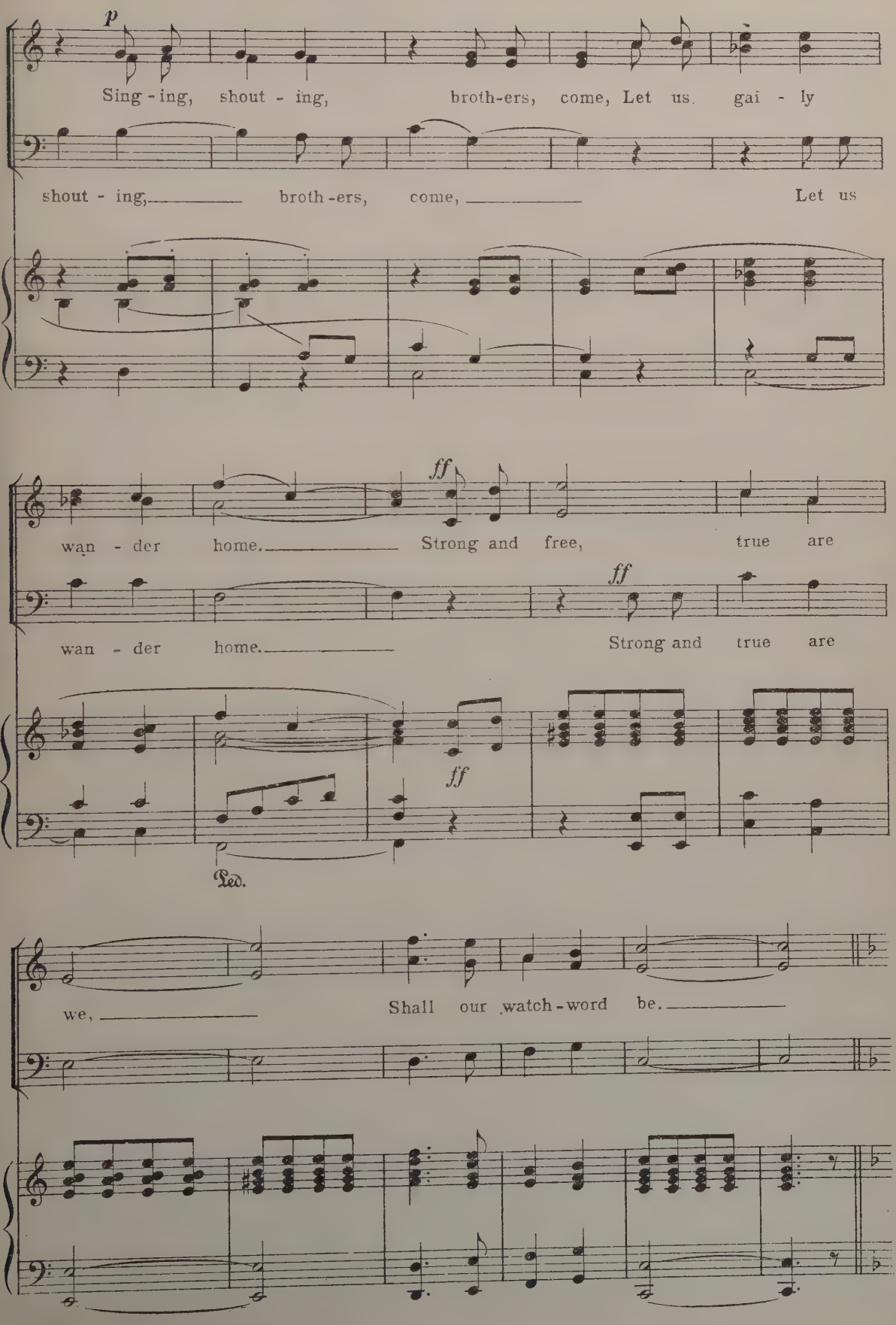

dim.
rit.
in time
hurry a little
wel - t'ring path thro' the star - less night, Or some-where is a new day-light, And the
rit.
in time
dim.
rit.
in time
hurry a little
cresc.
rit.
cheer - y glint of an - oth - er ship As its col - ors dip and dip.
cresc.
rit.
cresc.
rit.
in time
rit.
Wind of the sea, Sweep o - ver the bay And bear me a - way, a - way.
in time
rit.
in time
rit.

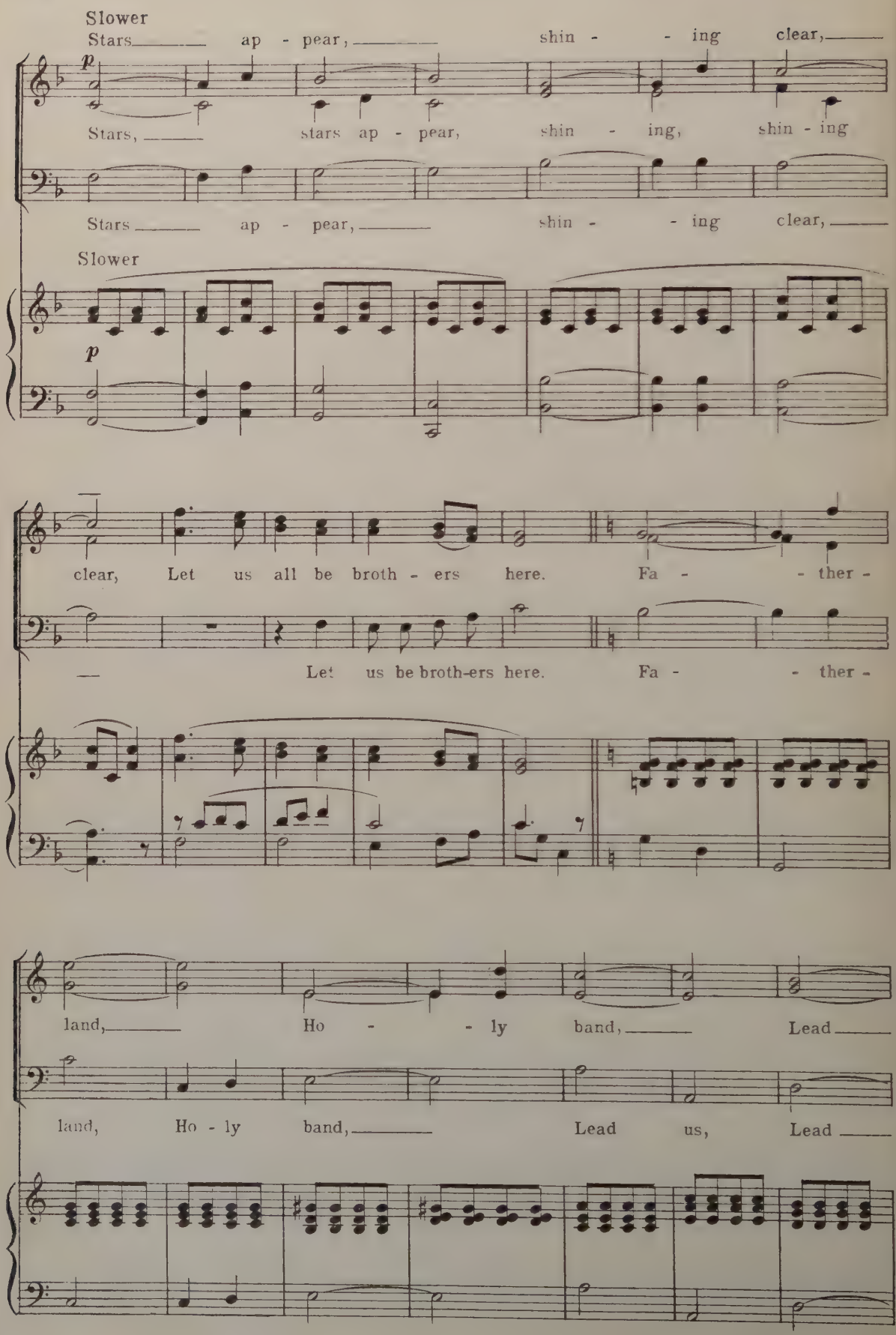
SONS OF HERMAN

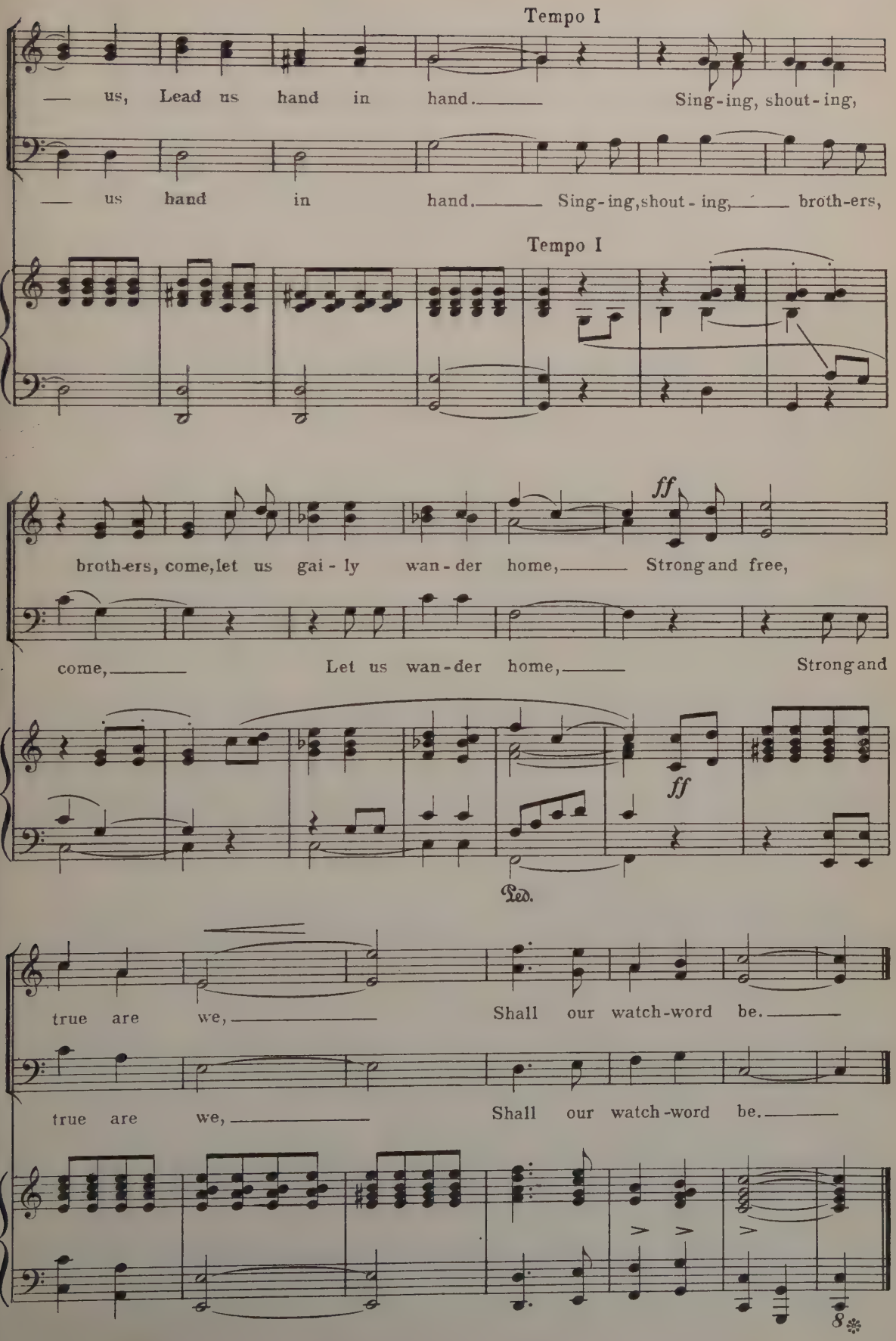
JAMES LEROY SANFORD

G.W. CHADWICK


March tempo
1. Heart so light, eye so bright, Arm so
2. Hear it soar the wild wood o'er, Throughthe
1. Heart so light, eye so bright, Arm so
2. Hear it soar the wild wood o'er, Throughthe
March tempo
p.5
mf
stal - wart in the fight; Seek-ing fame All whose
oak tree gray and hoar, Loud and long Swellsthe
stal - wart in the fight; in the fight; Seek-ing fame
oak tree gray and hoar, gray and hoar, Loud and long
name From great Her - man came.
song From the youth - ful throng.
p
All whose name
Swells the song
Sing-ing,
p


p
Sing - ing, shout - ing, broth-ers, come, Let us gai - ly
shout - ing, broth - ers, come, Let us
ff
wan - der home. Strong and free, true are
ff
wan - der home. Strong and true are
ff
Led.
we, Shall our watch - word be.


Slower
Stars ap - pear, shin - ing clear,
p
Stars, stars ap - pear, shin - ing, shin - ing
Stars ap - pear, shin - ing clear,
Slower
p
clear, Let us all be broth - ers here. Fa - ther -
Let us be broth-ers here. Fa - ther -
land, Ho - ly band, Lead
land, Ho - ly band, Lead us, Lead


Tempo I
— us, Lead us hand in hand. Sing-ing, shout-ing,
— us hand in hand. Sing-ing, shout-ing, broth-ers,
Tempo I
broth-ers, come, let us gai-ly wan-der home, Strong and free,
ff
come, Let us wan-der home, Strong and
ff
Ped.
true are we, Shall our watch-word be.
true are we, Shall our watch-word be.
8

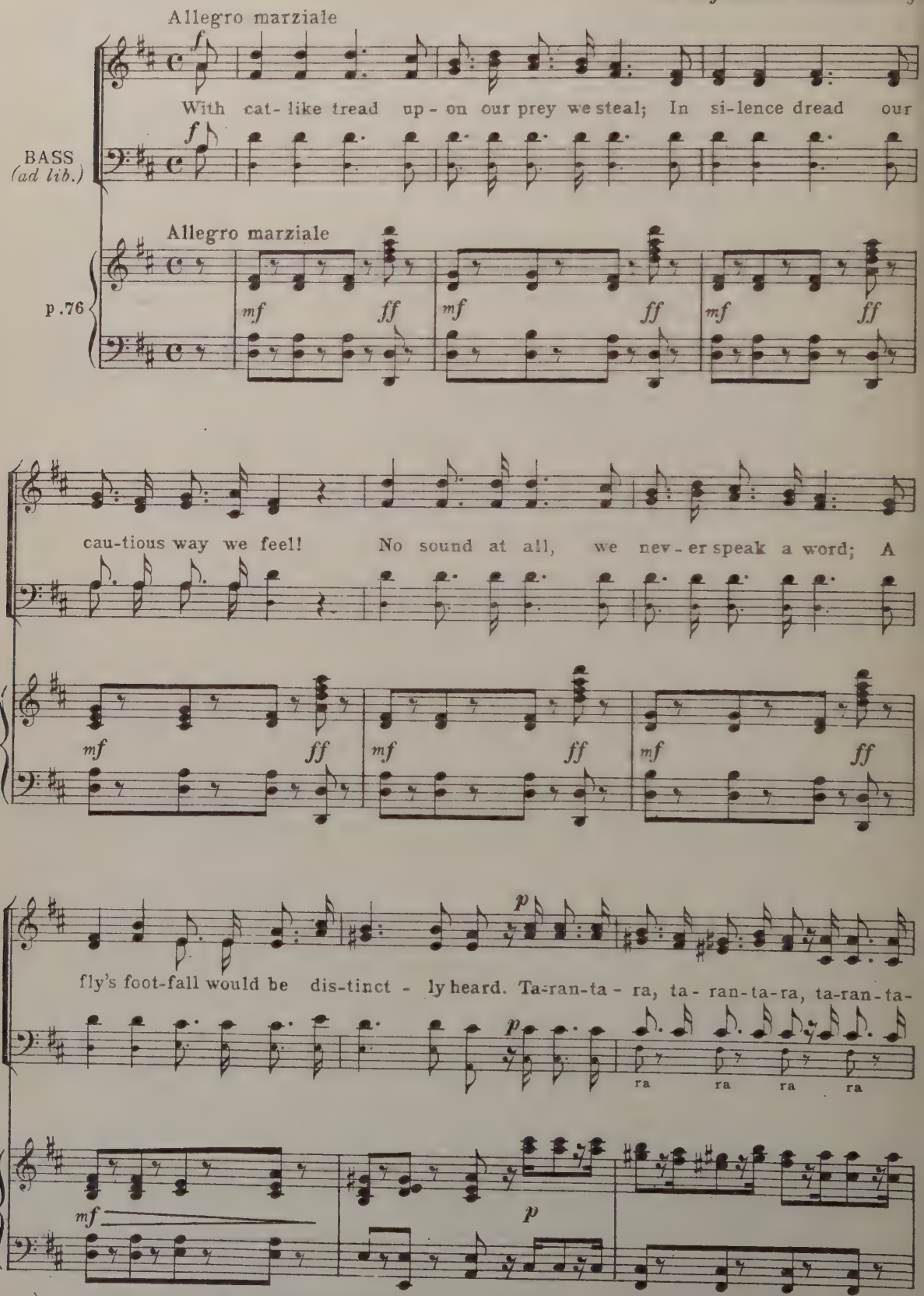
PIRATES' CHORUS *)

from "PIRATES OF PENZANCE"

W. S. GILBERT

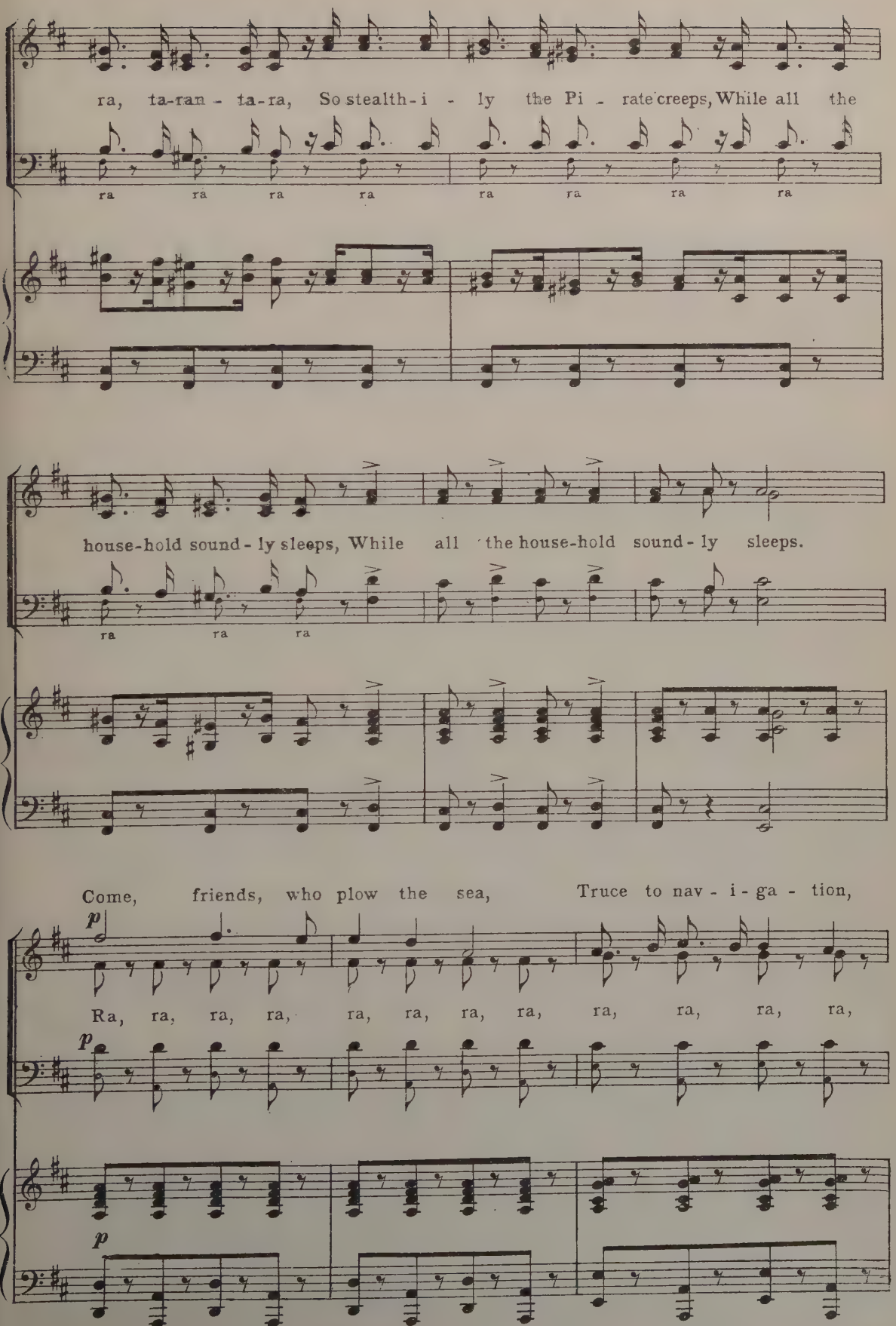
ARTHUR SULLIVAN

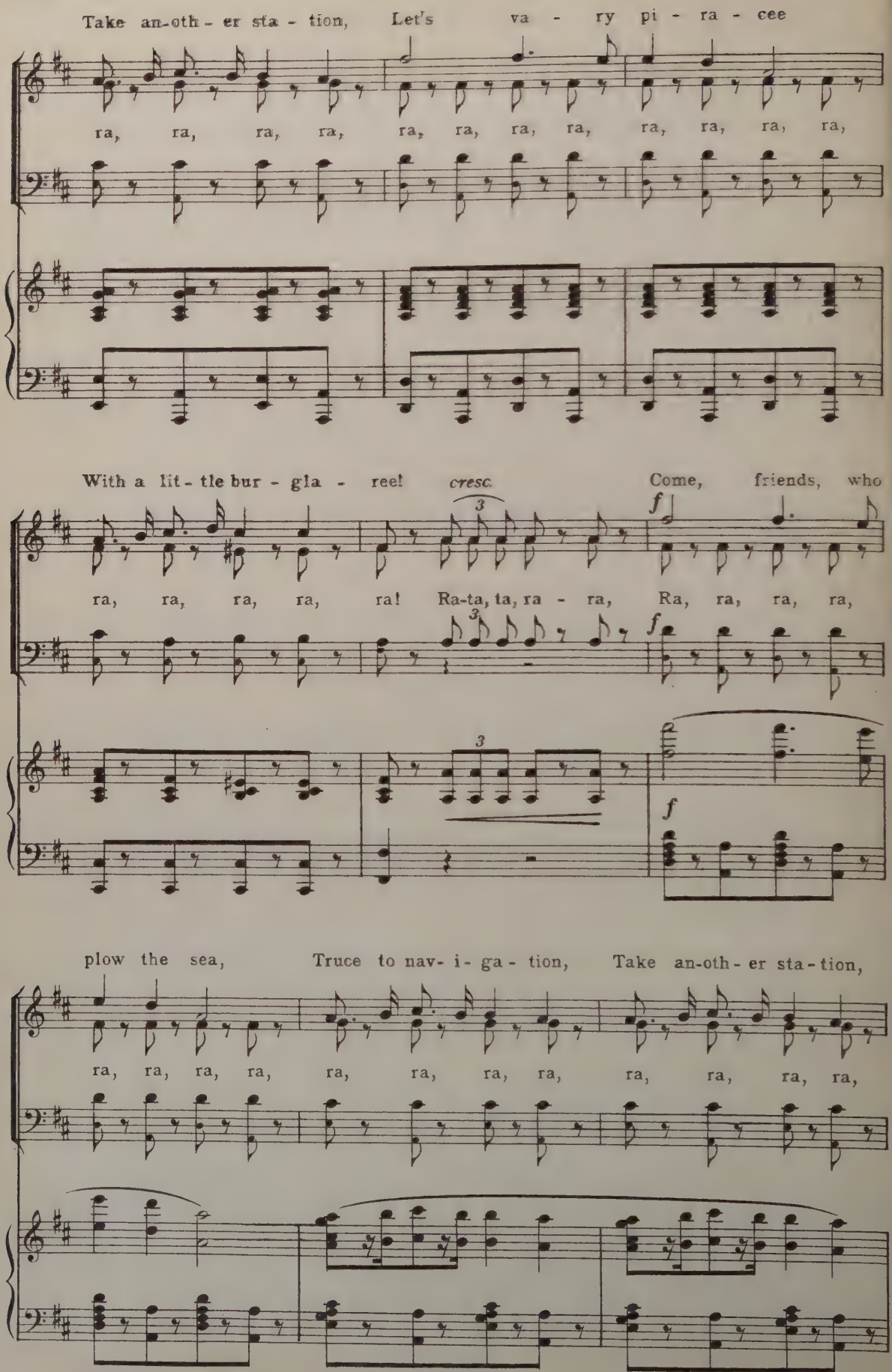
Arr. by Osbourne McConathy

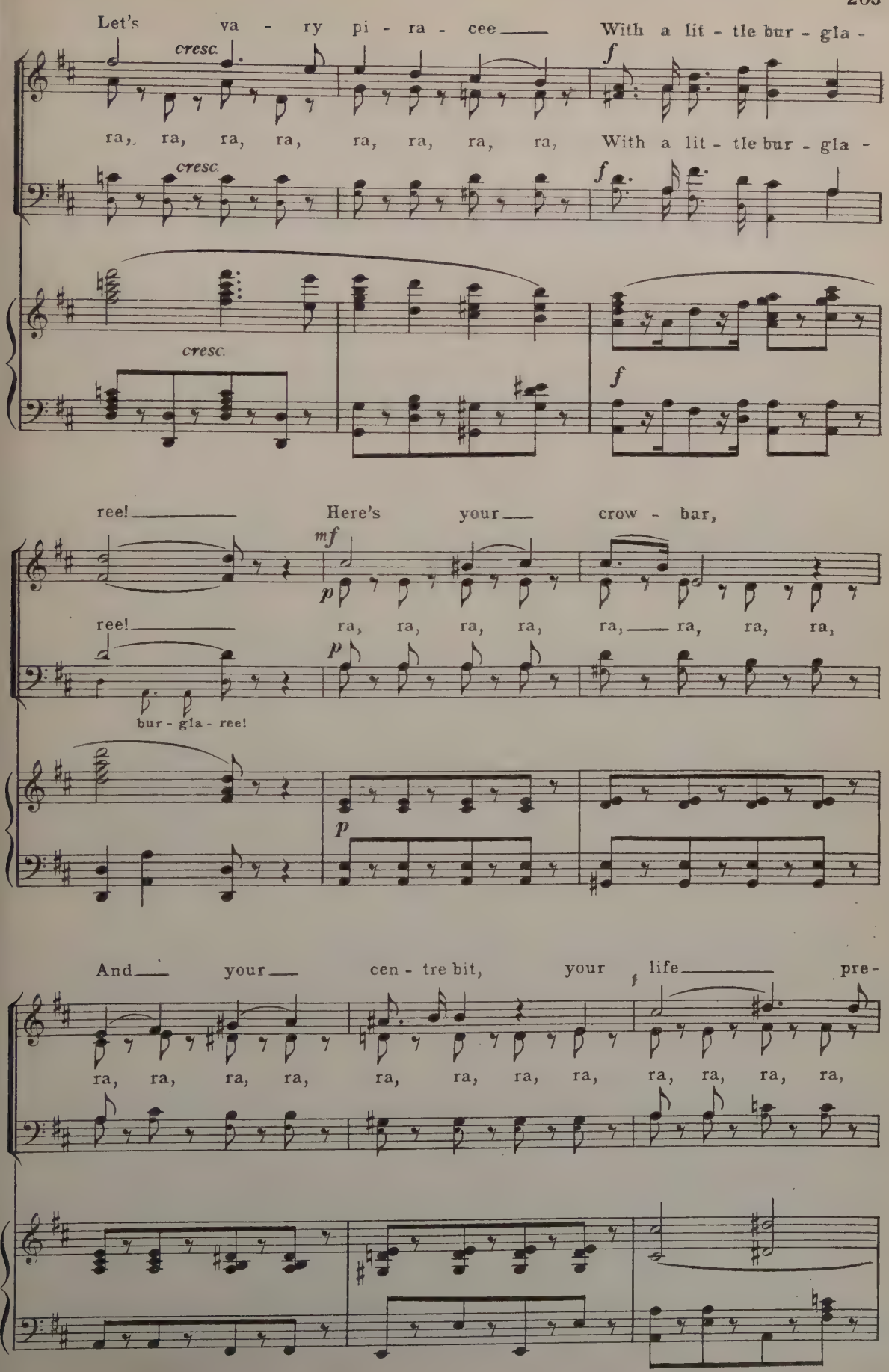

Allegro marziale
With cat-like tread up-on our prey we steal; In si-lence dread our
BASS (ad lib.)
Allegro marziale
p. 76
cau-tious way we feel! No sound at all, we nev-er speak a word; A
fly's foot-fall would be dis-tinct-ly heard. Ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-
ra ra ra ra

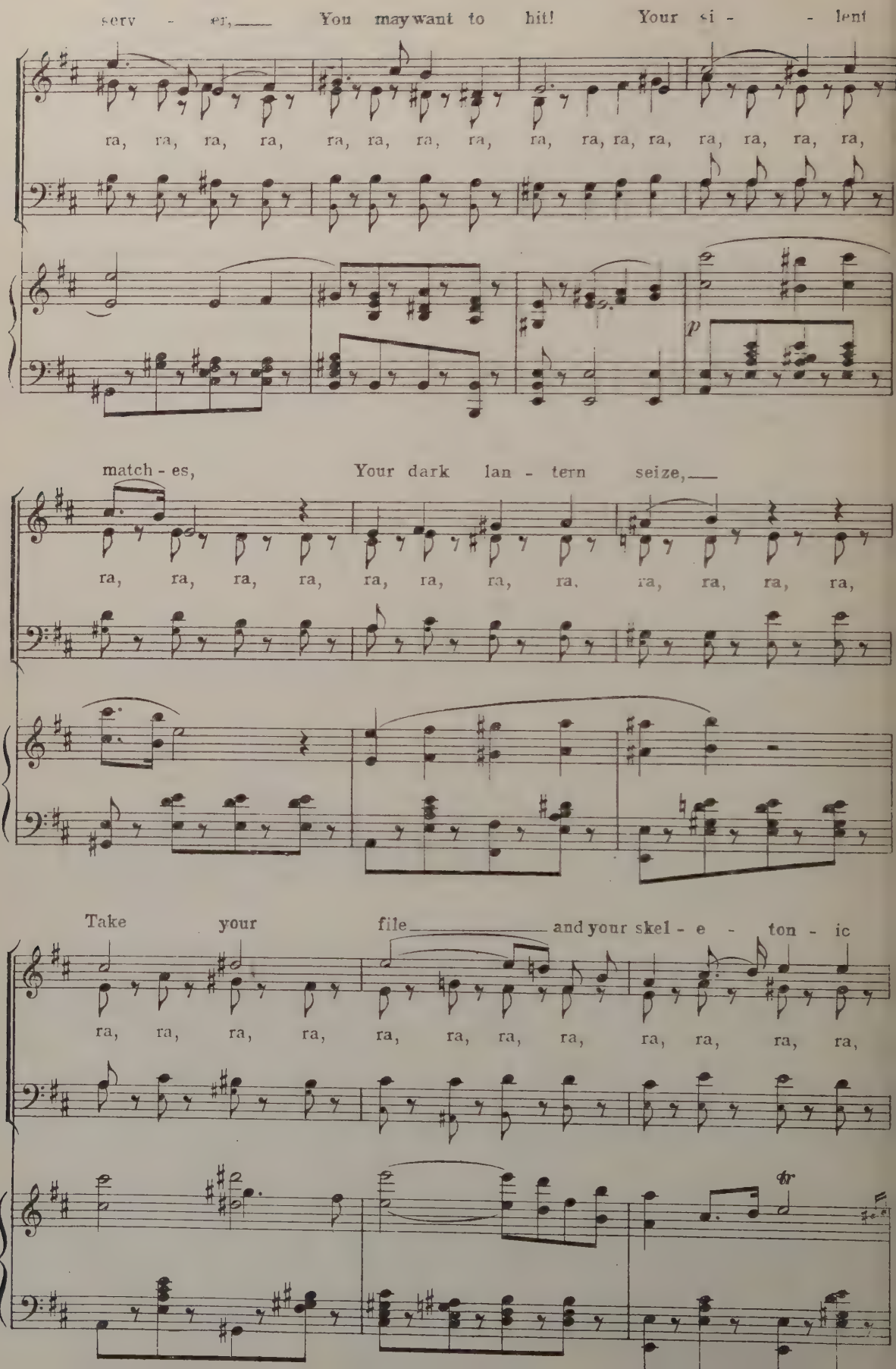
*) A good-natured satire on the impossibly grotesque pirate of sensational melodrama and penny-dreadful literature.

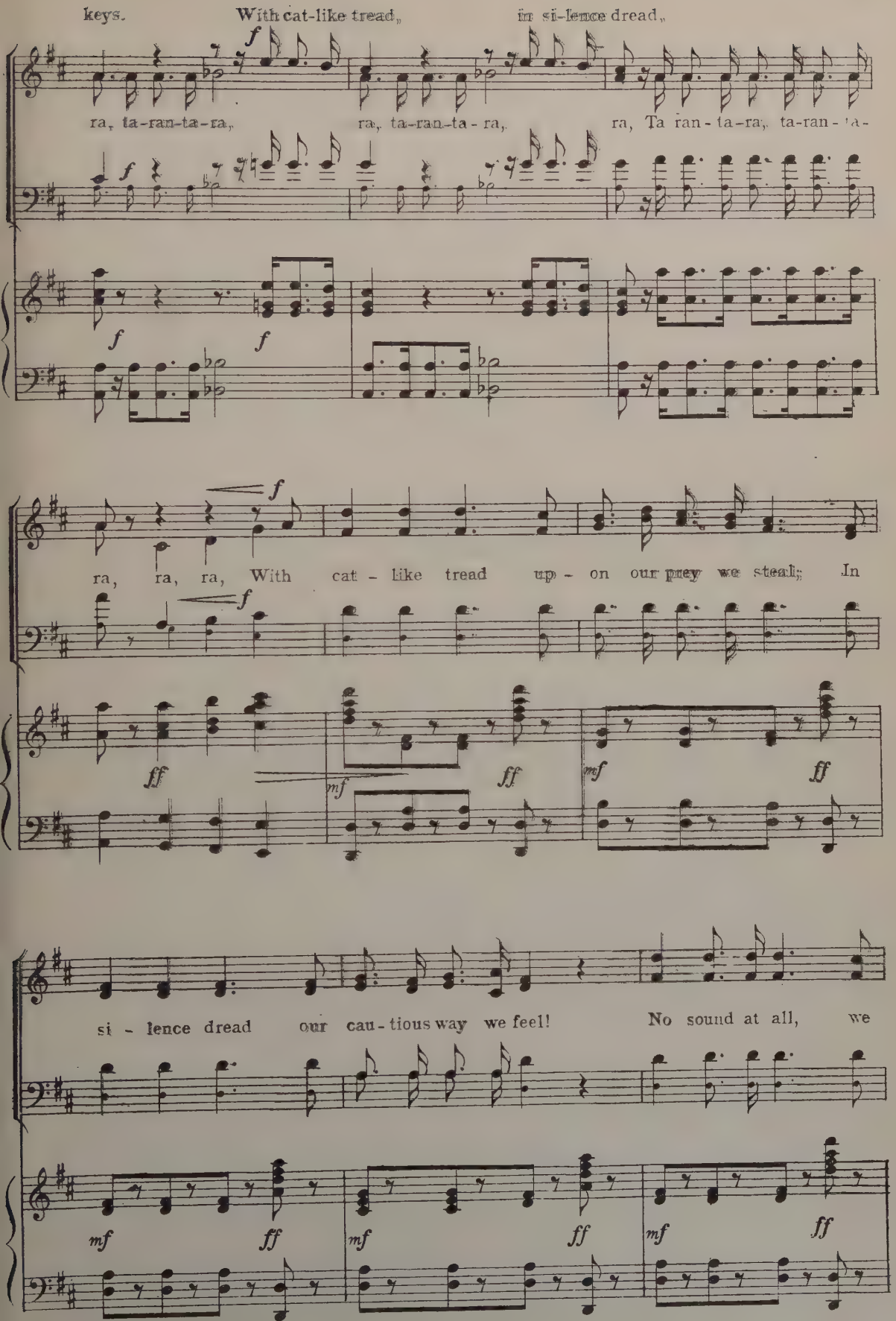
Copyright 1916 by C. C. Birchard & Company

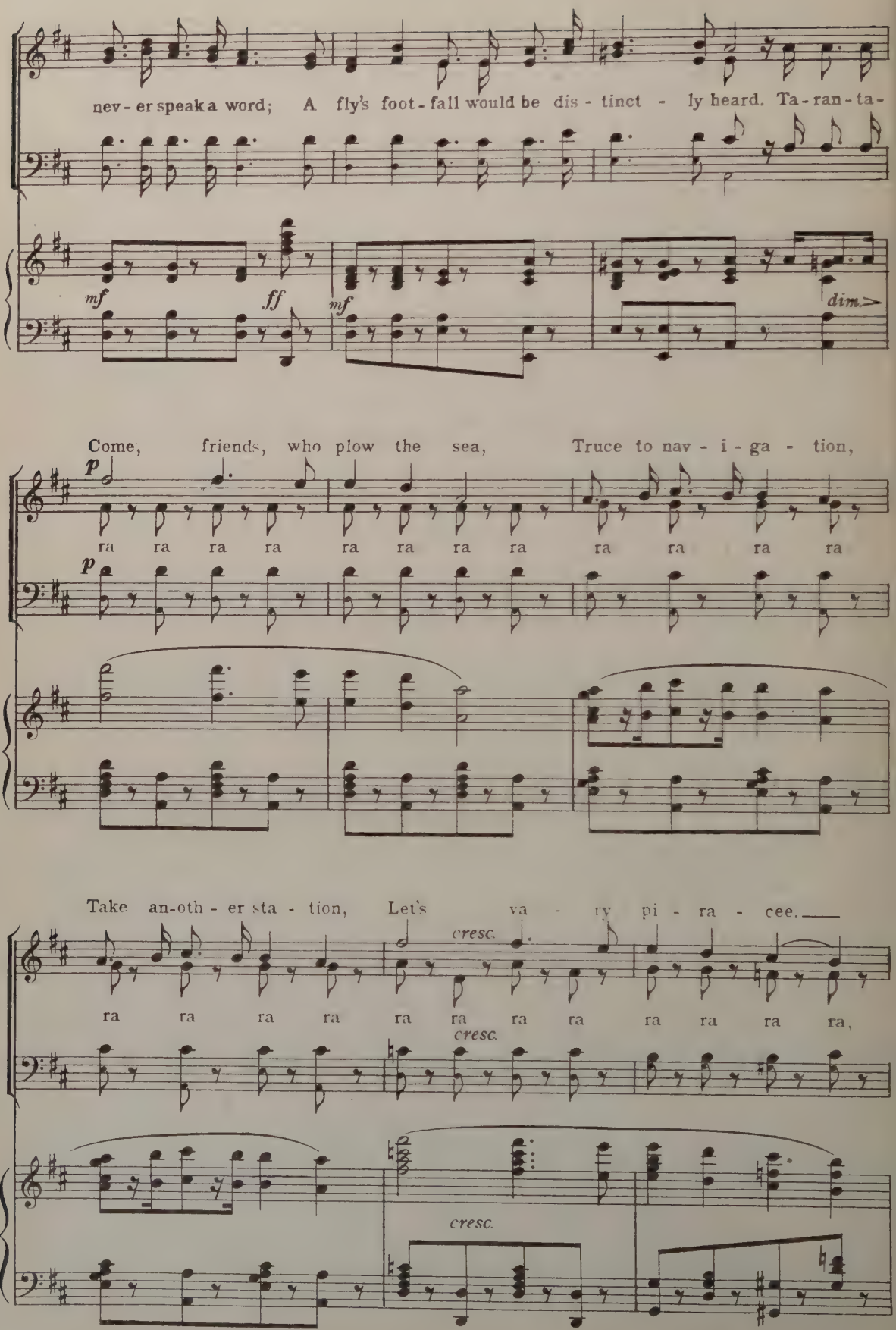

ra, ta-ran - ta-ra, So stealth-i - ly the Pi - rate creeps, While all the
ra ra ra ra ra ra ra ra
house-hold sound - ly sleeps, While all the house-hold sound - ly sleeps.
ra ra ra
Come, friends, who plow the sea, Truce to nav - i - ga - tion,
p
Ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,
p
p

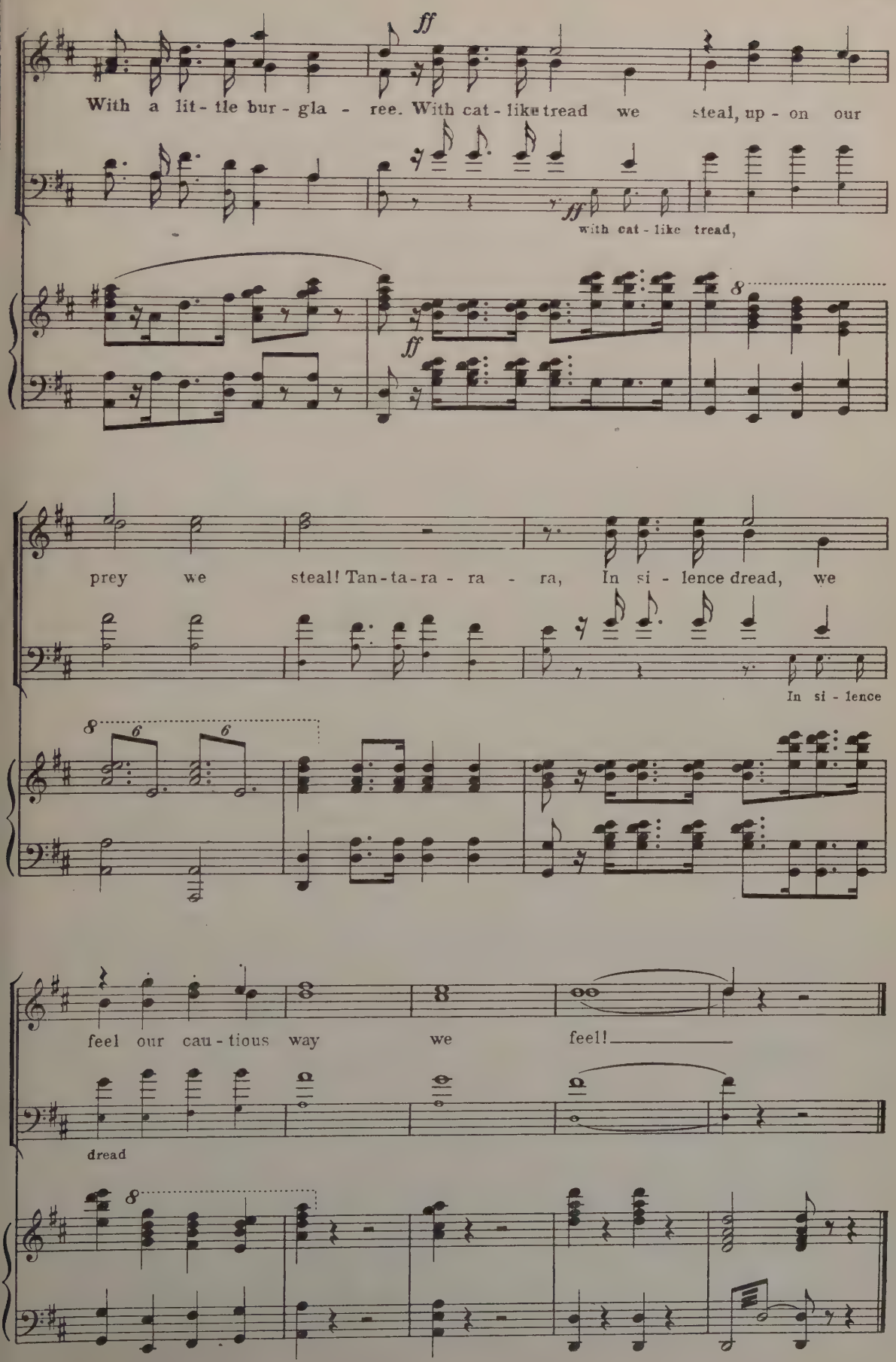

Take an-oth - er sta - tion, Let's va - ry pi - ra - cee
ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,
With a lit - tle bur - gla - ree! cresc. Come, friends, who
ra, ra, ra, ra, ra! Ra-ta, ta, ra - ra, Ra, ra, ra, ra,
plow the sea, Truce to nav- i - ga - tion, Take an-oth - er sta - tion,
ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,


Let's va - ry pi - ra - cee With a lit - tle bur - gla -
cresc.
f
ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, With a lit - tle bur - gla -
cresc.
f
cresc.
f
ree! Here's your crow - bar,
mf
p
ree! ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,
p
bur - gla - ree!
p
And your cen - tre bit, your life pre -
ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,


serv - er,___ You may want to hit! Your si - - lent
ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,
p
match - es, Your dark lan - tern seize,___
ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,
Take your file_____ and your skel - e - ton - ic
ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,
tr


keys. With cat-like tread, in si-lence dread,
ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ra, Ta ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-
ra, ra, ra, With cat-like tread up-on our prey we steal; In
si-lence dread our cau-tious way we feel! No sound at all, we


nev - er speak a word; A fly's foot - fall would be dis - tinct - ly heard. Ta - ran - ta -
mf
ff
mf
dim.
Come, friends, who plow the sea, Truce to nav - i - ga - tion,
p
ra ra ra ra ra ra ra ra ra ra ra ra
p
Take an-oth - er sta - tion, Let's va - ry pi - ra - cee.
cresc.
ra ra ra ra ra ra ra ra ra ra ra ra,
cresc.
cresc.


ff
With a lit - tle bur - gla - ree. With cat - like tread we steal, up - on our
ff
with cat - like tread,
8
ff
prey we steal! Tan - ta - ra - ra - ra, In si - lence dread, we
In si - lence
8
6
6
feel our cau - tious way we feel!
dread
8

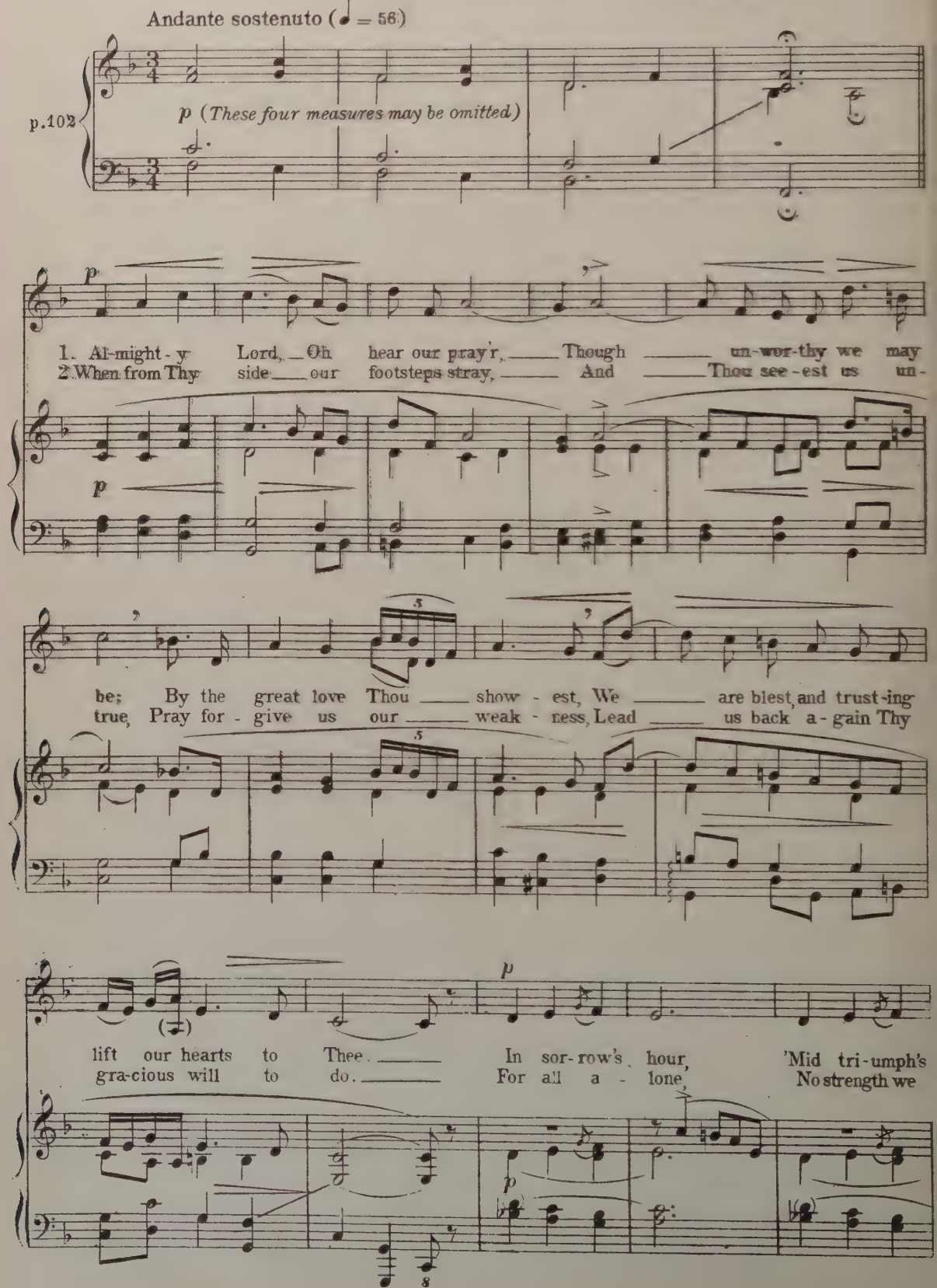
ALMIGHTY LORD

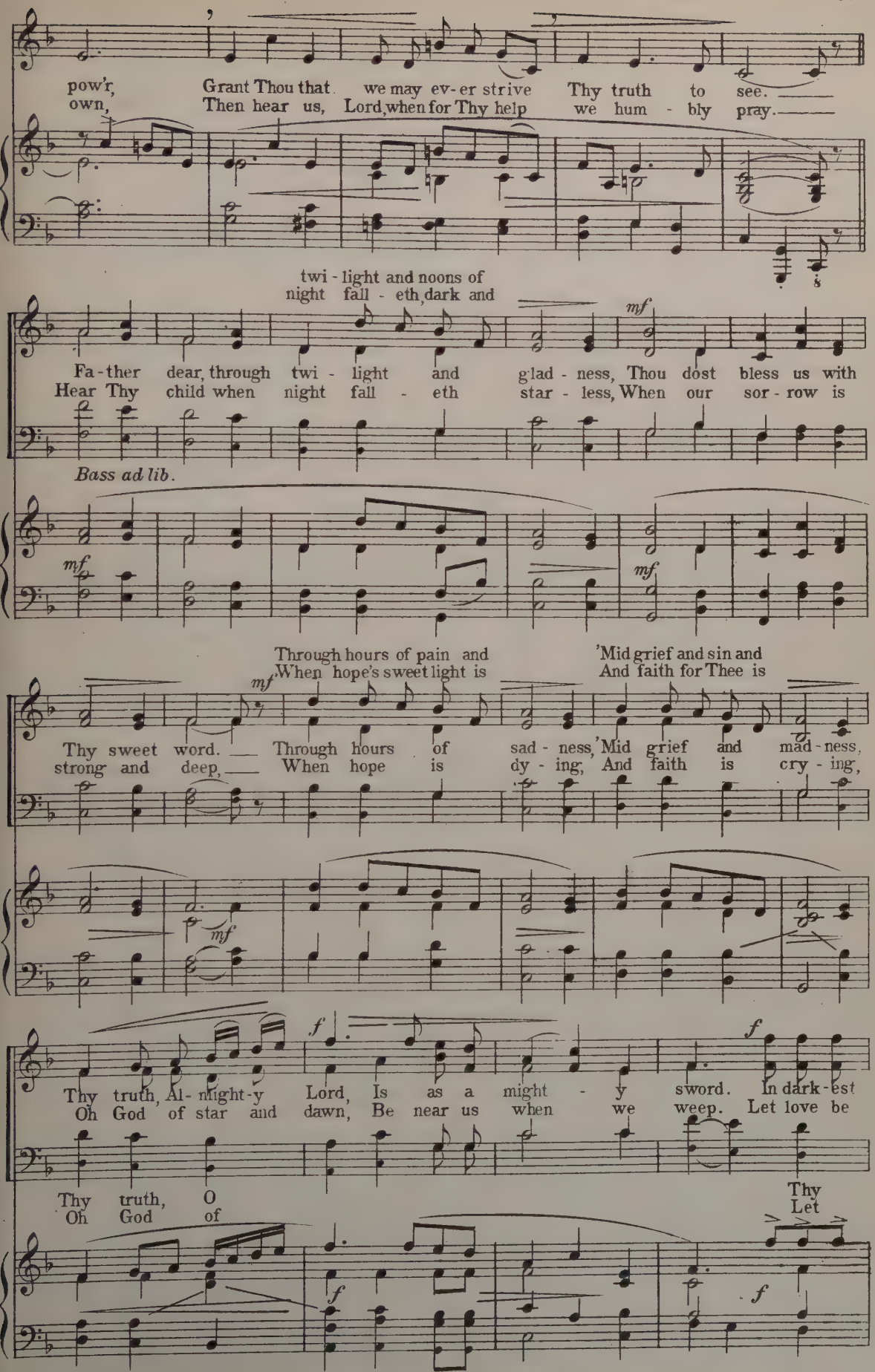
INTERMEZZO FROM "CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA"

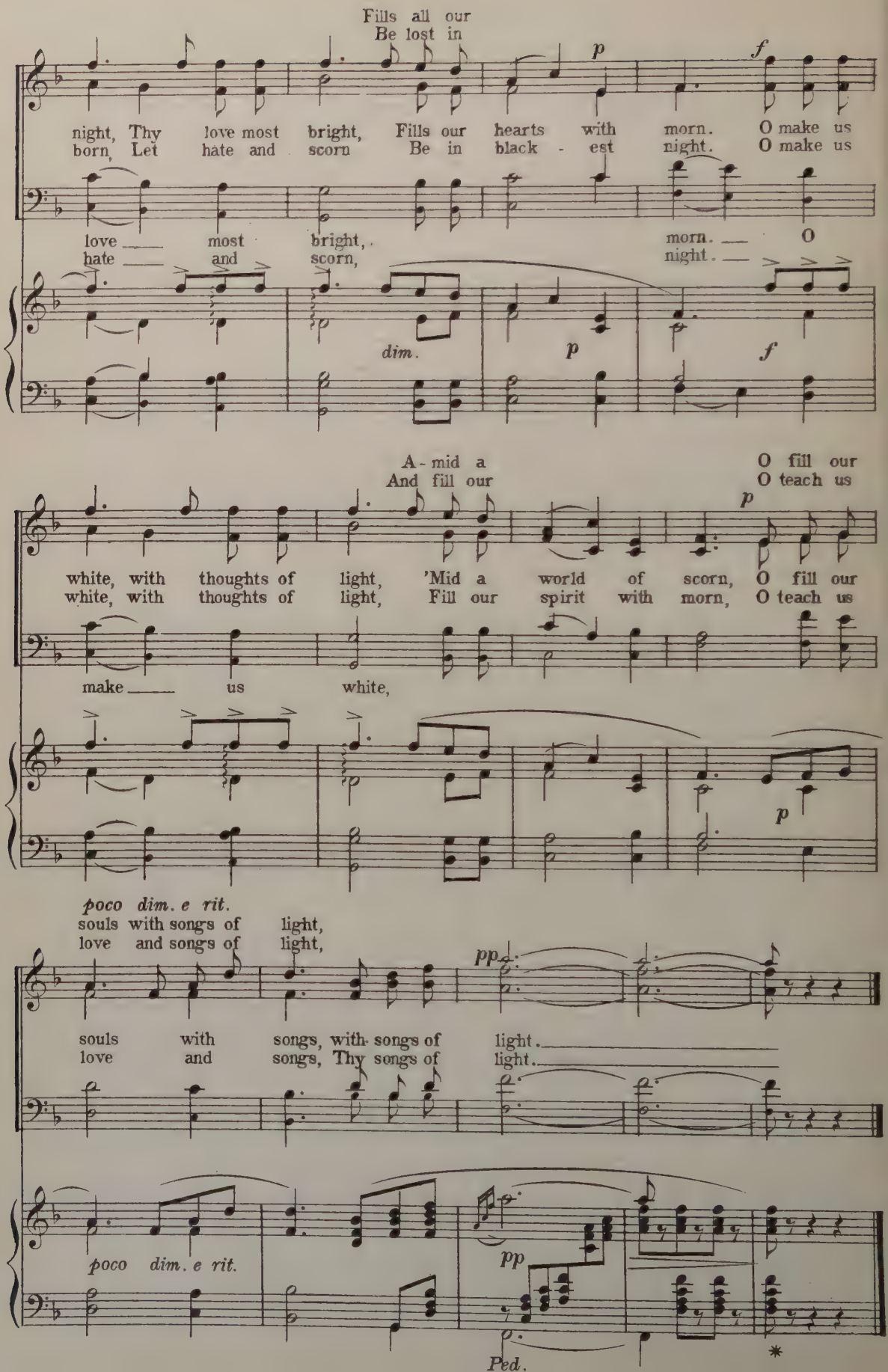
FREDERIC MANLEY

PIETRO MASCAGNI

Arranged by Henry F. Gilbert


Andante sostenuto (♩ = 56)
p.102
p (These four measures may be omitted)
p
1. Al-might-y Lord, Oh hear our pray'r, Though un-wor-thy we may
2. When from Thy side our footsteps stray, And Thou see-est us un-
p
be; By the great love Thou show-est, We are blest, and trust-ing
true, Pray for-give us our weak-ness, Lead us back a-gain Thy
p
lift our hearts to Thee. In sor-row's hour, 'Mid tri-umph's
gra-cious will to do. For all a-lone, No strength we
p
p


pow'r, Grant Thou that we may ev-er strive Thy truth to see.
own, Then hear us, Lord, when for Thy help we hum - bly pray.
twi - light and noons of
night fall - eth, dark and
mf
Fa - ther dear, through twi - light and glad - ness, Thou dost bless us with
Hear Thy child when night fall - eth star - less, When our sor - row is
Bass ad lib.
mf
mf
Through hours of pain and 'Mid grief and sin and
When hope's sweet light is And faith for Thee is
mf
Thy sweet word. Through hours of sad - ness, 'Mid grief and mad - ness,
strong and deep, When hope is dy - ing; And faith is cry - ing,
mf
f
f
Thy truth, Al - might - y Lord, Is as a might - y sword. In dark - est
Oh God of star and dawn, Be near us when we weep. Let love be
Thy truth, O
Oh God of
Thy
Let
f
f

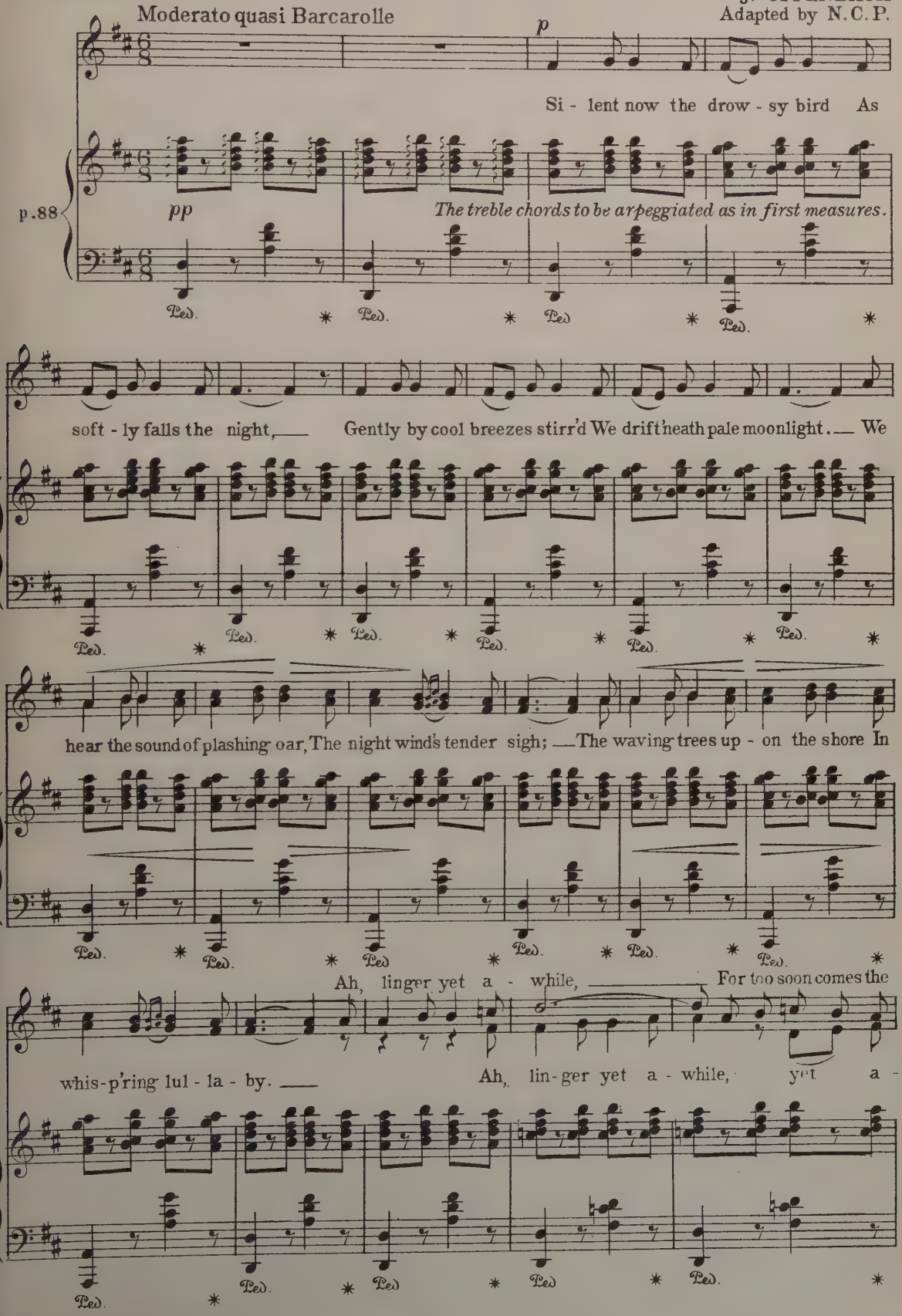

Fills all our
Be lost in
night, Thy love most bright, Fills our hearts with morn. O make us
born, Let hate and scorn Be in black - est night. O make us
love most bright,
hate and scorn,
morn.
night.
O
dim.
A - mid a
And fill our
O fill our
O teach us
white, with thoughts of light, 'Mid a world of scorn, O fill our
white, with thoughts of light, Fill our spirit with morn, O teach us
make us white,
poco dim. e rit.
souls with songs of light,
love and songs of light,
souls with songs, with songs of light.
love and songs, Thy songs of light.
poco dim. e rit.
Ped.

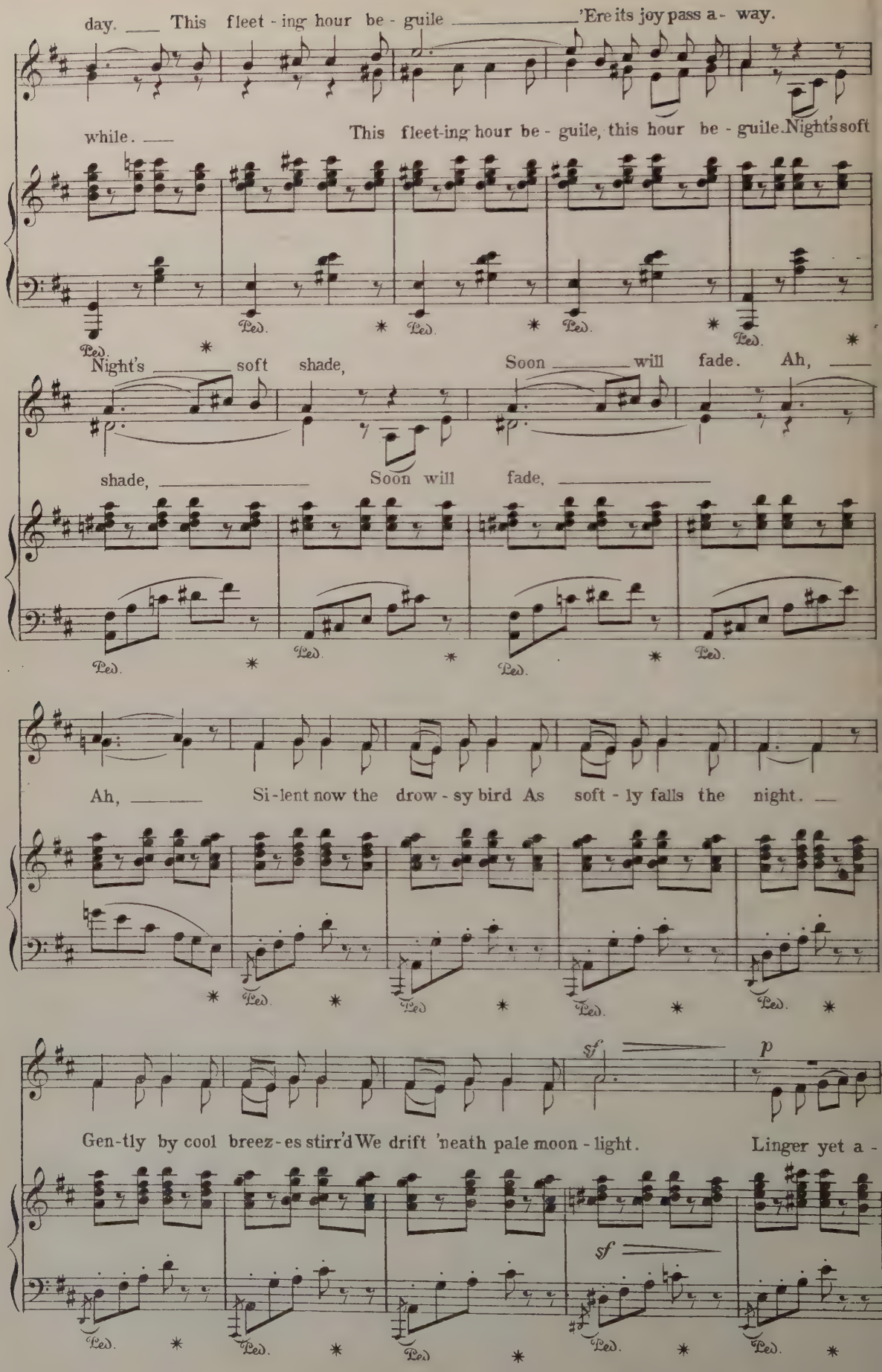
BARCAROLLE

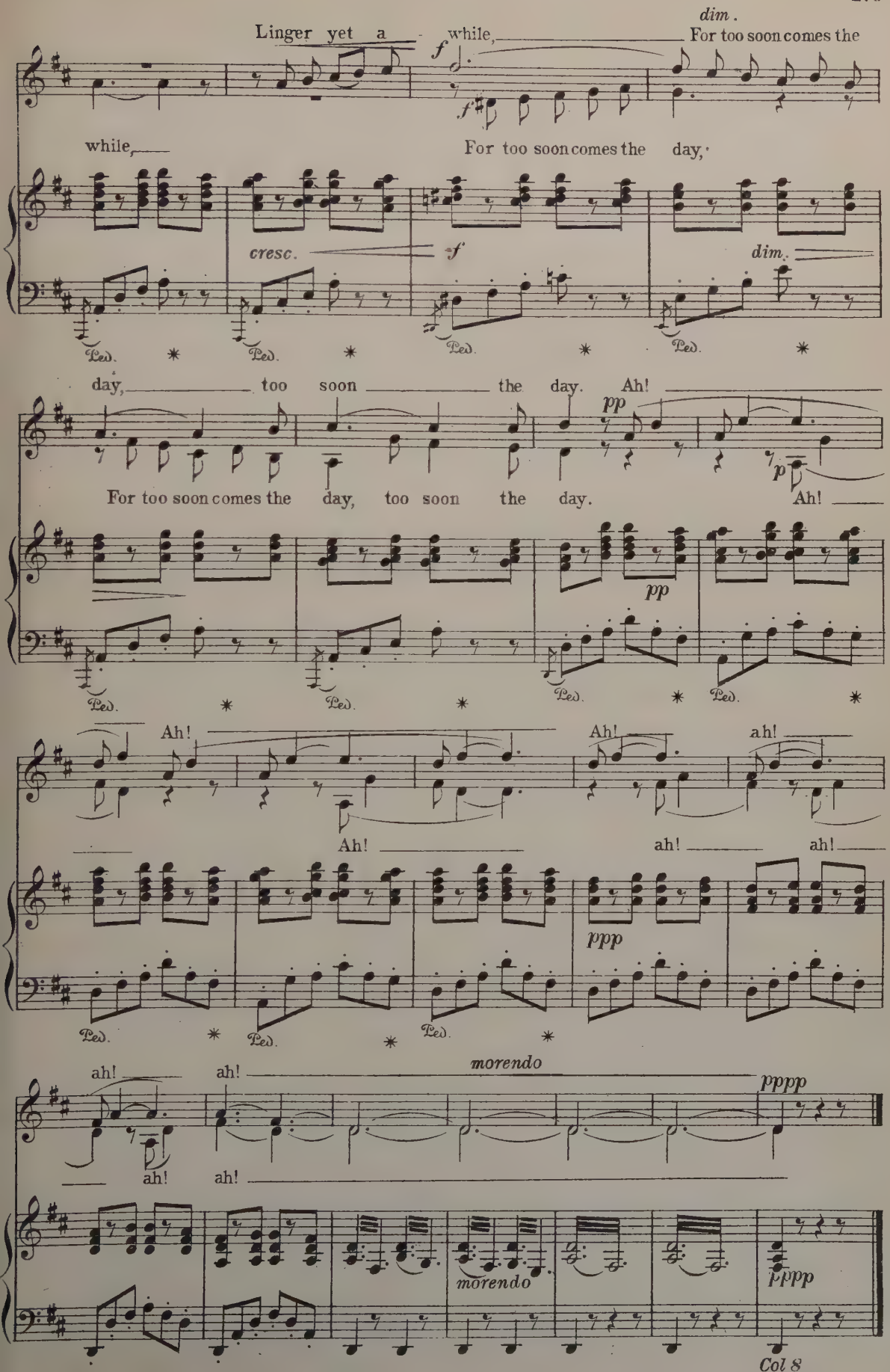
SILENT NOW THE DROWSY BIRD

I.L. BROWN

J. OFFENBACH
Adapted by N.C.P.


Moderato quasi Barcarolle
p
Si - lent now the drow - sy bird As
p.88
pp
The treble chords to be arpeggiated as in first measures.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
soft - ly falls the night, Gently by cool breezes stirr'd We drift 'neath pale moonlight. We
hear the sound of plashing oar, The night wind's tender sigh; The waving trees up - on the shore In
Ah, linger yet a - while, For too soon comes the
whis-p'ring lul - la - by. Ah, lin-ger yet a - while, yet a -


day. This fleet - ing hour be - guile 'Ere its joy pass a - way.
while. This fleet-ing hour be - guile, this hour be - guile. Night's soft
Night's soft shade, Soon will fade. Ah,
shade, Soon will fade,
Ah, Si - lent now the drow - sy bird As soft - ly falls the night.
sf p
Gen-tly by cool breez - es stirr'd We drift 'neath pale moon - light. Linger yet a -
sf
Ped.

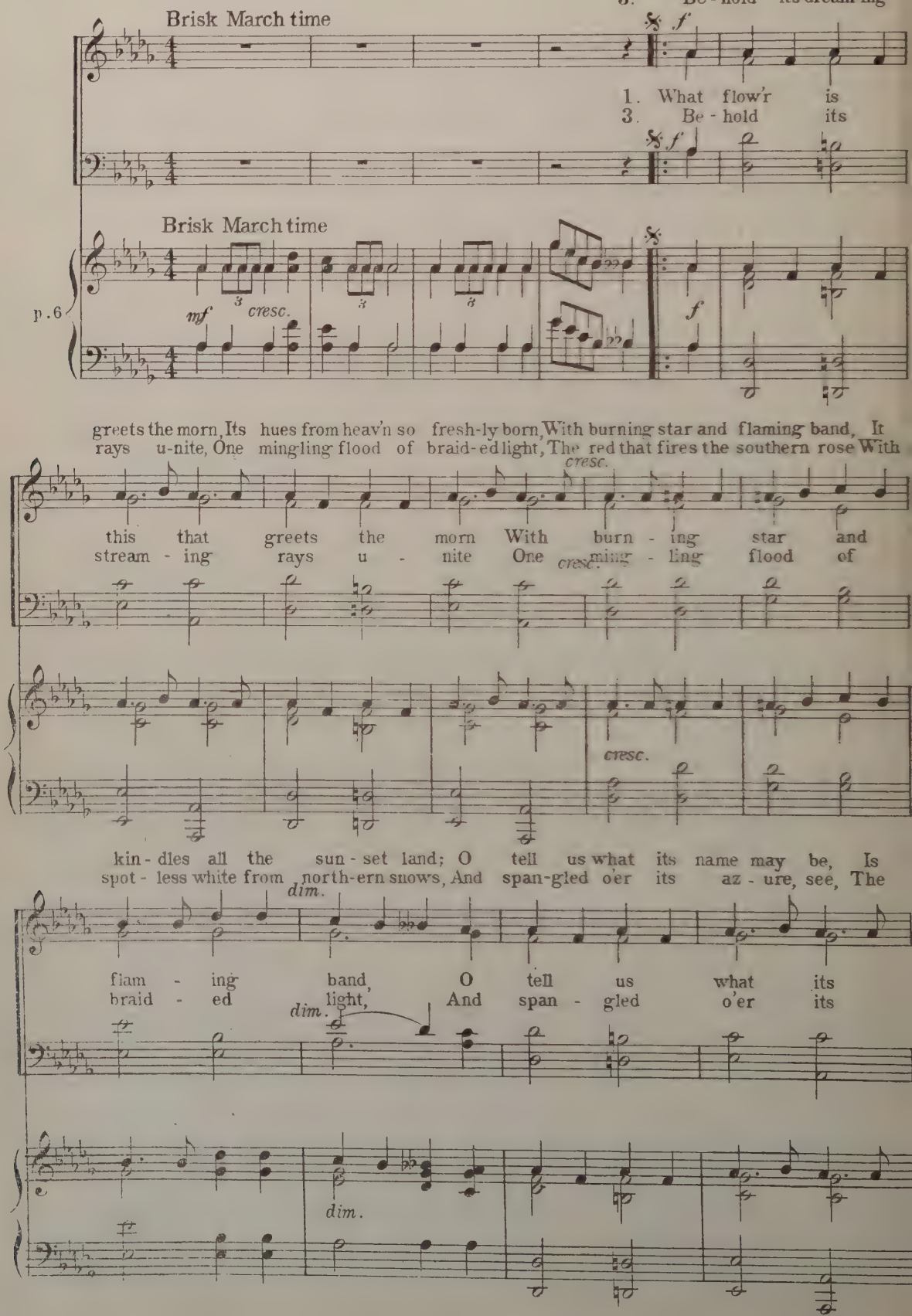

Linger yet a while,
dim.
For too soon comes the
while,
For too soon comes the day,
cresc.
dim.
day, too soon the day. Ah!
pp
For too soon comes the day, too soon the day.
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
ah!
Ah!
ah!
ah!
ppp
ah!
ah!
morendo
pppp
ah!
ah!
morendo
pppp
Col 8

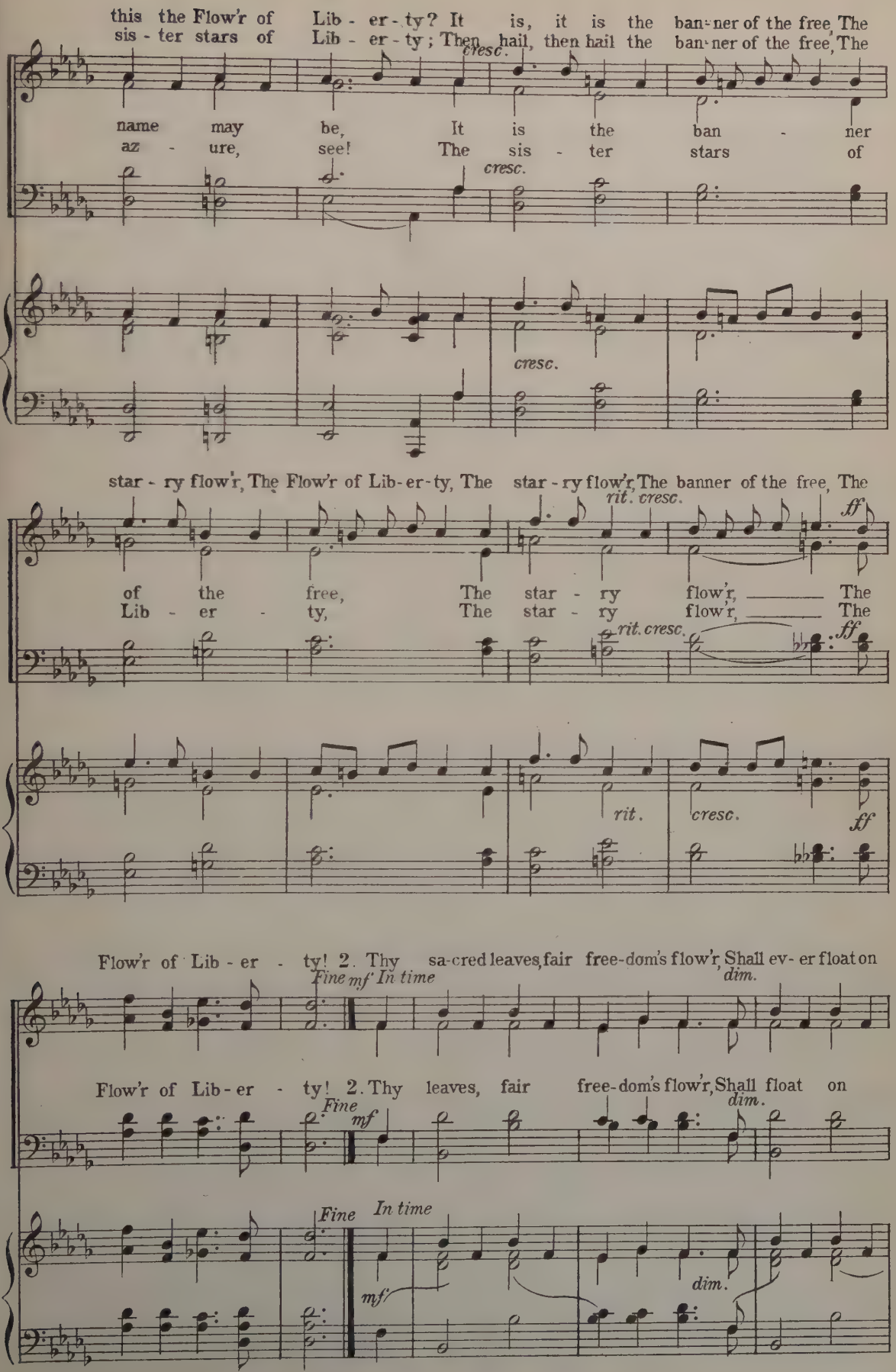
THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY

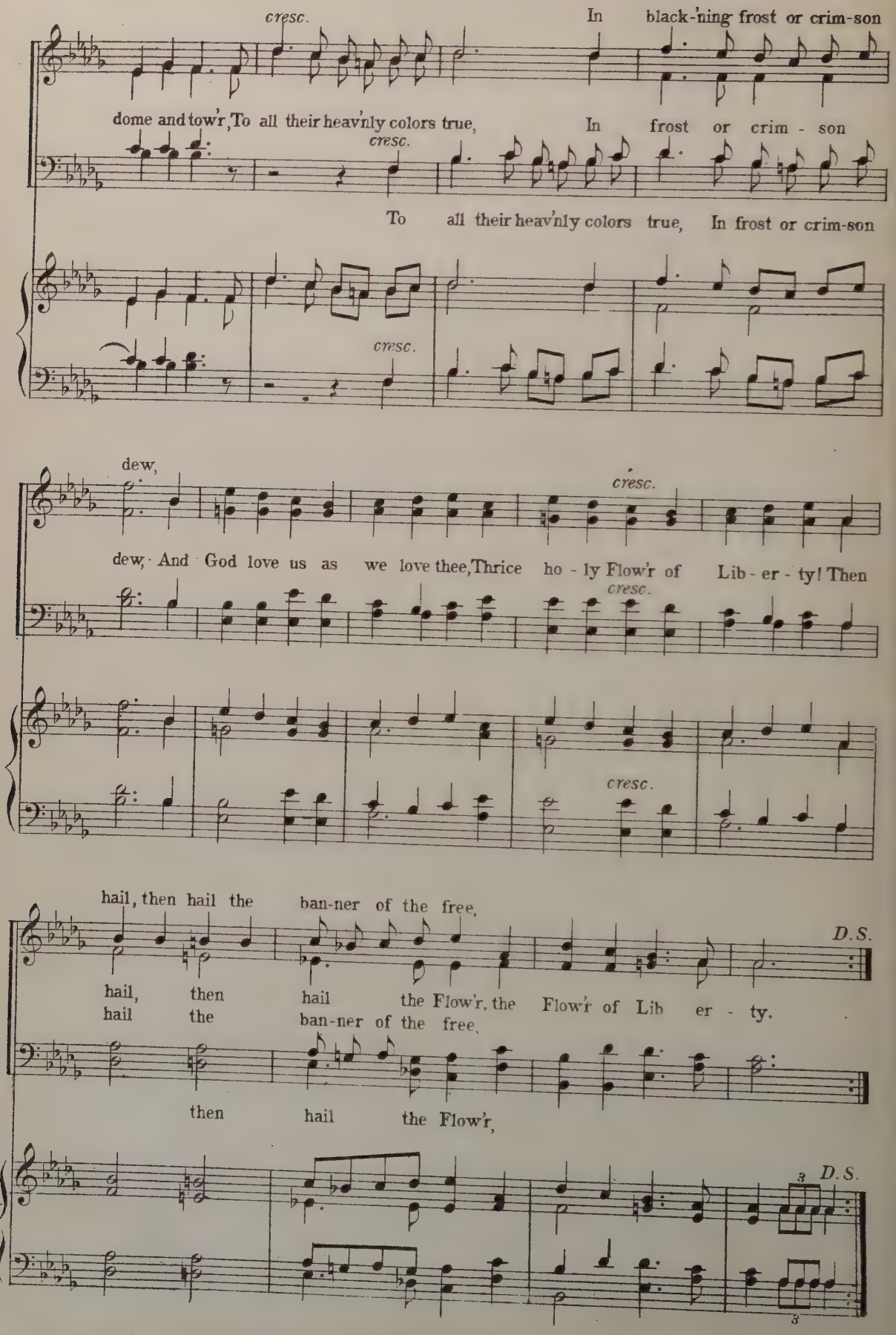
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

W. H. NEIDLINGER

1. What flow'r is this that
3. Be - hold its dream-ing


Brisk March time
f
1. What flow'r is
3. Be - hold its
Brisk March time
p. 6
mf
cresc.
f
greets the morn, Its hues from heav'n so fresh-ly born, With burning star and flaming band, It
rays u-nite, One ming-ling flood of braid-ed light, The red that fires the southern rose With
this that greets the morn With burn - ing star and
stream - ing rays u - nite One ming - ling flood of
cresc.
cresc.
cresc.
kin - dles all the sun - set land; O tell us what its name may be, Is
spot - less white from north-ern snows, And span-gled o'er its az - ure, see, The
dim.
flam - ing band, O tell us what its
braid - ed light, And span - gled o'er its
dim.
dim.

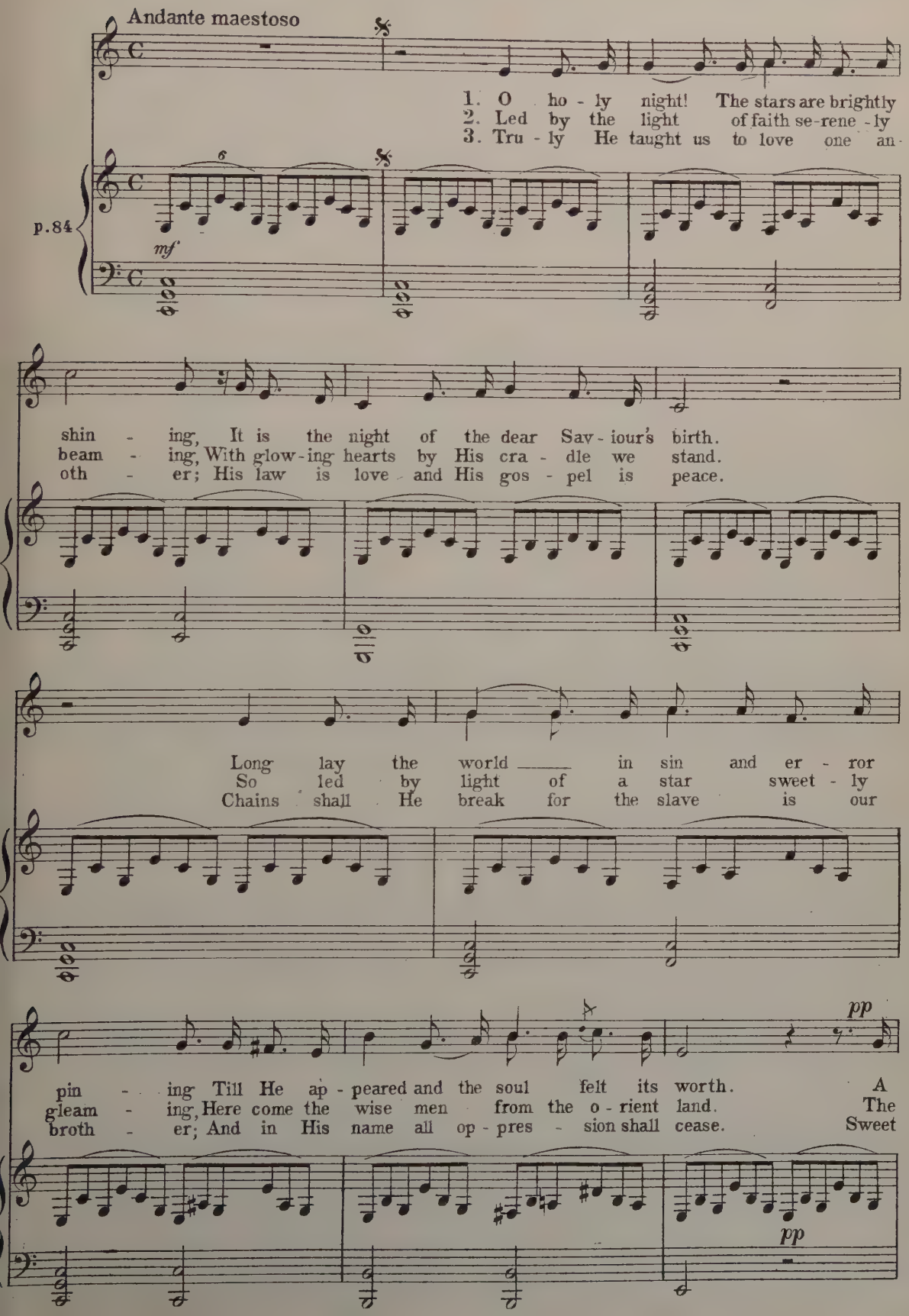

this the Flow'r of Lib - er - ty? It is, it is the ban - ner of the free, The
sis - ter stars of Lib - er - ty; Then hail, then hail the ban - ner of the free, The
cresc.
name may be, It is the ban - ner
az - ure, see! The sis - ter stars of
cresc.
cresc.
star - ry flow'r, The Flow'r of Lib - er - ty, The star - ry flow'r, The banner of the free, The
rit. cresc.
ff
of the free, The star - ry flow'r, The
Lib - er - ty, The star - ry flow'r, The
rit. cresc.
ff
rit.
cresc.
ff
Flow'r of Lib - er - ty! 2. Thy sa-cred leaves, fair free-dom's flow'r, Shall ev - er float on
Fine mf In time
dim.
Flow'r of Lib - er - ty! 2. Thy leaves, fair free-dom's flow'r, Shall float on
Fine
mf
dim.
Fine
In time
mf
dim.

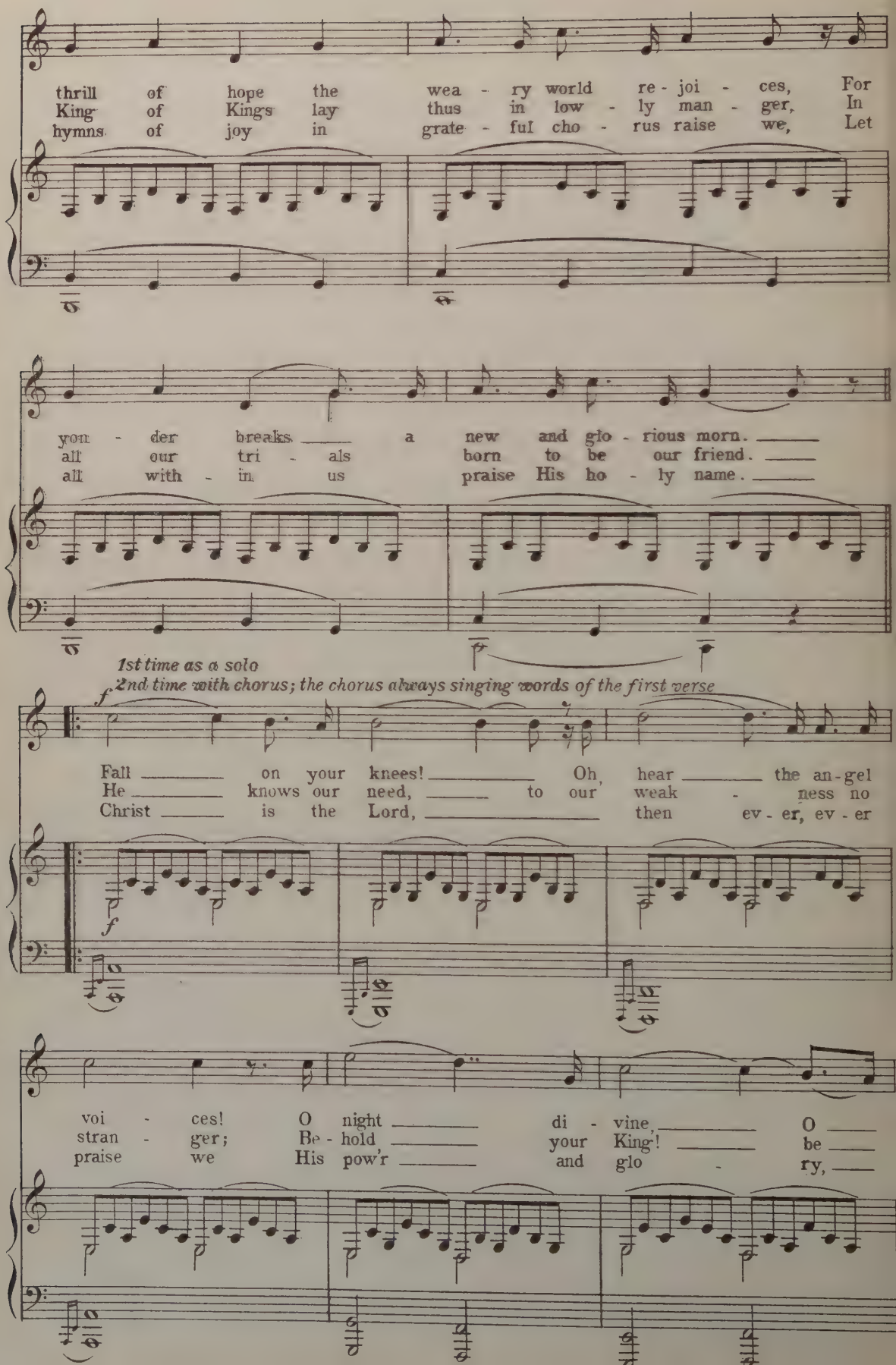

cresc.
In black-'ning frost or crim-son
dome and tow'r, To all their heav'nly colors true,
In frost or crim - son
cresc.
To all their heav'nly colors true, In frost or crim-son
cresc.
dew,
cresc.
dew, And God love us as we love thee, Thrice ho - ly Flow'r of Lib - er - ty! Then
cresc.
cresc.
hail, then hail the ban-ner of the free,
D.S.
hail, then hail the Flow'r, the Flow'r of Lib er - ty.
hail the ban-ner of the free,
then hail the Flow'r,
3
D.S.
3

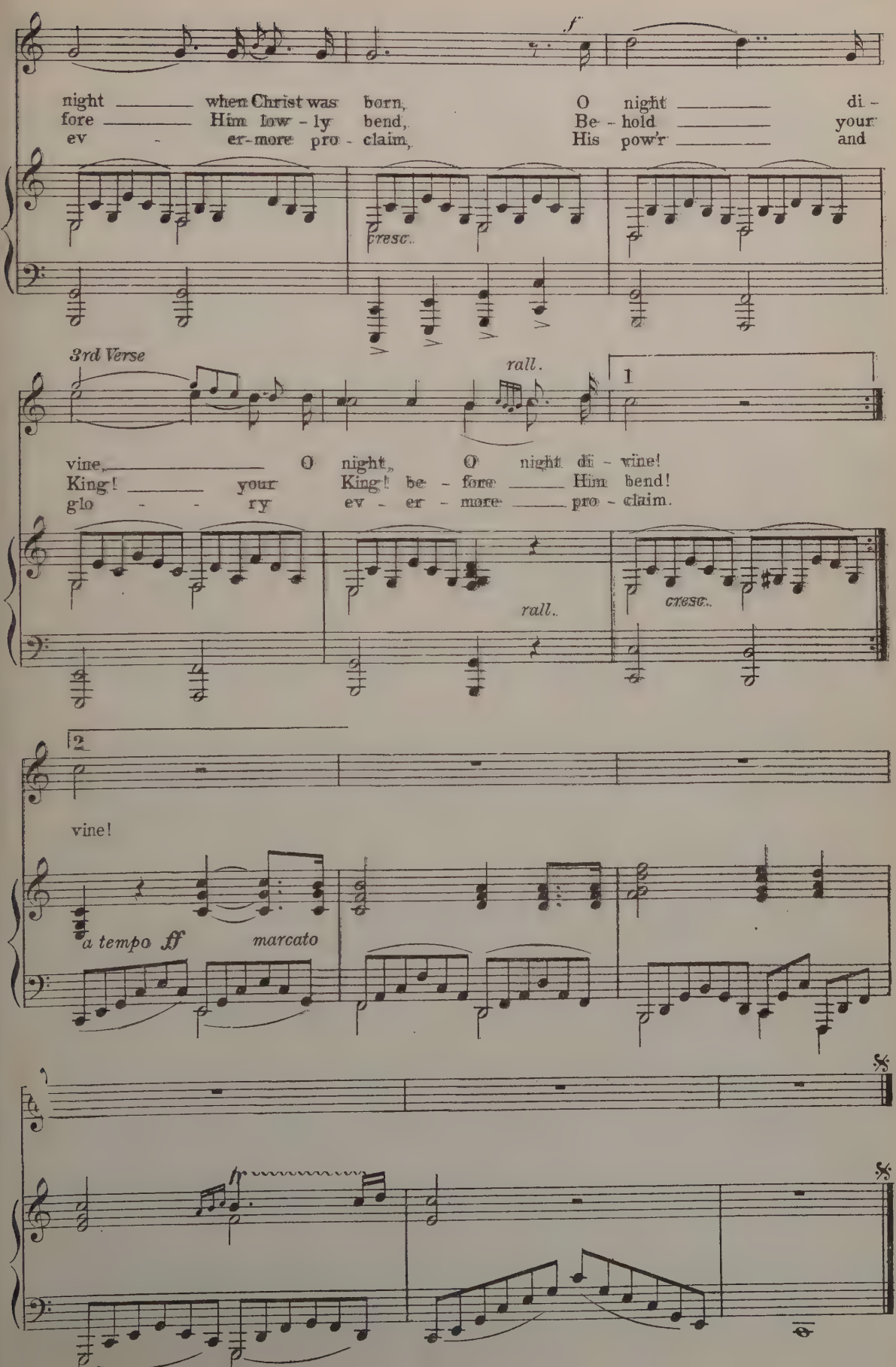
CANTIQUE DE NOËL

CHRISTMAS SONG

ADOLPHE ADAM


Andante maestoso
1. O ho - ly night! The stars are brightly shin - ing, It is the night of the dear Sav - iour's birth.
2. Led by the light of faith se-rene - ly beam - ing, With glow-ing hearts by His cra - dle we stand.
3. Tru - ly He taught us to love one an - oth - er; His law is love and His gos - pel is peace.
p. 84
mf
Long lay the world in sin and er - ror pin - ing Till He ap - peared and the soul felt its worth.
So led by light of a star sweet - ly gleam - ing, Here come the wise men from the o - rient land.
Chains shall He break for the slave is our broth - er; And in His name all op - pres - sion shall cease.
pp
A
The
Sweet
pp


thrill of hope the wea - ry world re - joi - ces, For
King of King's lay thus in low - ly man - ger, In
hymns of joy in grate - ful cho - rus raise we, Let
yon - der breaks a new and glo - rious morn.
all our tri - als born to be our friend.
all with - in us praise His ho - ly name.
1st time as a solo
2nd time with chorus; the chorus always singing words of the first verse
f
Fall on your knees! Oh, hear the an-gel
He knows our need, to our weak - ness no
Christ is the Lord, then ev - er, ev - er
voi - ces! O night di - vine, O
stran - ger; Be - hold your King! be
praise we His pow'r and glo - ry,

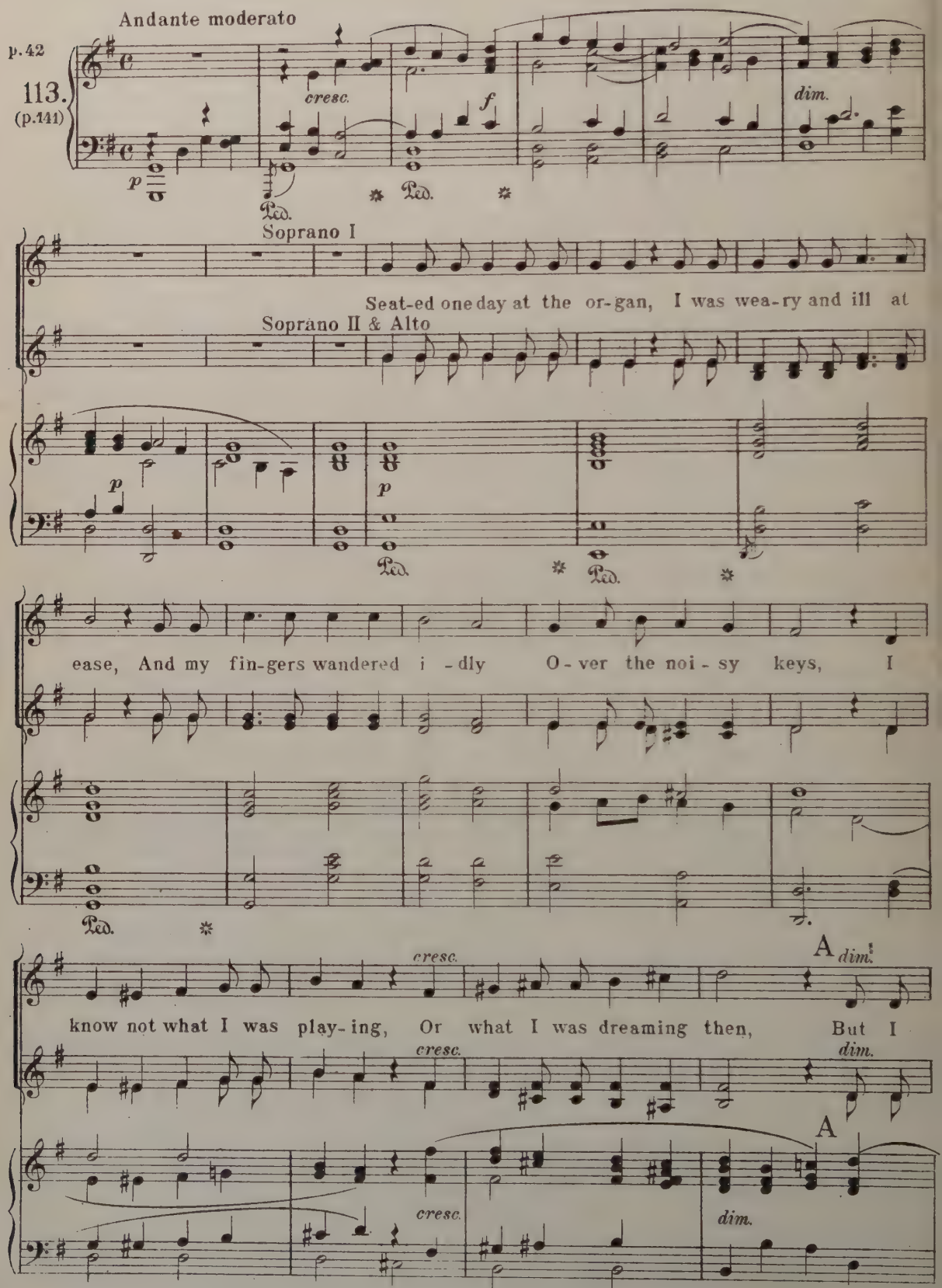

night when Christ was born,
fore Him low - ly bend,
ev - er-more pro - claim,
O night di -
Be - hold your
His pow'r and
cresc.
3rd Verse
rall.
1
vine, O night, O night di - vine!
King! your King! be - fore Him bend!
glo - ry ev - er - more pro - claim.
rall.
cresc.
2
vine!
a tempo ff marcato
fp

The Lost Chord

S. S. A.

Adelaide A. Proctor

Sir Arthur Sullivan
Arr. by Osbourne Mc Conathy


Andante moderato
p. 42
113.
(p. 141)
cresc.
f
dim.
Soprano I
Seat-ed one day at the or-gan, I was wea-ry and ill at
Soprano II & Alto
ease, And my fin-gers wandered i - dly O - ver the noi - sy keys, I
know not what I was play-ing, Or what I was dreaming then, But I
A
dim.

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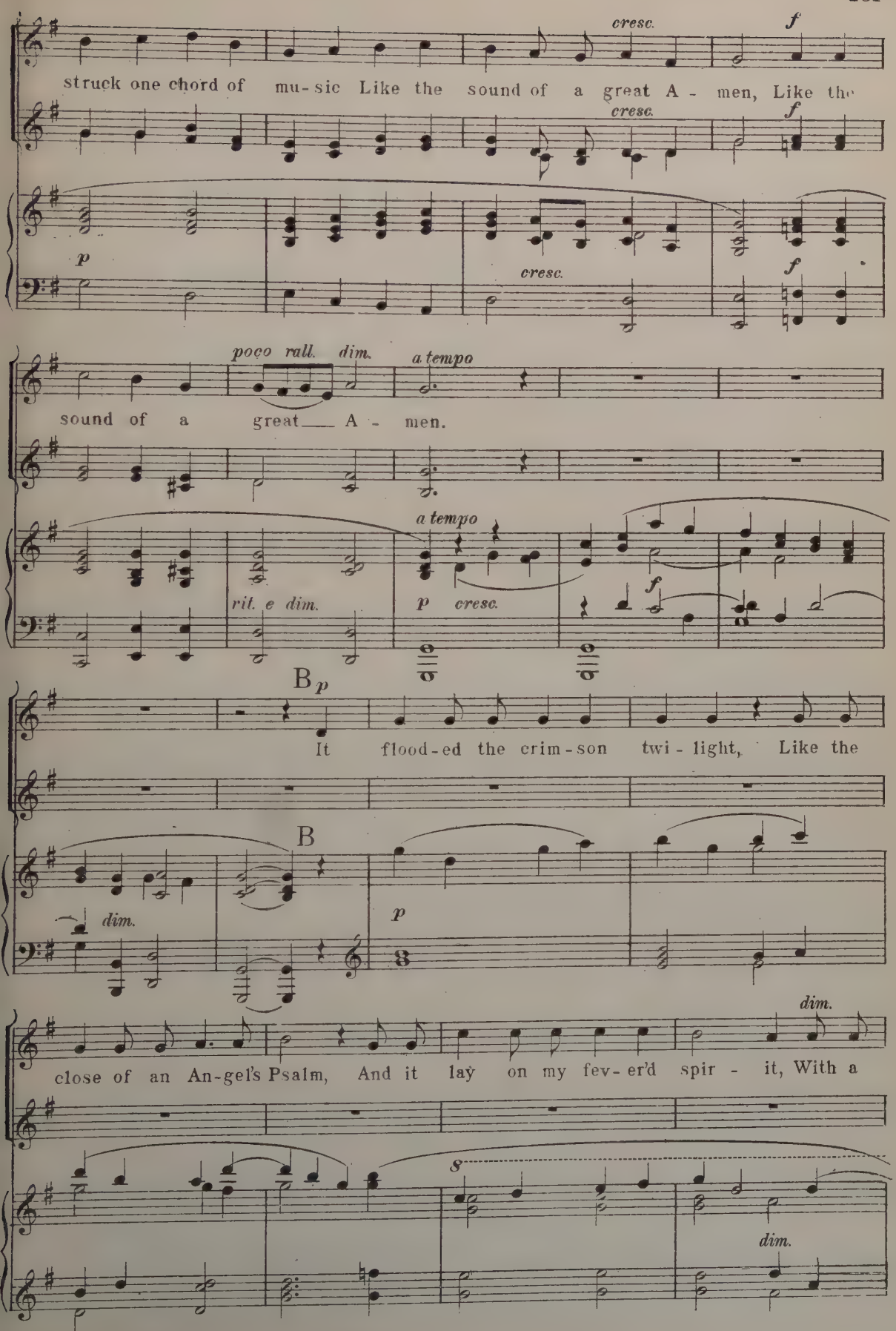
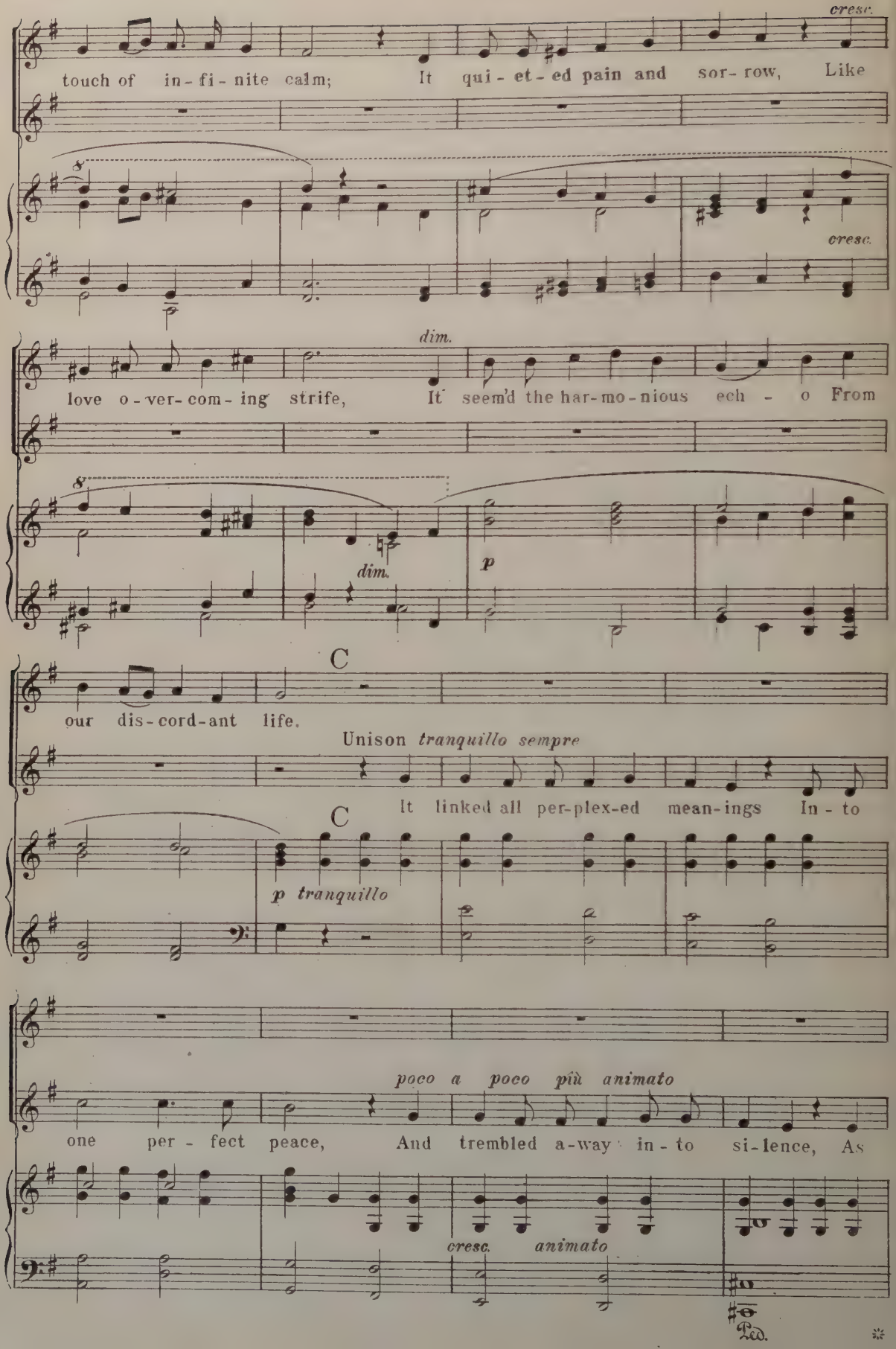
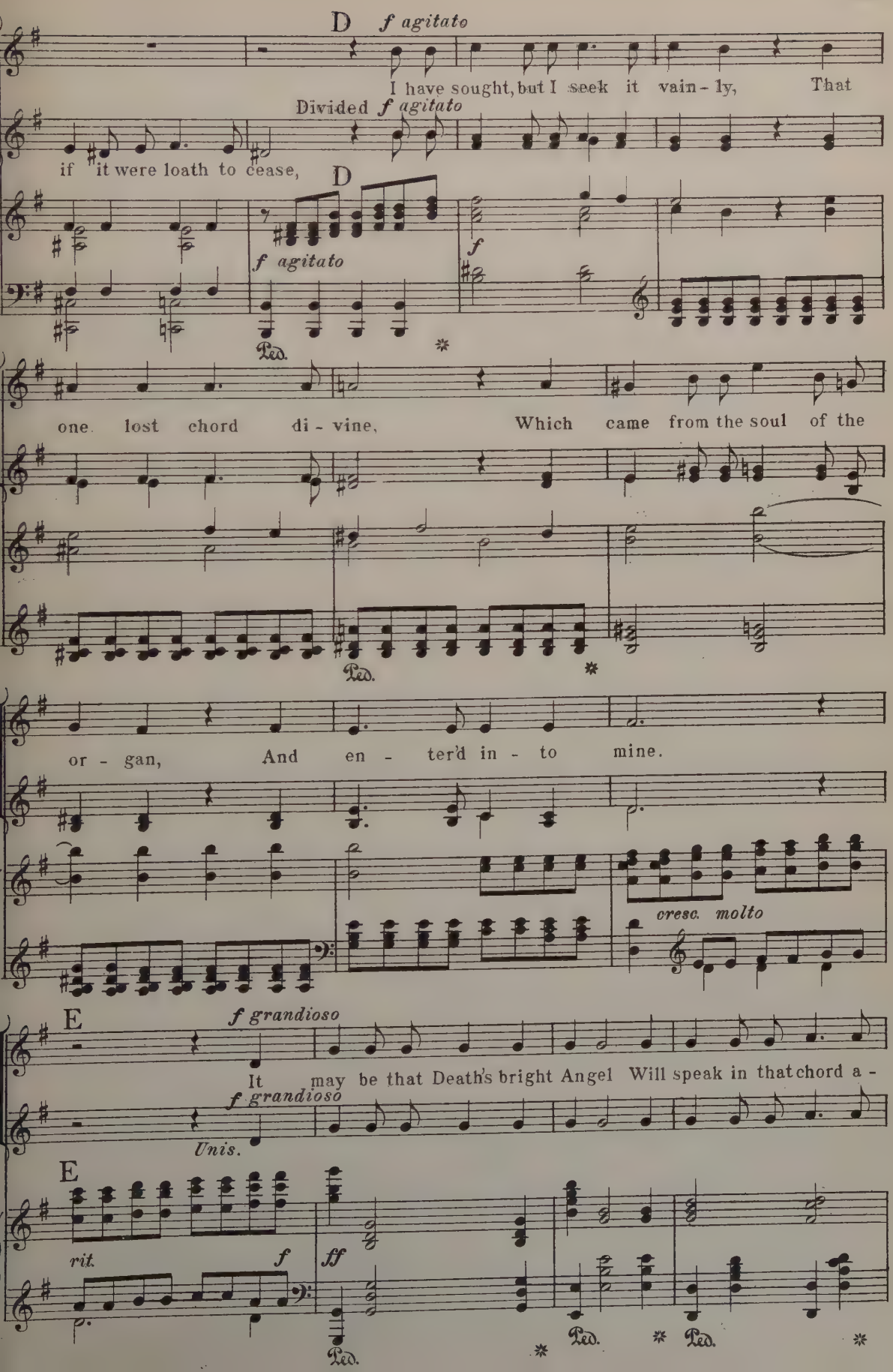
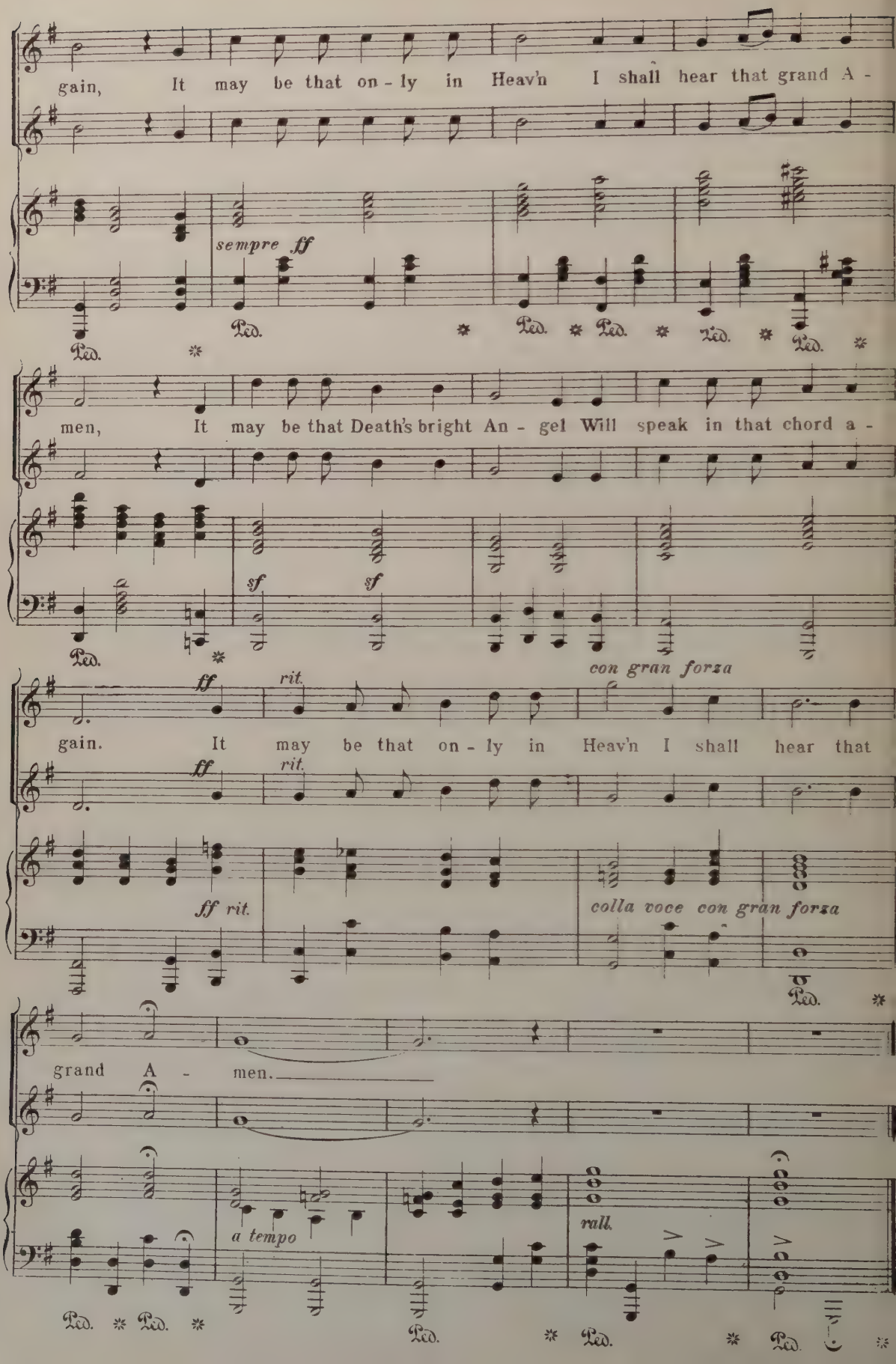

cresc.
f
struck one chord of mu-sic Like the sound of a great A - men, Like the
cresc.
f
p
cresc.
f
poco rall. dim.
a tempo
sound of a great A - men.
a tempo
rit. e dim.
p cresc.
f
B
p
It flood-ed the crim-son twi - light, Like the
B
dim.
p
dim.
close of an An-gel's Psalm, And it lay on my fev-er'd spir - it, With a
s
dim.


cresc.
touch of in-fi-nite calm; It qui-et-ed pain and sor-row, Like
cresc.
dim.
love o-ver-com-ing strife, It seem'd the har-mo-nious ech - o From
dim.
p
C
our dis-cord-ant life.
Unison tranquillo sempre
C
It linked all per-plex-ed mean-ings In-to
p tranquillo
poco a poco più animato
one per-fect peace, And trembled a-way in-to si-lence, As
cresc. animato
Ped.


D
f agitato
I have sought, but I seek it vain - ly, That
Divided
f agitato
if it were loath to cease,
D
f agitato
f
Ped.
one lost chord di - vine, Which came from the soul of the
Ped.
or - gan, And en - ter'd in - to mine.
cresc. molto
E
f grandioso
It may be that Death's bright Angel Will speak in that chord a -
f grandioso
Unis.
E
rit.
f
ff
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

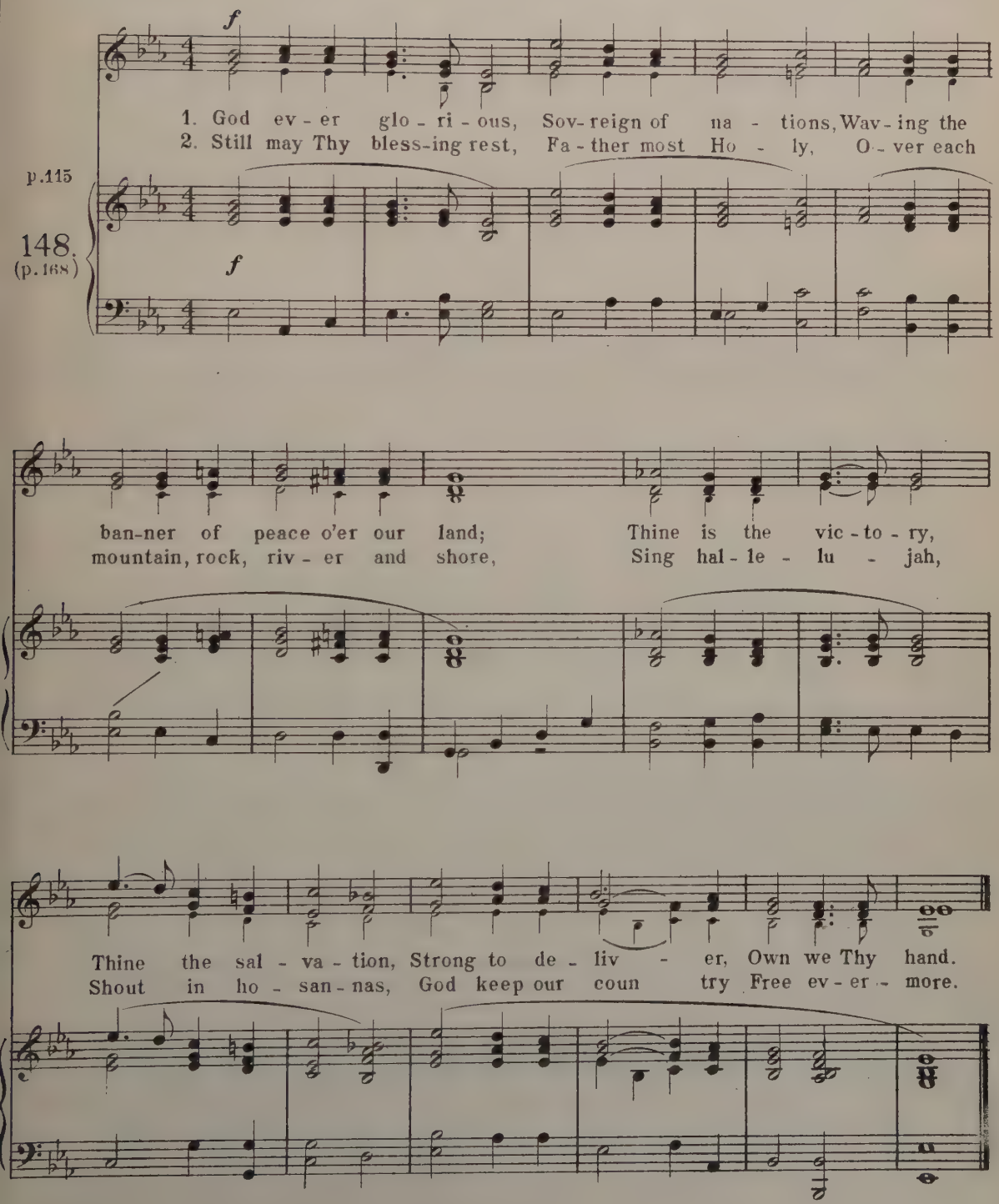

gain, It may be that on - ly in Heav'n I shall hear that grand A -
sempre ff
men, It may be that Death's bright An - gel Will speak in that chord a -
sf
sf
ff
rit.
con gran forza
gain. It may be that on - ly in Heav'n I shall hear that
ff
rit.
ff rit.
colla voce con gran forza
grand A - men.
a tempo
rall.
Ped.

God ever Glorious

Russian Hymn.

S. A.(A 2ad lib.)

Alexis T. Lwoff
Arranged by Bertha Remick

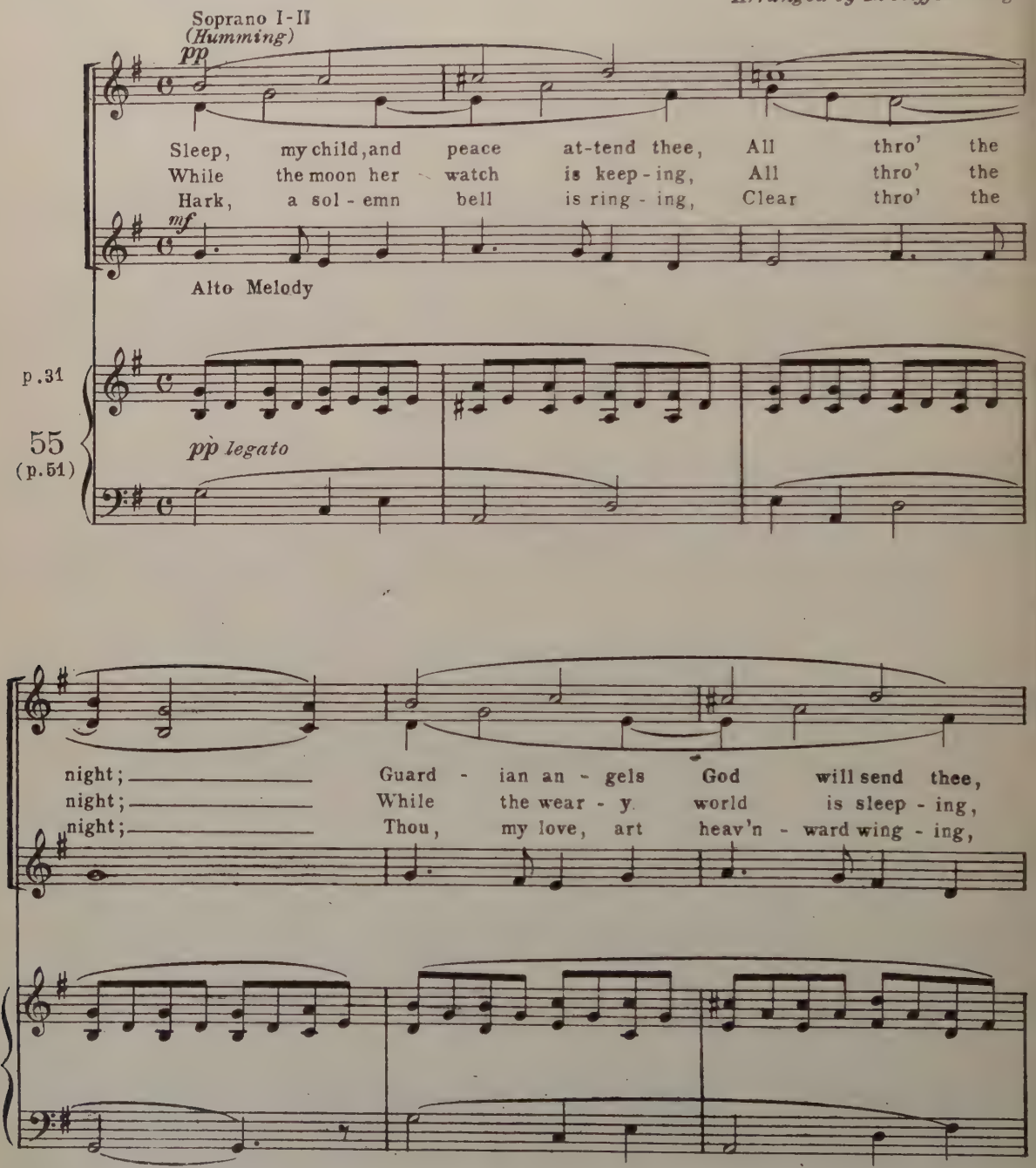

f
1. God ev - er glo - ri - ous, Sov-reign of na - tions, Wav - ing the
2. Still may Thy bless-ing rest, Fa - ther most Ho - ly, O - ver each
p.115
148.
(p.168)
f
ban-ner of peace o'er our land; Thine is the vic - to - ry,
mountain, rock, riv - er and shore, Sing hal - le - lu - jah,
Thine the sal - va - tion, Strong to de - liv - er, Own we Thy hand.
Shout in ho - san - nas, God keep our coun try Free ev - er - more.

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

S. S. A.

Old Welsh Melody

DAVID OWEN
Arranged by N. Clifford Page


Soprano I-II
(Humming)
pp
Sleep, my child, and peace at-tend thee, All thro' the
While the moon her watch is keep-ing, All thro' the
Hark, a sol-emn bell is ring-ing, Clear thro' the
mf
Alto Melody
p. 31
55
(p. 51)
pp legato
night;
night;
night;
Guard - ian an - gels God will send thee,
While the wear - y world is sleep - ing,
Thou, my love, art heav'n - ward wing - ing,

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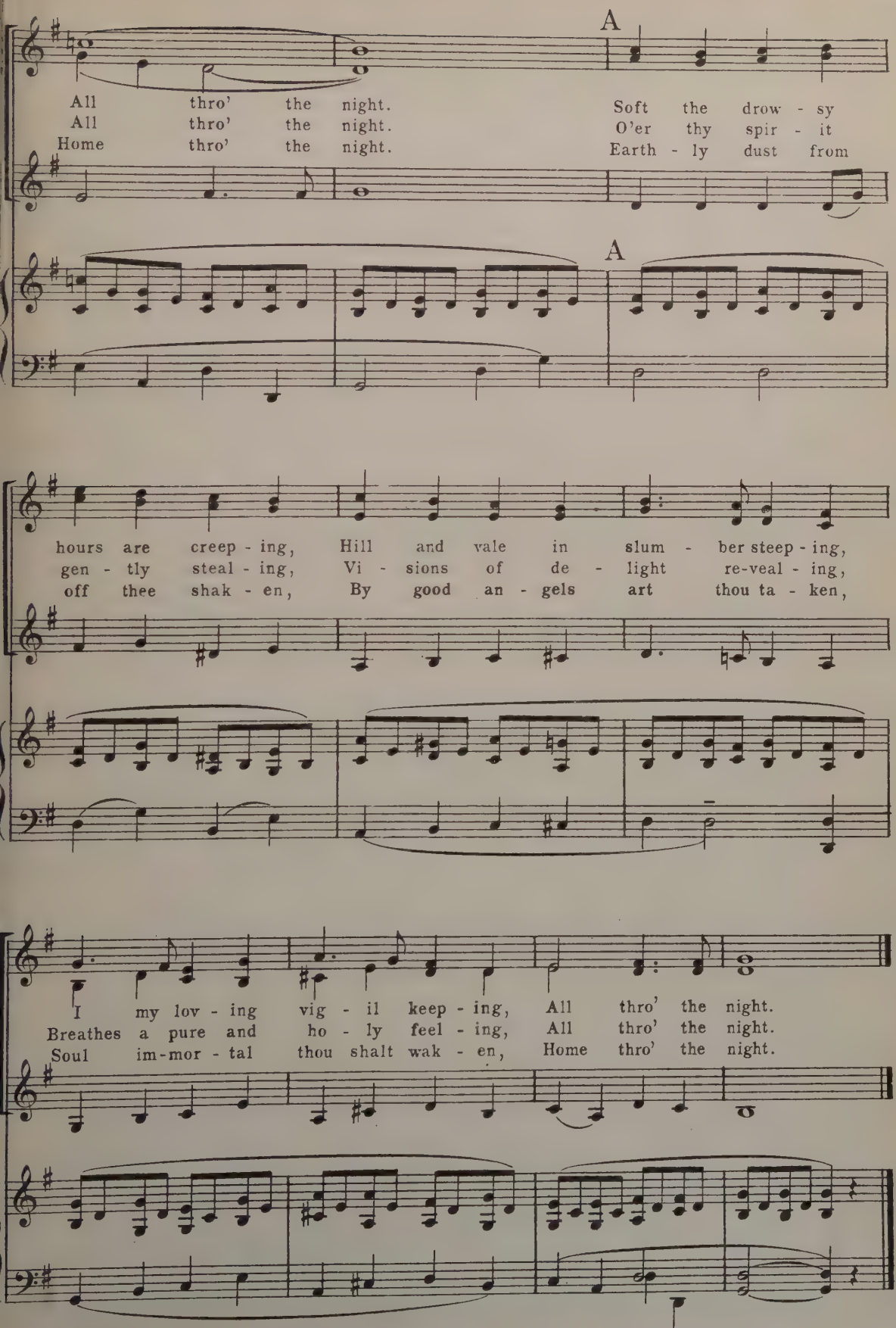

A
All thro' the night.
All thro' the night.
Home thro' the night.
Soft the drow - sy
O'er thy spir - it
Earth - ly dust from
A
hours are creep - ing,
gen - tly steal - ing,
off thee shak - en,
Hill and vale in slum - ber steep - ing,
Vi - sions of de - light re-veal - ing,
By good an - gels art thou ta - ken,
I my lov - ing vig - il keep - ing,
Breathes a pure and ho - ly feel - ing,
Soul im-mor - tal thou shalt wak - en,
All thro' the night.
All thro' the night.
Home thro' the night.

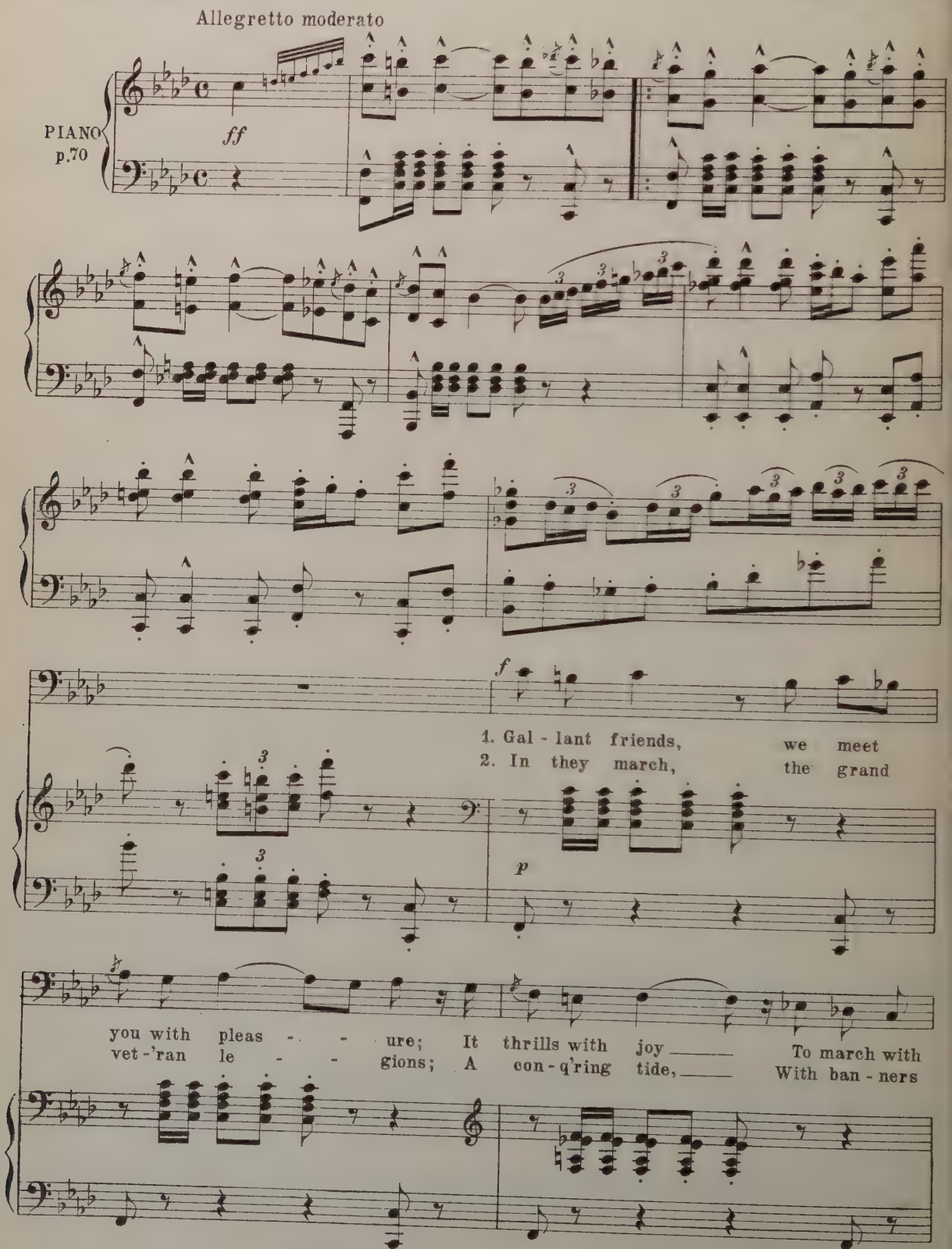
SONG OF THE SOLDIER

(TOREADOR SONG from "CARMEN")

UNISON SONG for BASS

Words adapted by
NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

GEORGES BIZET


Allegretto moderato
PIANO
p.70
ff
f
1. Gal - lant friends, we meet
2. In they march, the grand
p
you with pleas - - - ure; It thrills with joy
vet - 'ran le - - - gions; A con - q'ring tide,
To march with
With ban - ners

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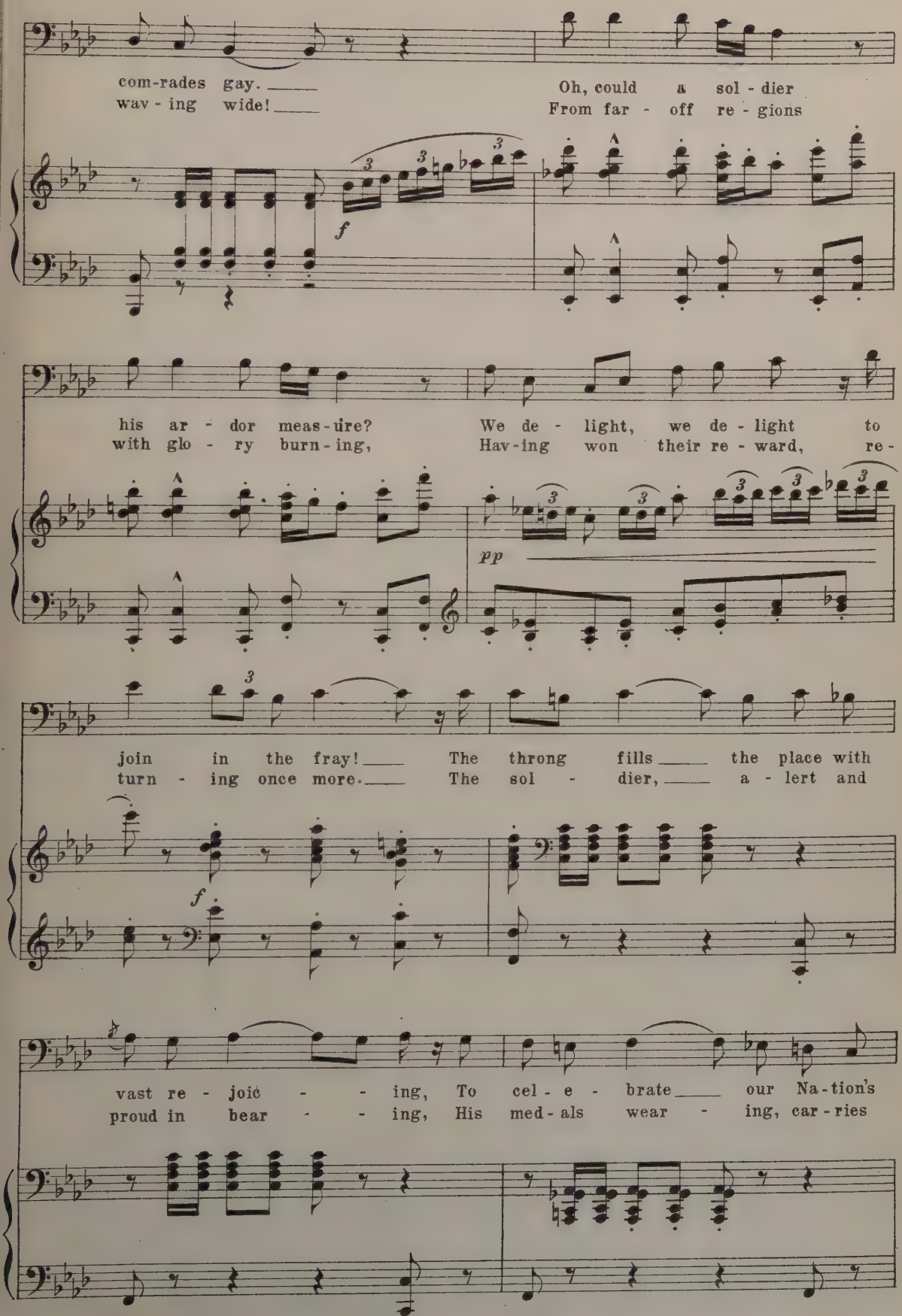
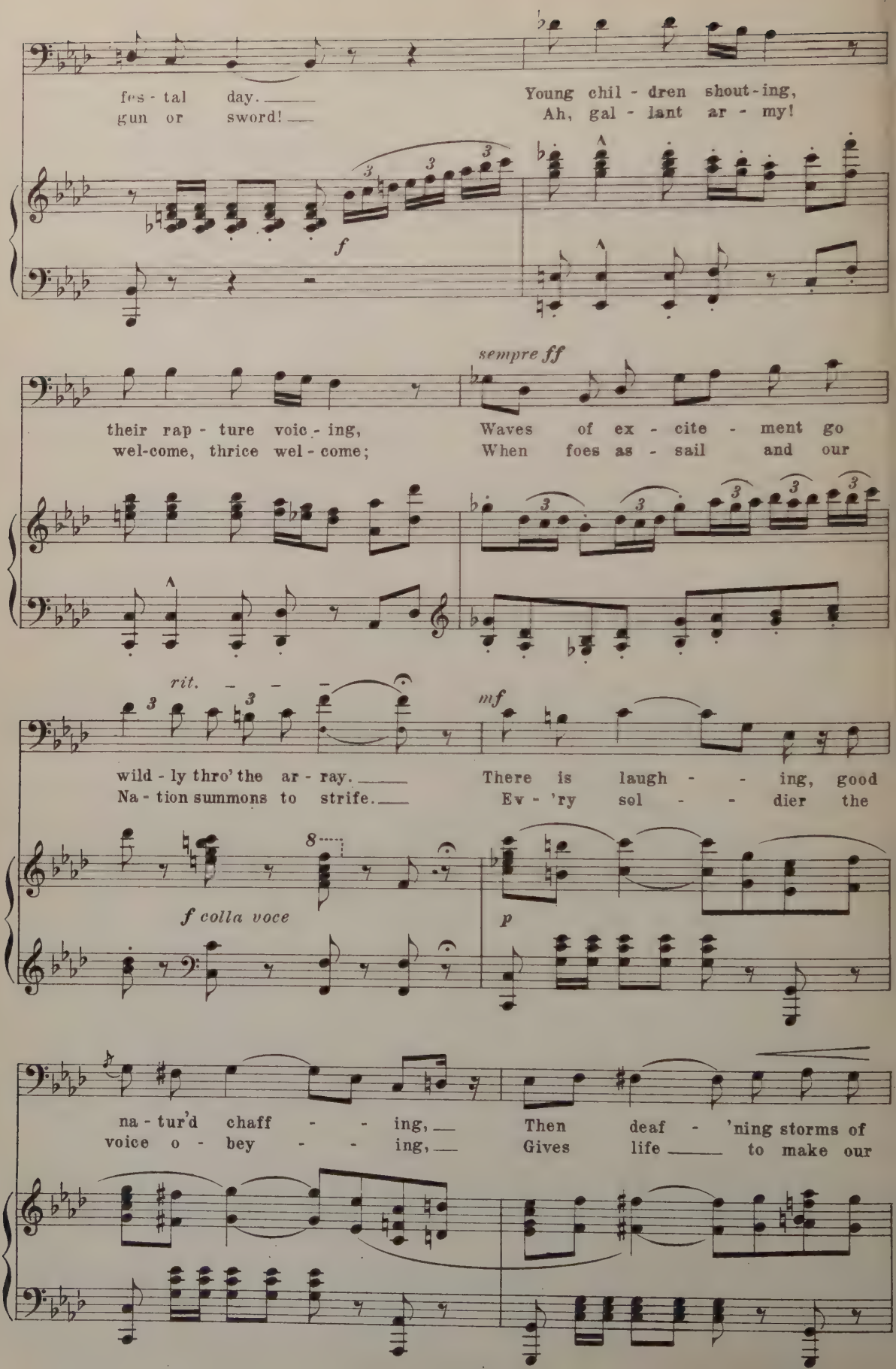
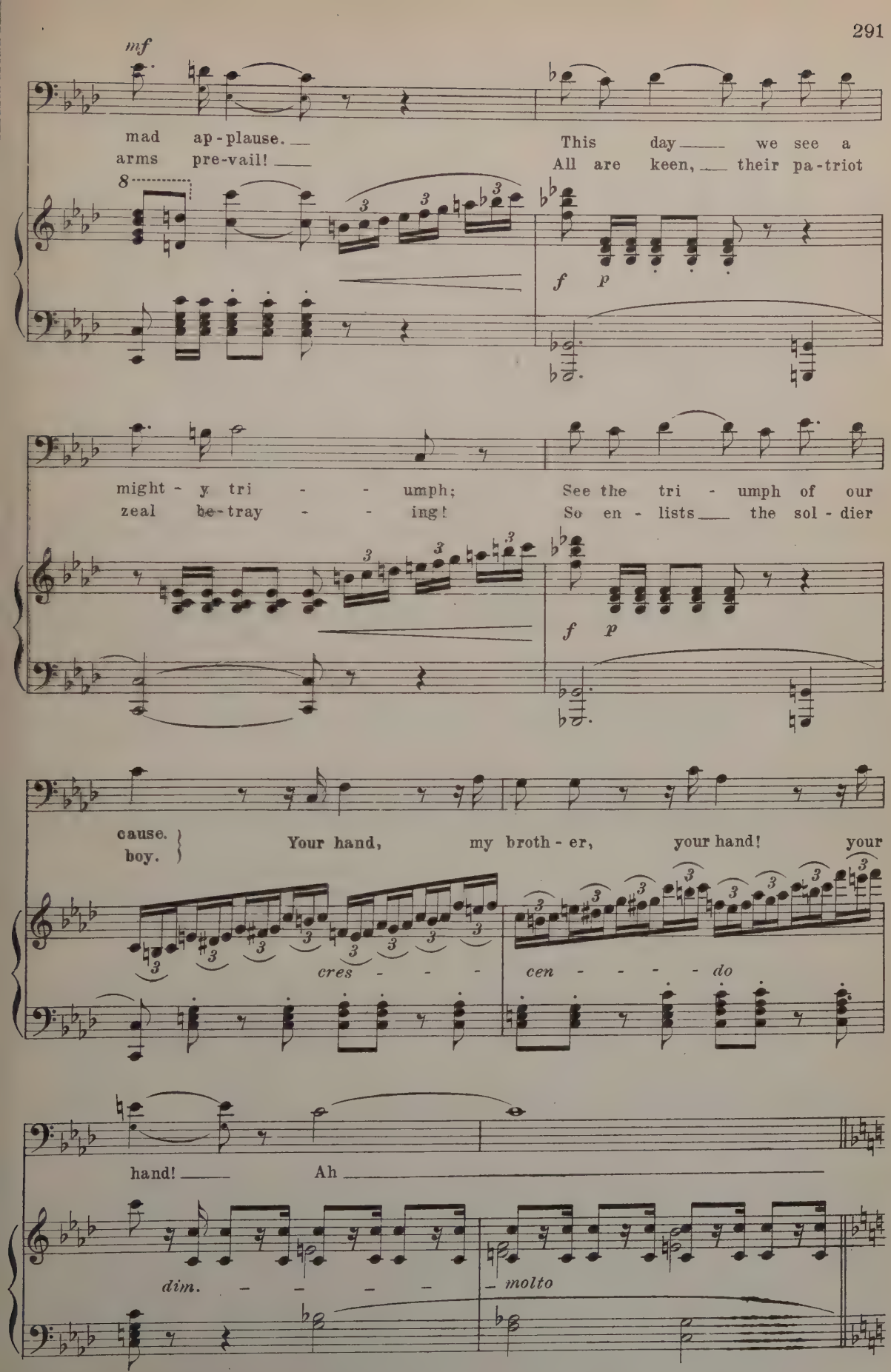
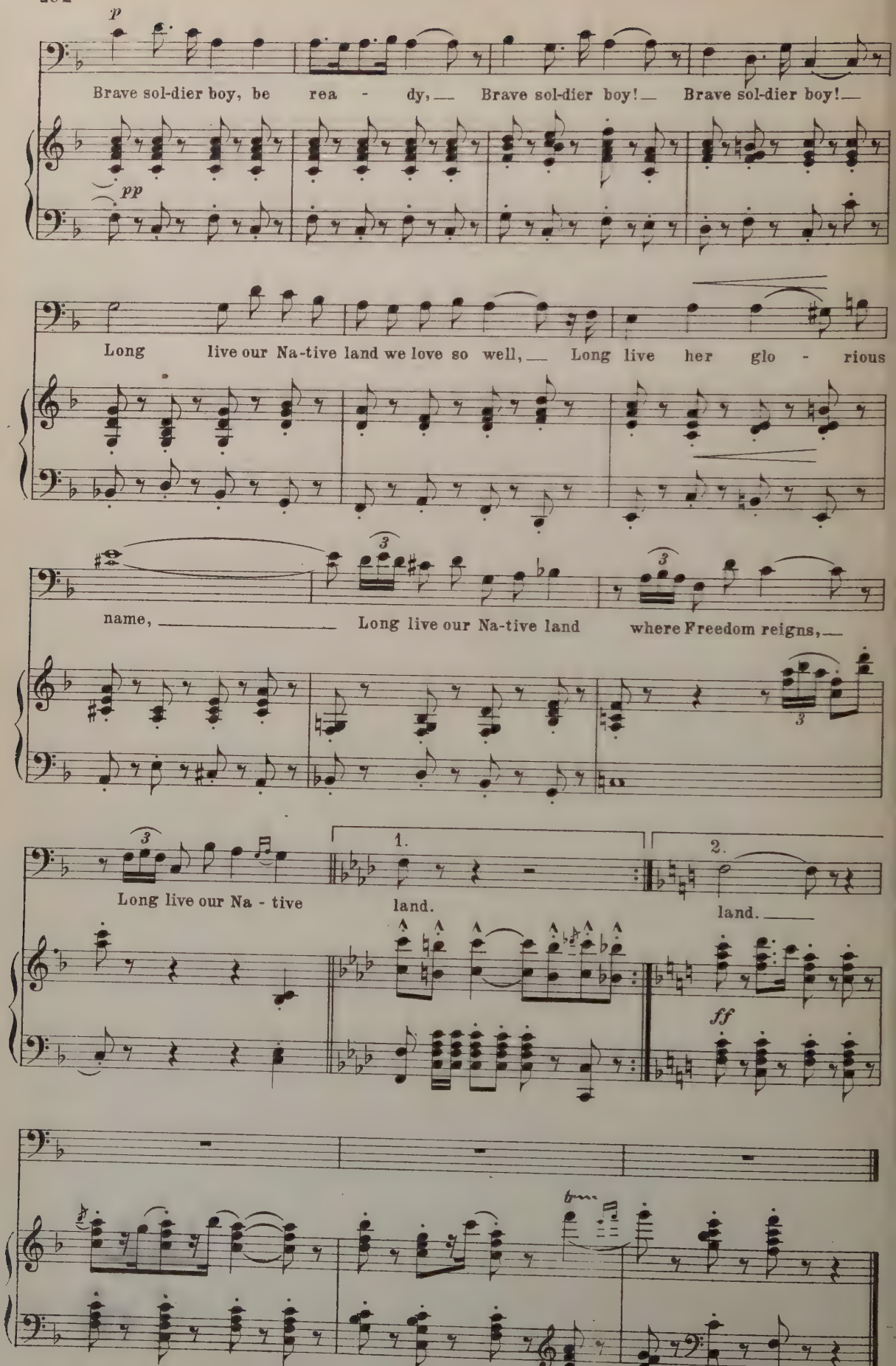

com-rades gay.
wav-ing wide!
Oh, could a sol-dier
From far-off re-gions
f
his ar-dor meas-ure?
with glo-ry burn-ing,
We de-light, we de-light to
Hav-ing won their re-ward, re-
pp
join in the fray!
turn-ing once more.
The throng fills the place with
The sol-dier, a-lert and
f
vast re-joic-ing,
proud in bear-ing,
To cel-e-brate our Na-tion's
His med-als wear-ing, car-ries


fes - tal day.
gun or sword!
Young chil - dren shout - ing,
Ah, gal - lant ar - my!
f
sempre ff
their rap - ture voic - ing,
wel-come, thrice wel - come;
Waves of ex - cite - ment go
When foes as - sail and our
rit.
mf
wild - ly thro' the ar - ray.
Na - tion summons to strife.
There is laugh - - ing, good
Ev - 'ry sol - - dier the
f colla voce
p
na - tur'd chaff - - ing,
voice o - bey - - ing,
Then deaf - 'ning storms of
Gives life to make our

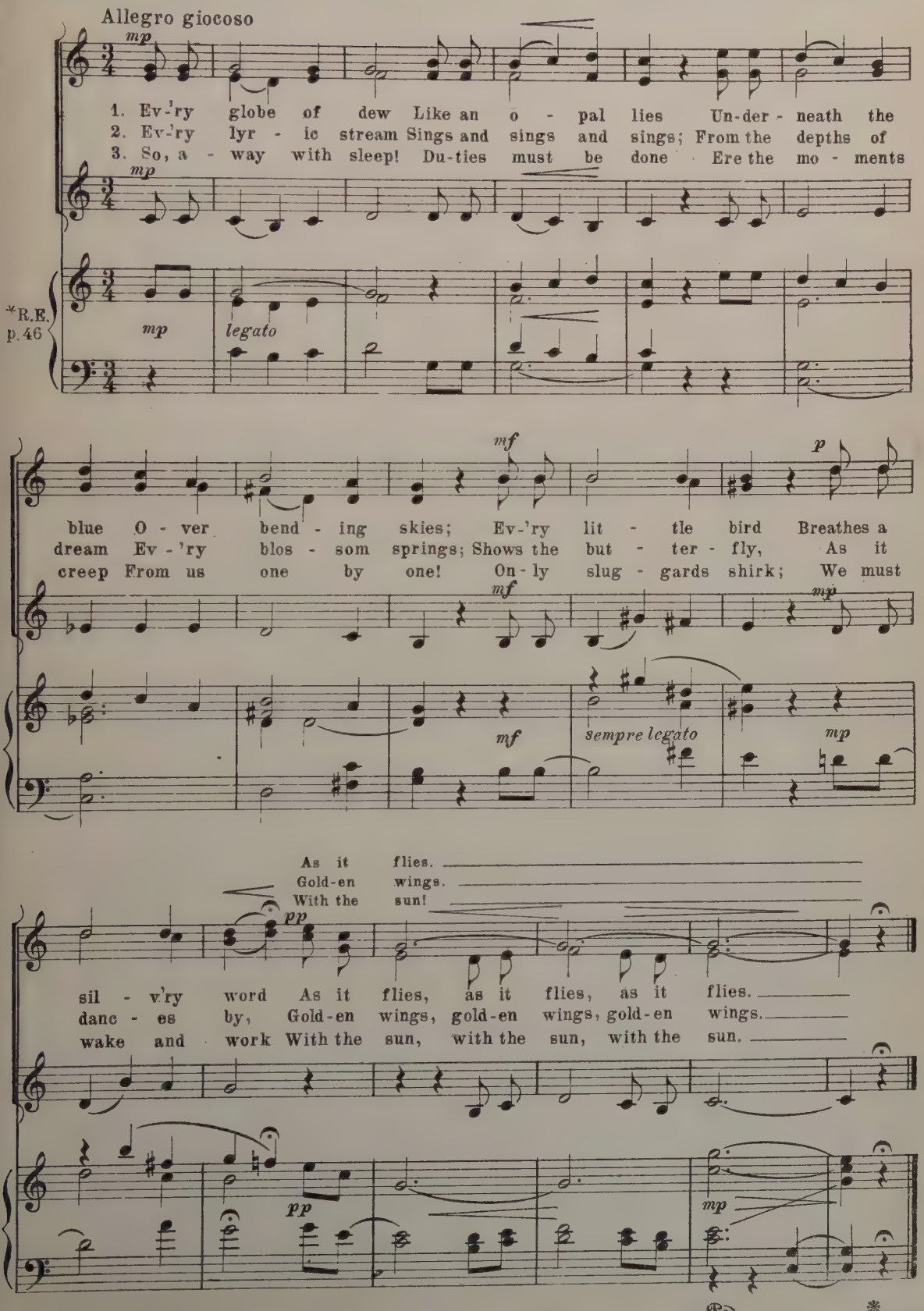

mf
mad ap-plause.
arms pre-vail!
This day we see a
All are keen, their pa-triot
f p
might-y tri-umph;
zeal be-tray-ing!
See the tri-umph of our
So en-lists the sol-dier
f p
cause.
boy.
Your hand, my broth-er, your hand! your
cres-
cen-do
hand!
Ah
dim.
molto


p
Brave sol-dier boy, be rea - dy, Brave sol-dier boy! Brave sol-dier boy!
pp
Long live our Na-tive land we love so well, Long live her glo - rious
name, Long live our Na-tive land where Freedom reigns,
Long live our Na - tive
1.
land.
2.
land.
ff

MORNING SONG

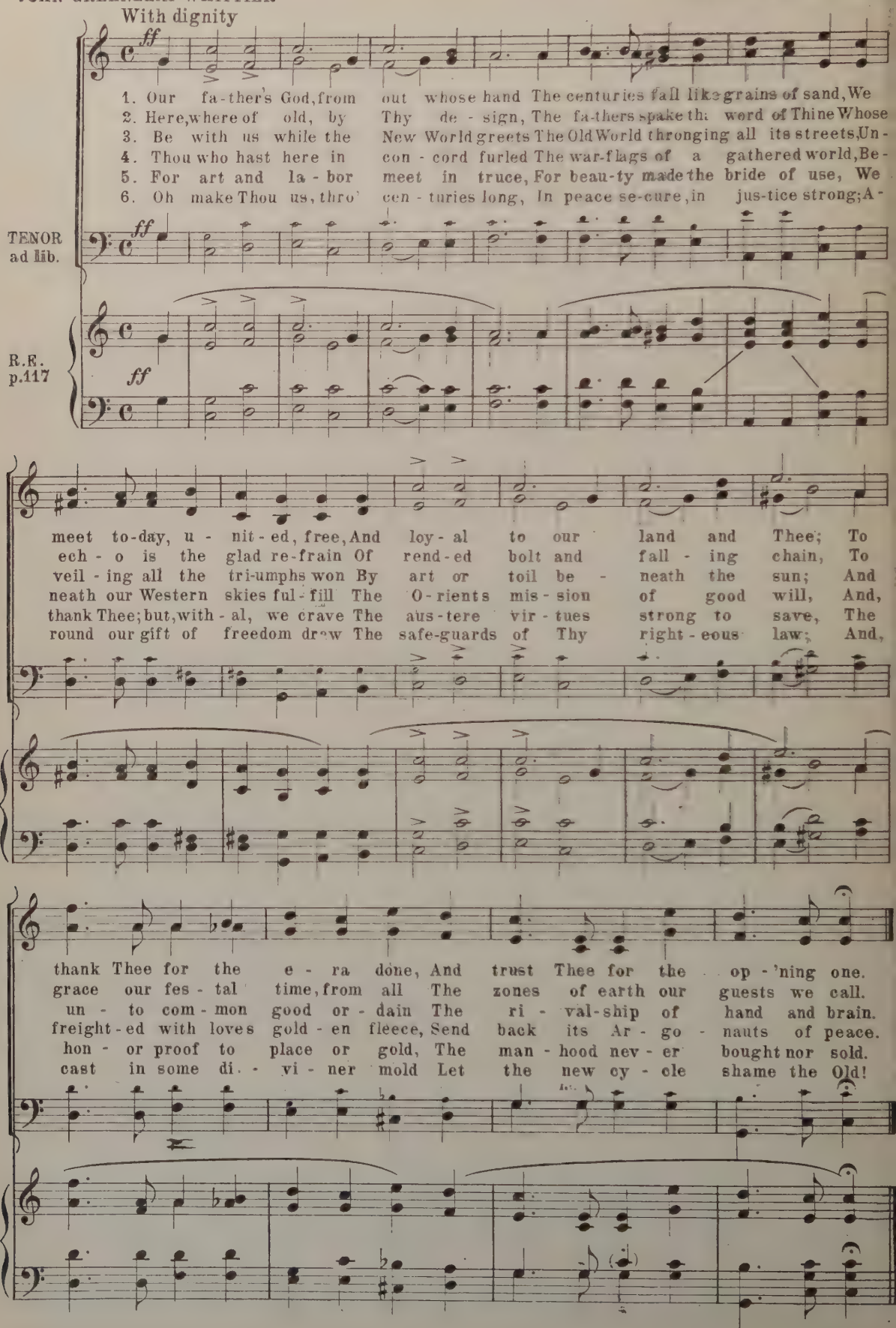
CLINTON SCOLLARD

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS


Allegro giocoso
mp
1. Ev-'ry globe of dew Like an o - pal lies Un-der - neath the
2. Ev-'ry lyr - ic stream Sings and sings and sings; From the depths of
3. So, a - way with sleep! Du-ties must be done Ere the mo - ments
mp
*R.E. p. 46
mp
legato
blue O - ver bend - ing skies; Ev-'ry lit - tle bird Breathes a
dream Ev-'ry blos - som springs; Shows the but - ter - fly, As it
creep From us one by one! On - ly slug - gards shirk; We must
mf
p
mf
mp
mf
sempre legato
mp
As it flies.
Gold-en wings.
With the sun!
pp
sil - v'ry word As it flies, as it flies, as it flies.
danc - es by, Gold-en wings, gold-en wings, gold-en wings.
wake and work With the sun, with the sun, with the sun.
pp
mp
Ped.
*

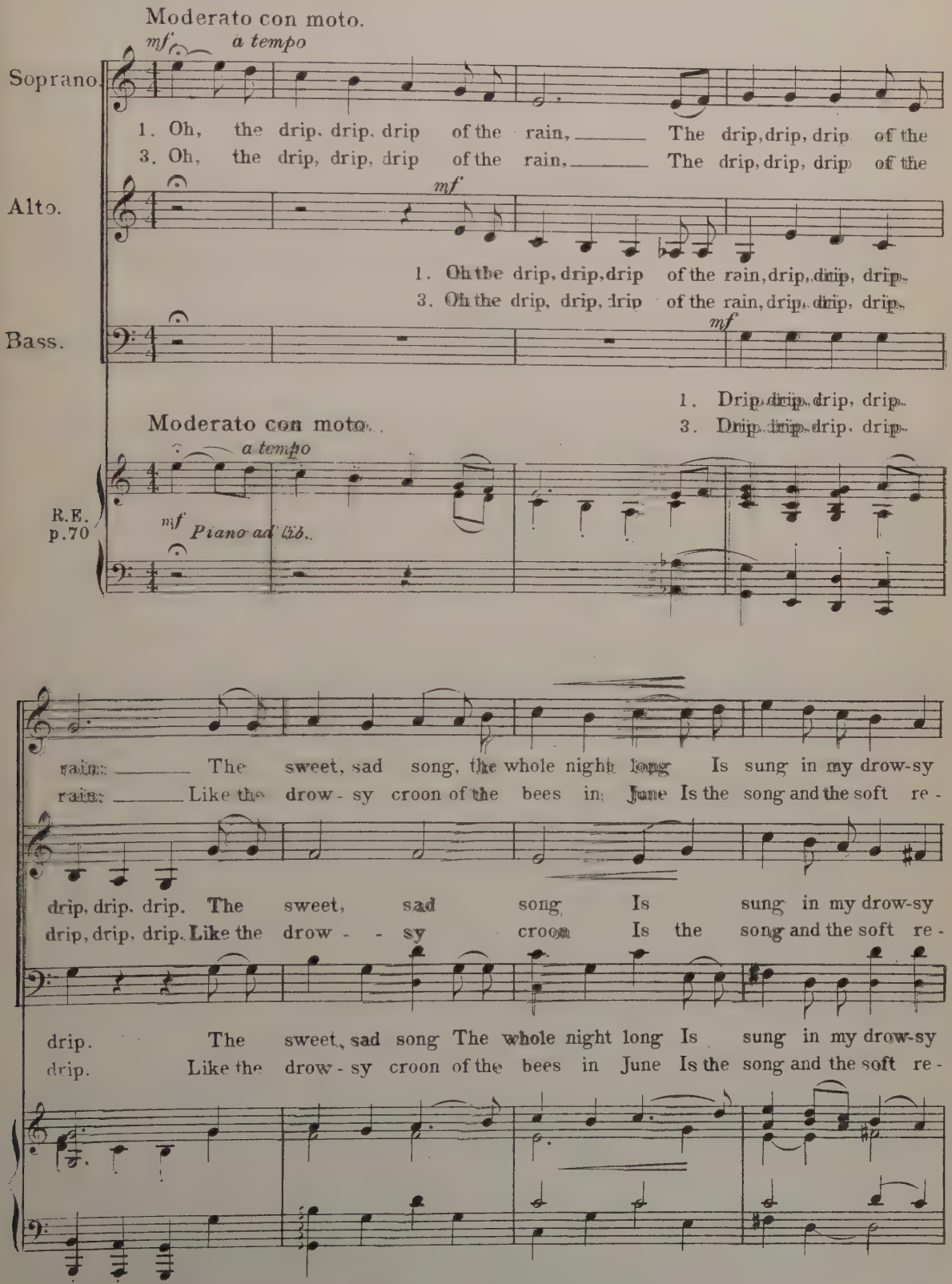
CENTENNIAL HYMN

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER — DAVID STANLEY SMITH


With dignity
ff
1. Our fa-ther's God, from out whose hand The centuries fall like grains of sand, We
2. Here, where of old, by Thy de - sign, The fa-thers spake th: word of Thine Whose
3. Be with us while the New World greets The Old World thronging all its streets, Un-
4. Thou who hast here in con - cord furled The war-flags of a gathered world, Be-
5. For art and la - bor meet in truce, For beau-ty made the bride of use, We
6. Oh make Thou us, thro' cen - turies long, In peace se-cure, in jus-tice strong; A-
TENOR ad lib.
R.E. p.117
meet to-day, u - nit-ed, free, And loy - al to our land and Thee; To
ech - o is the glad re-frain Of rend-ed bolt and fall - ing chain, To
veil - ing all the tri-umphs won By art or toil be - neath the sun; And
neath our Western skies ful - fill The O-rients mis - sion of good will, And,
thank Thee; but, with - al, we crave The aus-tere vir - tues strong to save, The
round our gift of freedom draw The safe-guards of Thy right - eous law; And,
thank Thee for the e - ra done, And trust Thee for the op - 'ning one.
grace our fes - tal time, from all The zones of earth our guests we call.
un - to com - mon good or - dain The ri - val-ship of hand and brain.
freight - ed with loves gold - en fleece, Send back its Ar - go - nauts of peace.
hon - or proof to place or gold, The man - hood nev - er bought nor sold.
cast in some di - vi - ner mold Let the new cy - cle shame the Old!

NIXON WATERMAN.
By permission of Forbes and Company

HENRY F. GILBERT.


Moderato con moto.
mf
a tempo
Soprano.
1. Oh, the drip, drip, drip of the rain, The drip, drip, drip of the
3. Oh, the drip, drip, drip of the rain, The drip, drip, drip of the
Alto.
mf
1. Oh the drip, drip, drip of the rain, drip, drip, drip.
3. Oh the drip, drip, drip of the rain, drip, drip, drip.
Bass.
mf
1. Drip drip, drip, drip.
3. Drip drip, drip, drip.
Moderato con moto.
a tempo
R.E. p.70
mf
Piano ad lib.
rain. The sweet, sad song, the whole night long Is sung in my drow-sy
rain. Like the drow - sy croon of the bees in June Is the song and the soft re -
drip, drip, drip. The sweet, sad song Is sung in my drow-sy
drip, drip, drip. Like the drow - - sy croon Is the song and the soft re -
drip. The sweet, sad song The whole night long Is sung in my drow-sy
drip. Like the drow - sy croon of the bees in June Is the song and the soft re -

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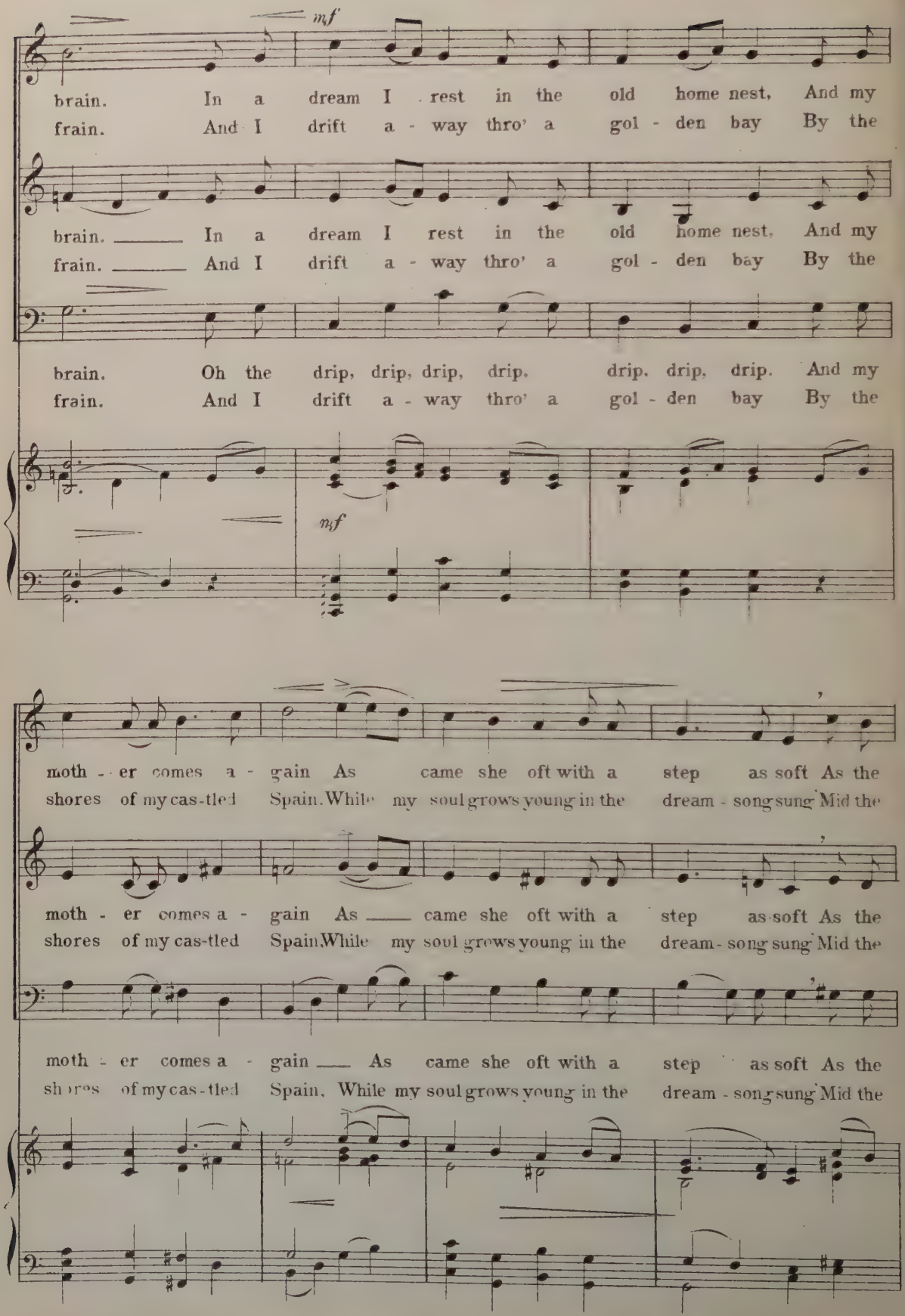
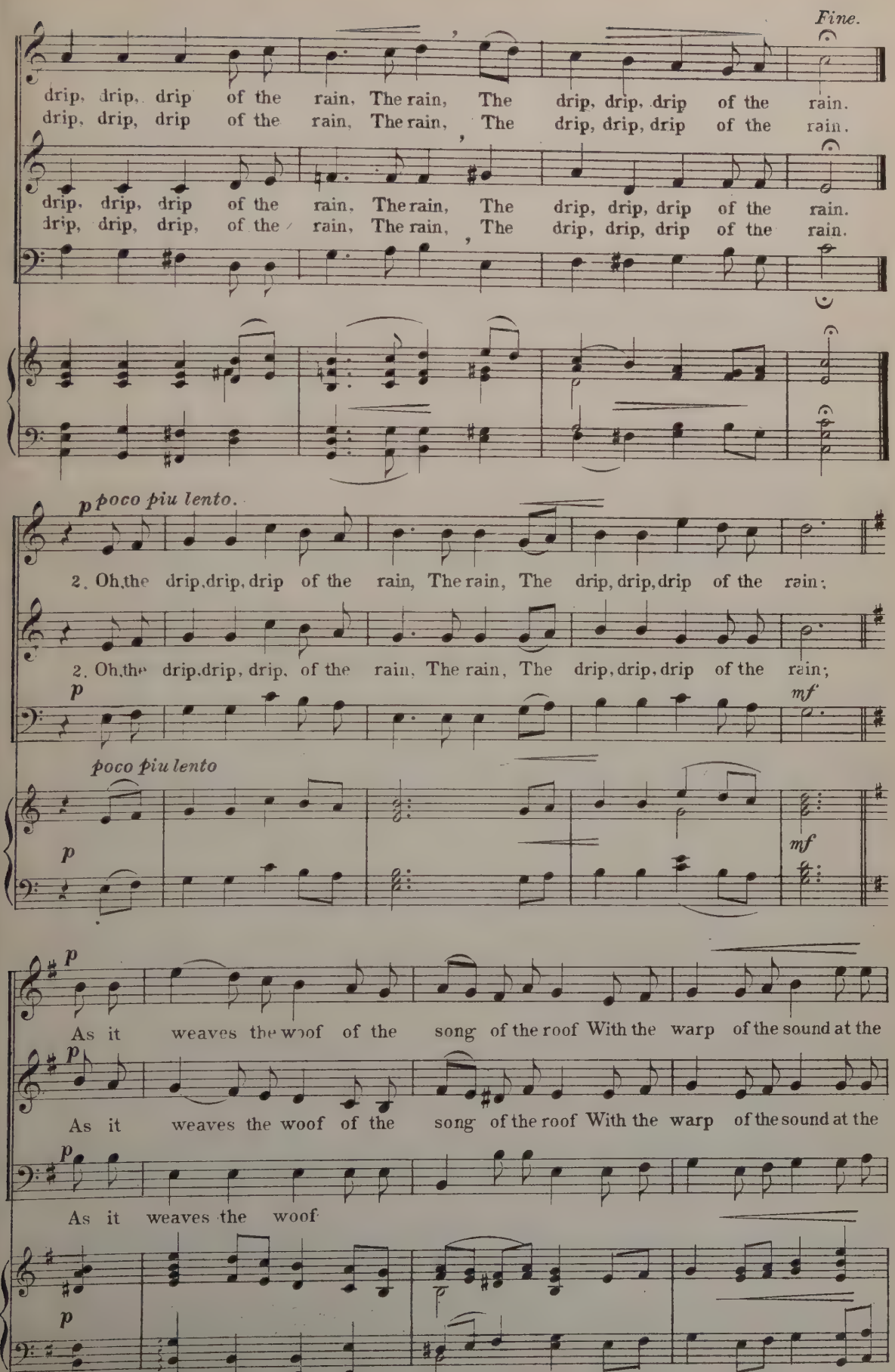
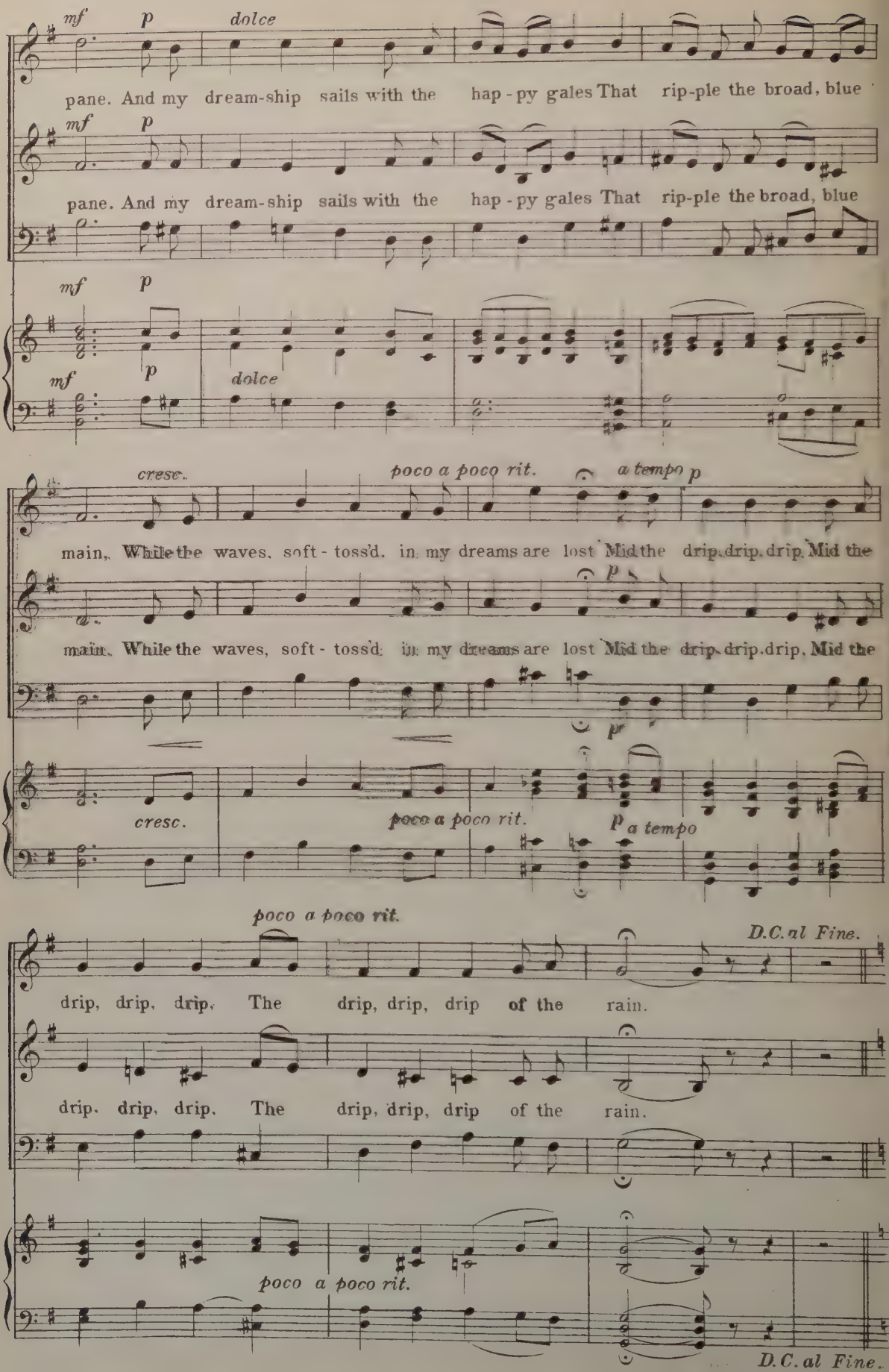

mf
brain. In a dream I rest in the old home nest, And my
frain. And I drift a - way thro' a gol - den bay By the
brain. In a dream I rest in the old home nest, And my
frain. And I drift a - way thro' a gol - den bay By the
brain. Oh the drip, drip, drip, drip, drip, drip, drip. And my
frain. And I drift a - way thro' a gol - den bay By the
mf
moth - er comes a - gain As came she oft with a step as soft As the
shores of my cas-tled Spain. While my soul grows young in the dream - song sung Mid the
moth - er comes a - gain As came she oft with a step as soft As the
shores of my cas-tled Spain While my soul grows young in the dream - song sung Mid the
moth - er comes a - gain As came she oft with a step as soft As the
shores of my cas-tled Spain, While my soul grows young in the dream - song sung Mid the


Fine.
drip, drip, drip of the rain, The rain, The drip, drip, drip of the rain.
drip, drip, drip of the rain, The rain, The drip, drip, drip of the rain.
drip, drip, drip of the rain, The rain, The drip, drip, drip of the rain.
drip, drip, drip, of the rain, The rain, The drip, drip, drip of the rain.
p poco piu lento.
2. Oh, the drip, drip, drip of the rain, The rain, The drip, drip, drip of the rain;
2. Oh, the drip, drip, drip, of the rain, The rain, The drip, drip, drip of the rain;
p
mf
poco piu lento
p
mf
p
As it weaves the woof of the song of the roof With the warp of the sound at the
p
As it weaves the woof of the song of the roof With the warp of the sound at the
p
As it weaves the woof
p


mf p dolce
pane. And my dream-ship sails with the hap-py gales That rip-ple the broad, blue
mf p
pane. And my dream-ship sails with the hap-py gales That rip-ple the broad, blue
mf p
mf p dolce
cresc. poco a poco rit. a tempo p
main, While the waves, soft-toss'd, in my dreams are lost Mid the drip, drip, drip, Mid the
p
main, While the waves, soft-toss'd, in my dreams are lost Mid the drip, drip, drip, Mid the
p
cresc. poco a poco rit. p a tempo
poco a poco rit. D.C. al Fine.
drip, drip, drip, The drip, drip, drip of the rain.
drip, drip, drip, The drip, drip, drip of the rain.
poco a poco rit.
D.C. al Fine.

Prithee, Pretty Maiden

from "Patience"

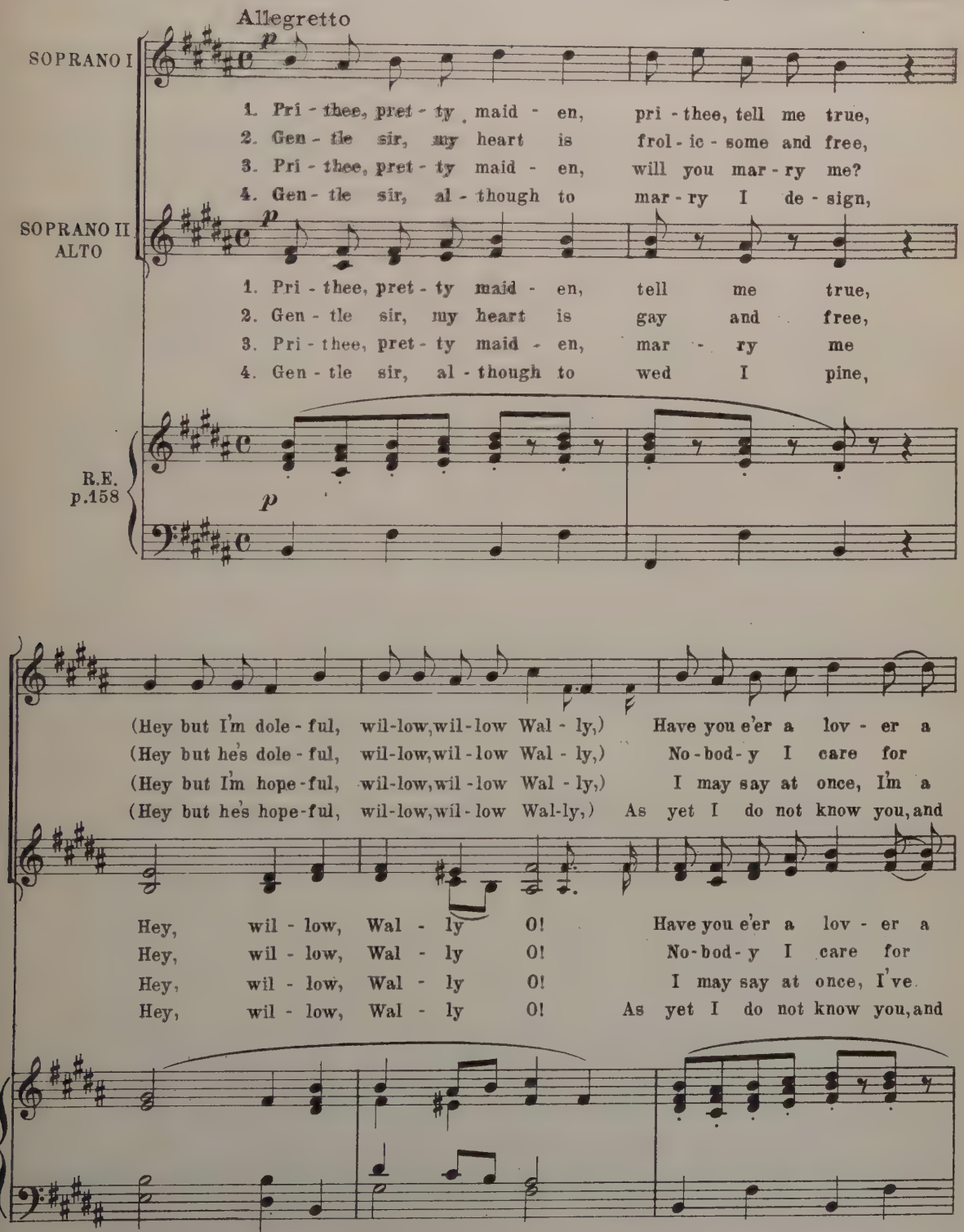
S.S.A.

Issued also for
S.S.A. (ad lib. Bass) No. 440

W. S. GILBERT

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Arranged by OSBOURNE McCONATHY


Allegretto
SOPRANO I
1. Pri - thee, pret - ty maid - en, pri - thee, tell me true,
2. Gen - tle sir, my heart is frol - ic - some and free,
3. Pri - thee, pret - ty maid - en, will you mar - ry me?
4. Gen - tle sir, al - though to mar - ry I de - sign,
SOPRANO II
ALTO
1. Pri - thee, pret - ty maid - en, tell me true,
2. Gen - tle sir, my heart is gay and free,
3. Pri - thee, pret - ty maid - en, mar - ry me
4. Gen - tle sir, al - though to wed I pine,
R.E. p.158
(Hey but I'm dole - ful, wil-low, wil-low Wal - ly,) Have you e'er a lov - er a
(Hey but he's dole - ful, wil-low, wil-low Wal - ly,) No - bod - y I care for
(Hey but I'm hope - ful, wil-low, wil - low Wal - ly,) I may say at once, I'm a
(Hey but he's hope - ful, wil-low, wil - low Wal-ly,) As yet I do not know you, and
Hey, wil - low, Wal - ly O! Have you e'er a lov - er a
Hey, wil - low, Wal - ly O! No - bod - y I care for
Hey, wil - low, Wal - ly O! I may say at once, I've
Hey, wil - low, Wal - ly O! As yet I do not know you, and

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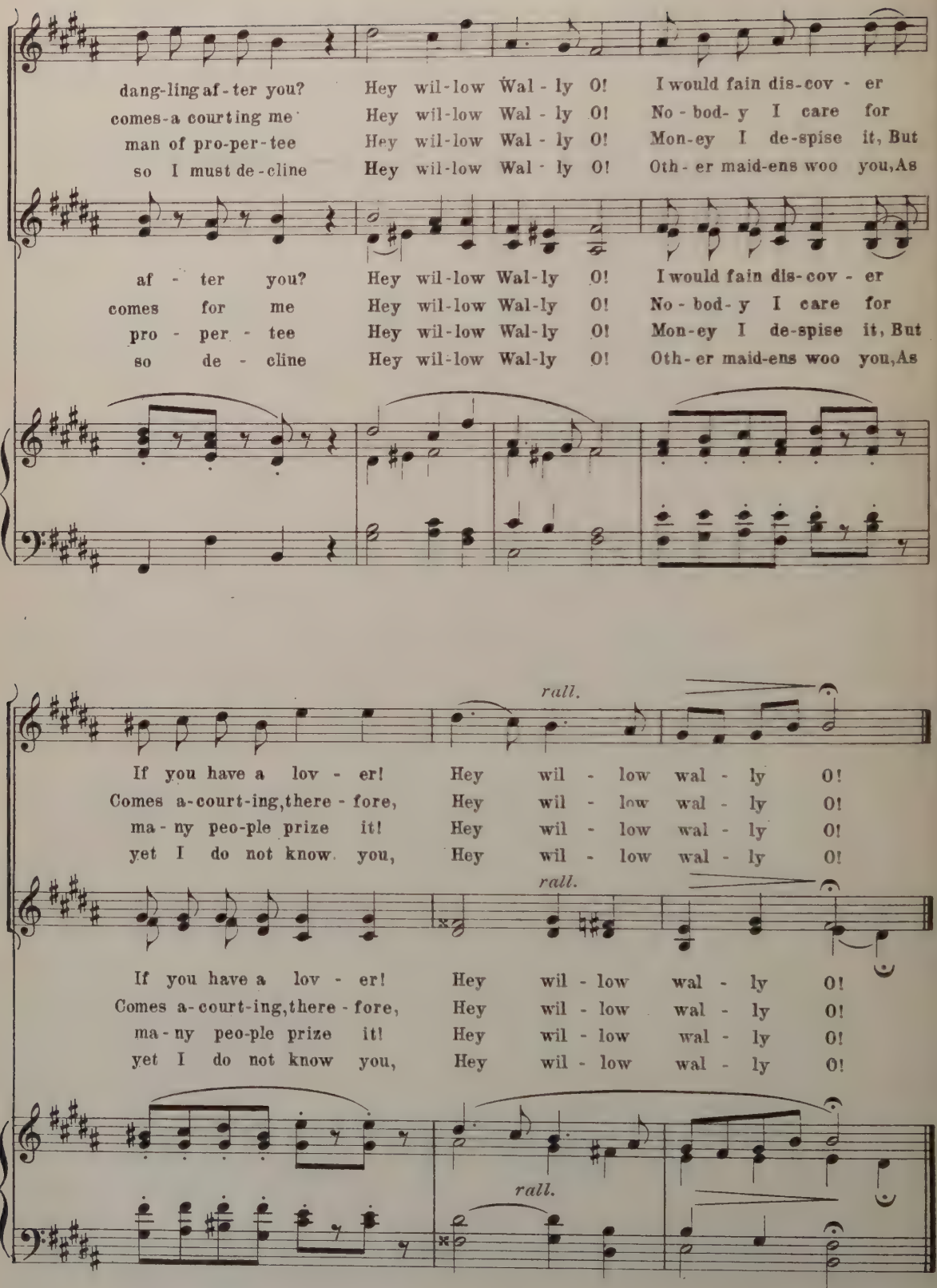
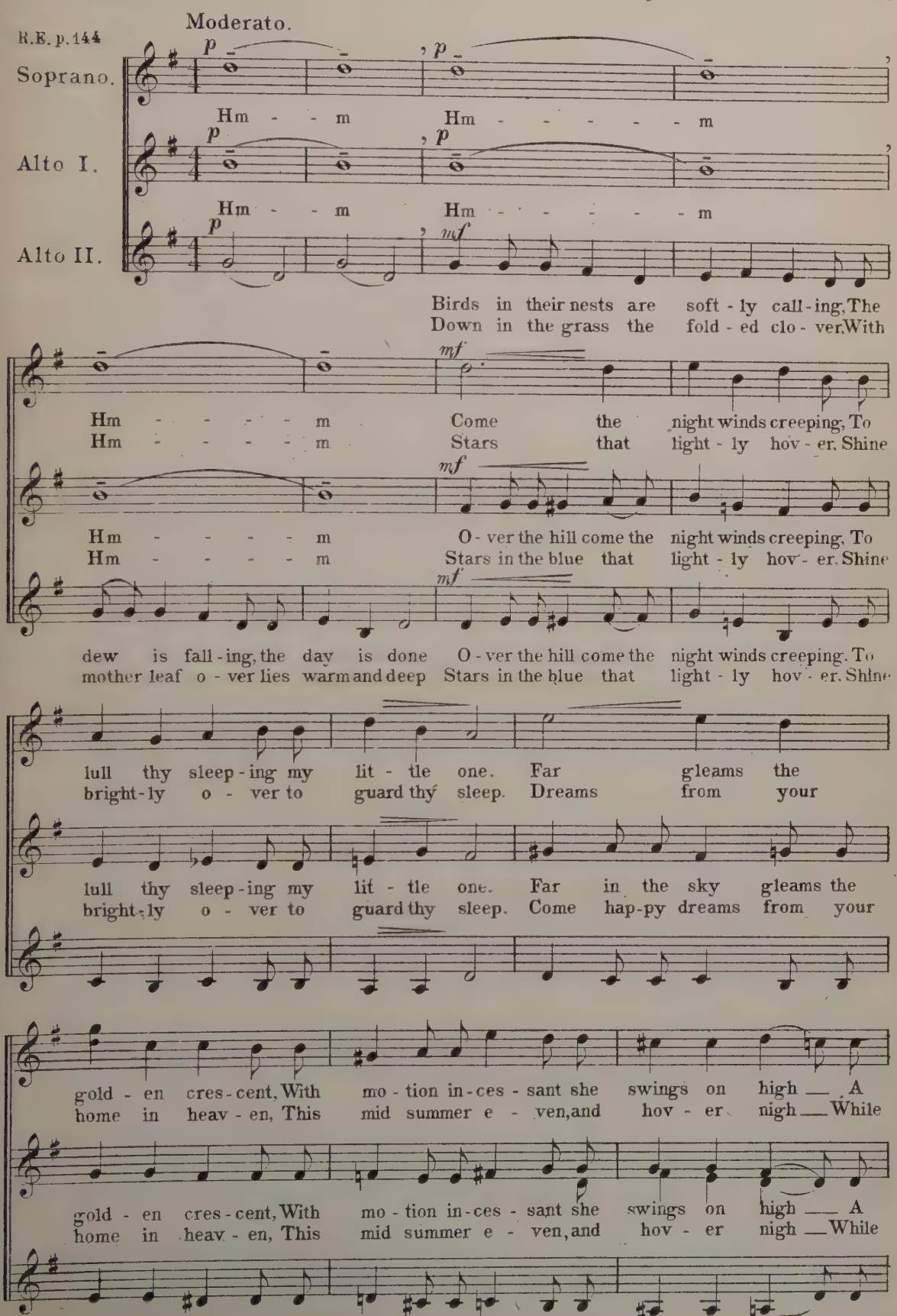

dang-ling af-ter you? Hey wil-low Wal-ly O! I would fain dis-cov-er
comes-a court-ing me Hey wil-low Wal-ly O! No-bod-y I care for
man of pro-per-tee Hey wil-low Wal-ly O! Mon-ey I de-spise it, But
so I must de-cline Hey wil-low Wal-ly O! Oth-er maid-ens woo you, As
af-ter you? Hey wil-low Wal-ly O! I would fain dis-cov-er
comes for me Hey wil-low Wal-ly O! No-bod-y I care for
pro-per-tee Hey wil-low Wal-ly O! Mon-ey I de-spise it, But
so de-cline Hey wil-low Wal-ly O! Oth-er maid-ens woo you, As
rall.
If you have a lov-er! Hey wil-low wal-ly O!
Comes a-court-ing, there-fore, Hey wil-low wal-ly O!
ma-ny peo-ple prize it! Hey wil-low wal-ly O!
yet I do not know you, Hey wil-low wal-ly O!
rall.
If you have a lov-er! Hey wil-low wal-ly O!
Comes a-court-ing, there-fore, Hey wil-low wal-ly O!
ma-ny peo-ple prize it! Hey wil-low wal-ly O!
yet I do not know you, Hey wil-low wal-ly O!
rall.

Text by GRACE MITCHELL. Music by RALPH L. BALDWIN.


Moderato.
R.E. p. 144
Soprano.
Alto I.
Alto II.
Hm - - m
Hm - - - - - - m
Birds in their nests are soft - ly call - ing, The
Down in the grass the fold - ed clo - ver With
Come the night winds creeping, To
Stars that light - ly hov - er Shine
O - ver the hill come the night winds creeping, To
Stars in the blue that light - ly hov - er Shine
dew is fall - ing, the day is done
mother leaf o - ver lies warm and deep
lull thy sleep - ing my lit - tle one. Far gleams the
bright - ly o - ver to guard thy sleep. Dreams from your
lull thy sleep - ing my lit - tle one. Far in the sky gleams the
bright - ly o - ver to guard thy sleep. Come hap - py dreams from your
gold - en cres - cent, With mo - tion in - ces - sant she swings on high A
home in heav - en, This mid summer e - ven, and hov - er nigh While
gold - en cres - cent, With mo - tion in - ces - sant she swings on high A
home in heav - en, This mid summer e - ven, and hov - er nigh While

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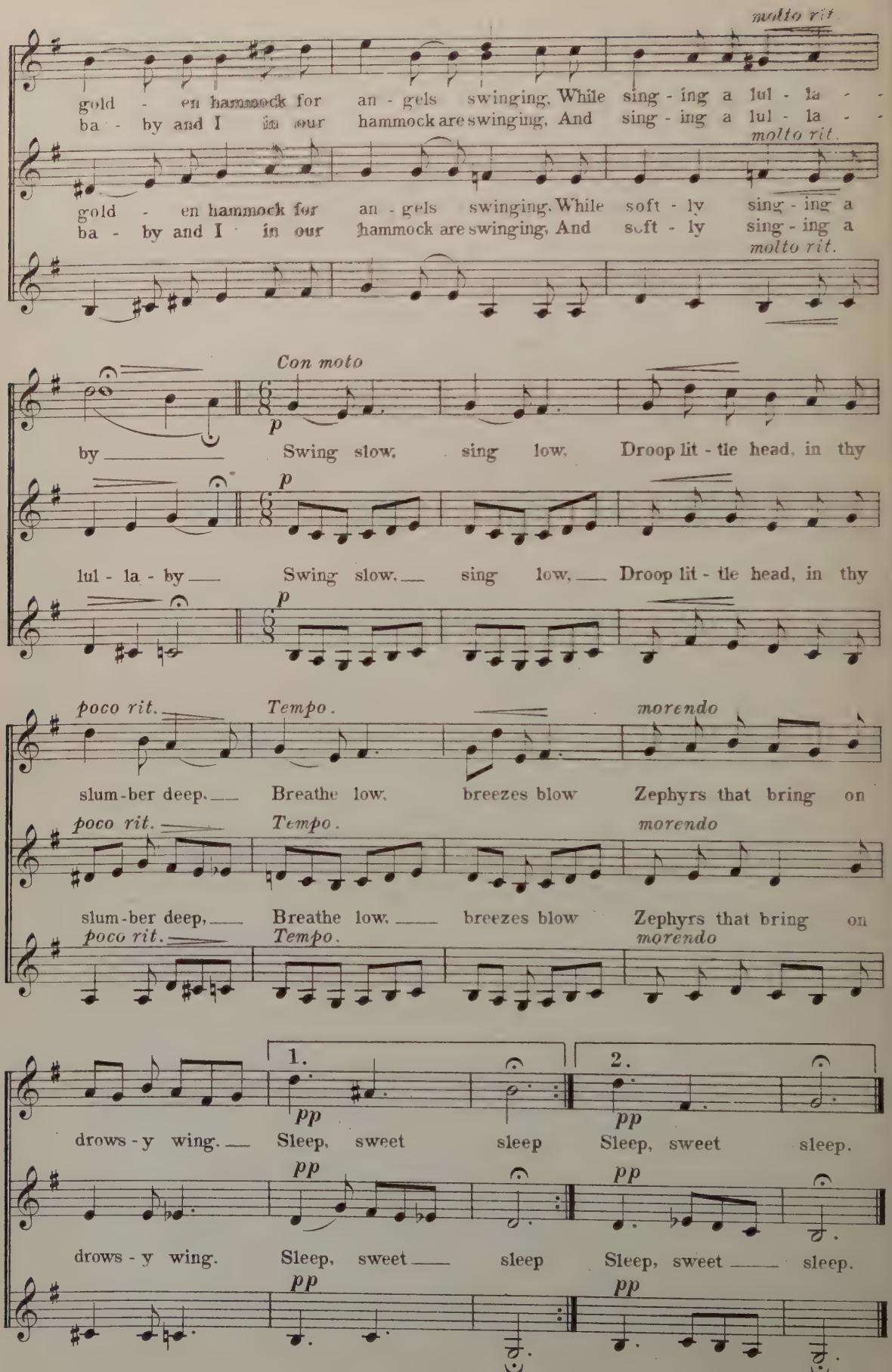
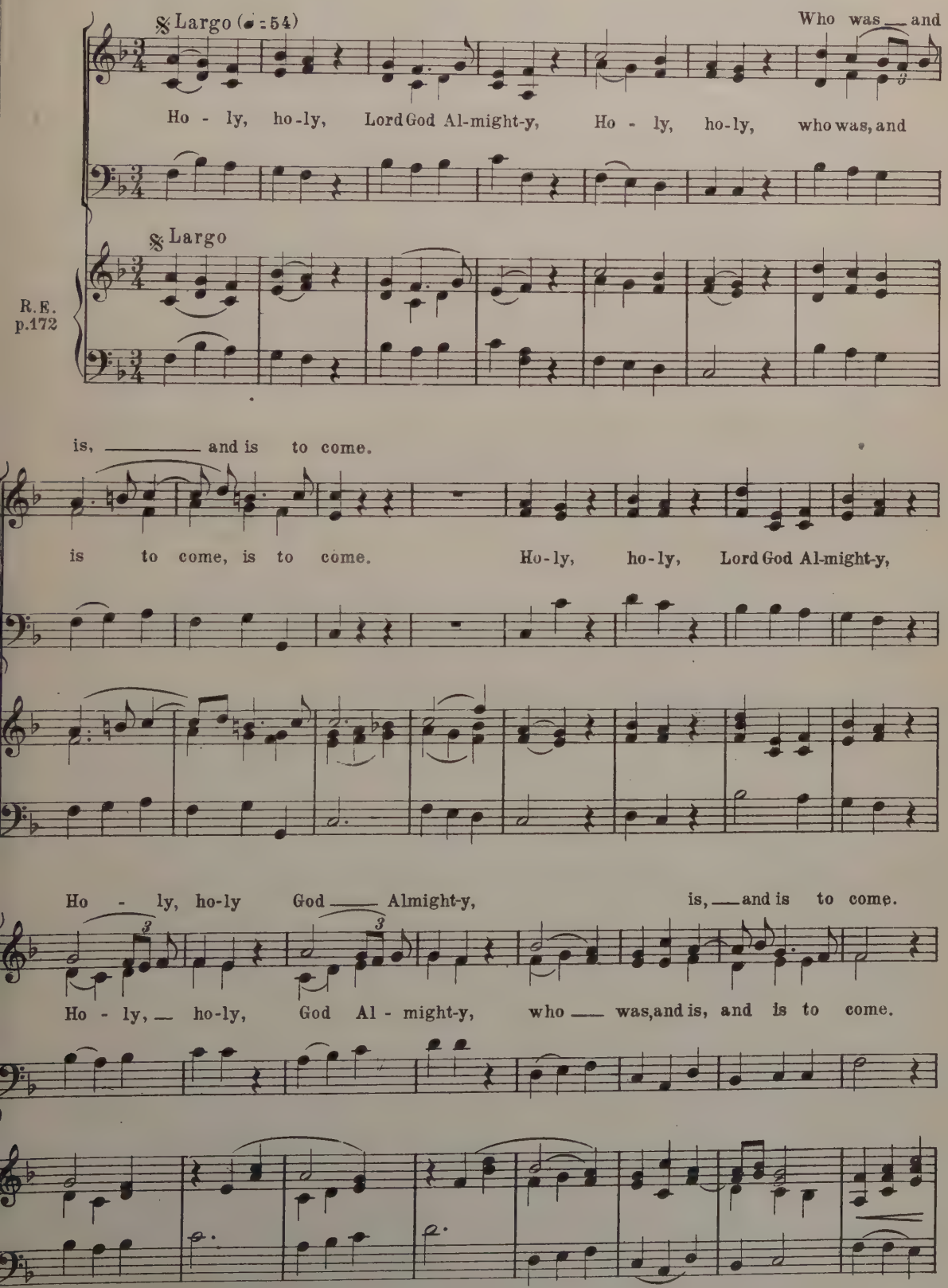
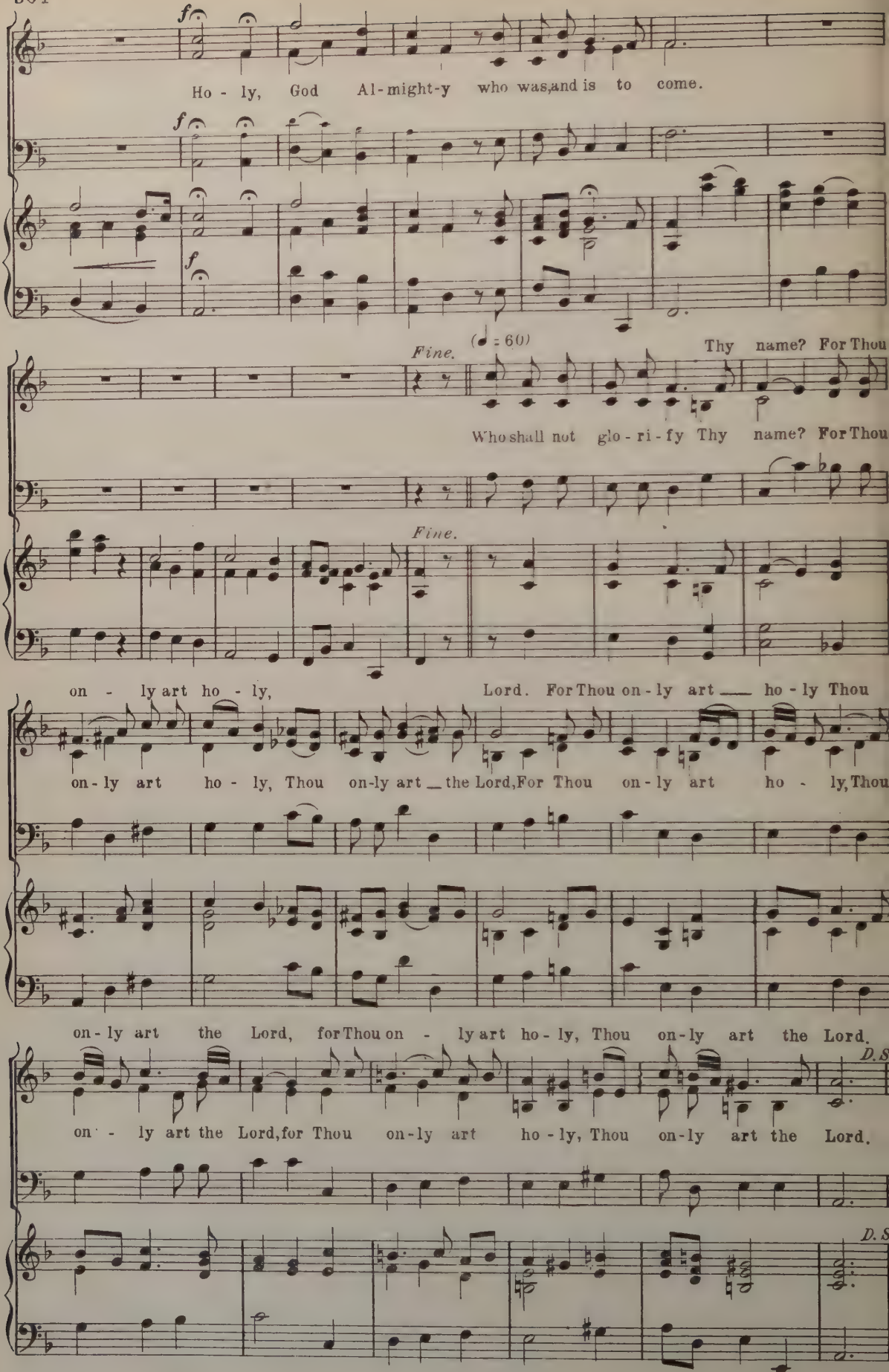

molto rit.
gold - en hammock for an - gels swinging, While sing - ing a lul - la - -
ba - by and I in our hammock are swinging, And sing - ing a lul - la - -
molto rit.
gold - en hammock for an - gels swinging, While soft - ly sing - ing a
ba - by and I in our hammock are swinging, And soft - ly sing - ing a
molto rit.
Con moto
p
by Swing slow, sing low, Droop lit - tle head, in thy
p
lul - la - by Swing slow, sing low, Droop lit - tle head, in thy
p
poco rit. Tempo. morendo
slum - ber deep, Breathe low, breezes blow Zephyrs that bring on
poco rit. Tempo. morendo
slum - ber deep, Breathe low, breezes blow Zephyrs that bring on
poco rit. Tempo. morendo
1. 2.
pp pp
drows - y wing. Sleep, sweet sleep Sleep, sweet sleep.
pp pp
drows - y wing. Sleep, sweet sleep Sleep, sweet sleep.
pp pp

HOLY, HOLY, LORD GOD ALMIGHTY

G. F. HANDEL
Adapted by J. Remington

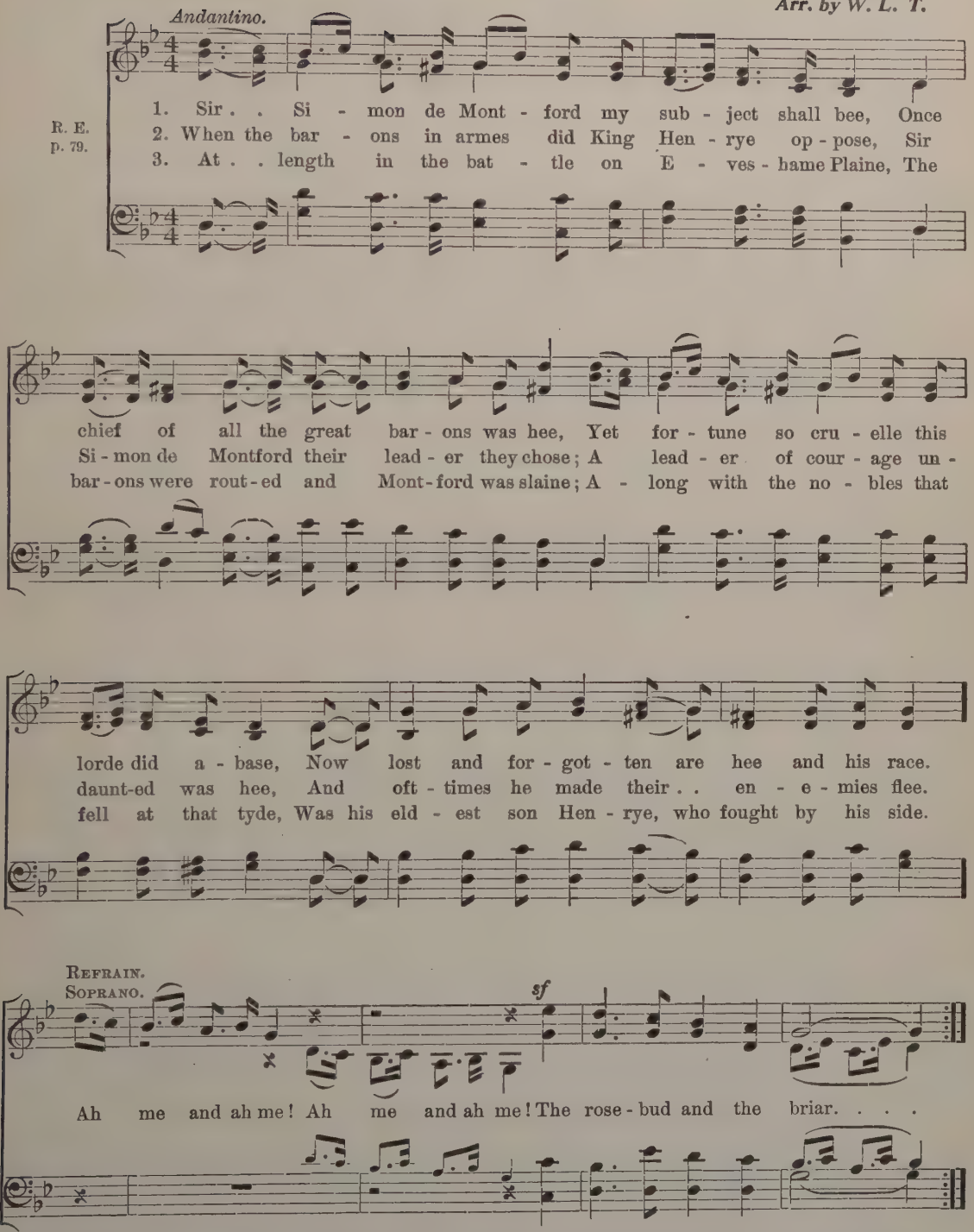

Largo (♩ = 54)
Who was and
Ho - ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y, Ho - ly, ho-ly, who was, and
Largo
R.E. p.172
is, and is to come.
is to come, is to come. Ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y,
Ho - ly, ho-ly God Almight-y, is, and is to come.
Ho - ly, ho-ly, God Al - might-y, who was, and is, and is to come.


f
Ho - ly, God Al-might-y who was, and is to come.
f
f
Fine.
(♩ = 60)
Thy name? For Thou
Who shall not glo - ri - fy Thy name? For Thou
Fine.
on - ly art ho - ly, Lord. For Thou on - ly art ho - ly Thou
on - ly art ho - ly, Thou on - ly art the Lord, For Thou on - ly art ho - ly, Thou
on - ly art the Lord, for Thou on - ly art ho - ly, Thou on - ly art the Lord.
D.S
on - ly art the Lord, for Thou on - ly art ho - ly, Thou on - ly art the Lord.
D.S

SIR SIMON DE MONTFORD.

(AN OLDEN BALLAD.)

Old English.
Arr. by W. L. T.


Andantino.
R. E. p. 79.
1. Sir . . Si - mon de Mont - ford my sub - ject shall bee, Once
2. When the bar - ons in armes did King Hen - rye op - pose, Sir
3. At . . length in the bat - tle on E - ves - hame Plaine, The
chief of all the great bar - ons was hee, Yet for - tune so cru - elle this
Si - mon de Montford their lead - er they chose; A lead - er of cour - age un -
bar - ons were rout - ed and Mont - ford was slaine; A - long with the no - bles that
lorde did a - base, Now lost and for - got - ten are hee and his race.
daunt-ed was hee, And oft - times he made their . . en - e - mies flee.
fell at that tyde, Was his eld - est son Hen - rye, who fought by his side.
Refrain.
Soprano.
sf
Ah me and ah me! Ah me and ah me! The rose - bud and the briar. . . .

4 A baron's fair daughter stept forth in the night
To find her father, who fell in the fight,
And seeing young Henrye where gasping he laye,
Was movèd with pitye and brought him awaye.

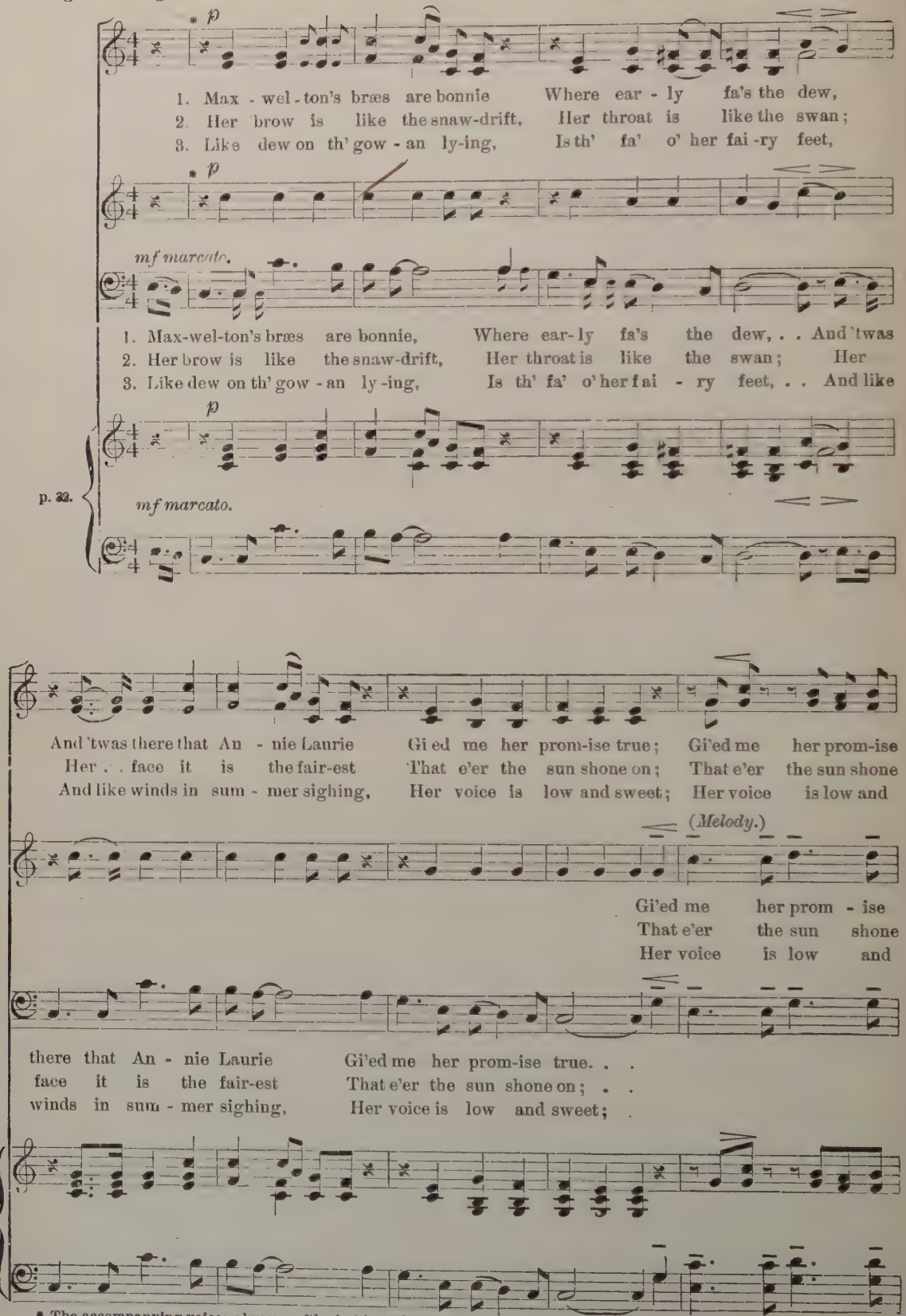
5 In secrette she nurst him, and swayed his paine,
While he elswhere was believed to be slaine;
At length his faire bride she consented to bee,
And this was thy mother, my prettye Bessie.

6 Thus many long winters now have I beene
The sillye blinde beggar of Bednan greene.
And thus have you learnèd a secret from me,
That ne'er had been known but for prettye Bessie.

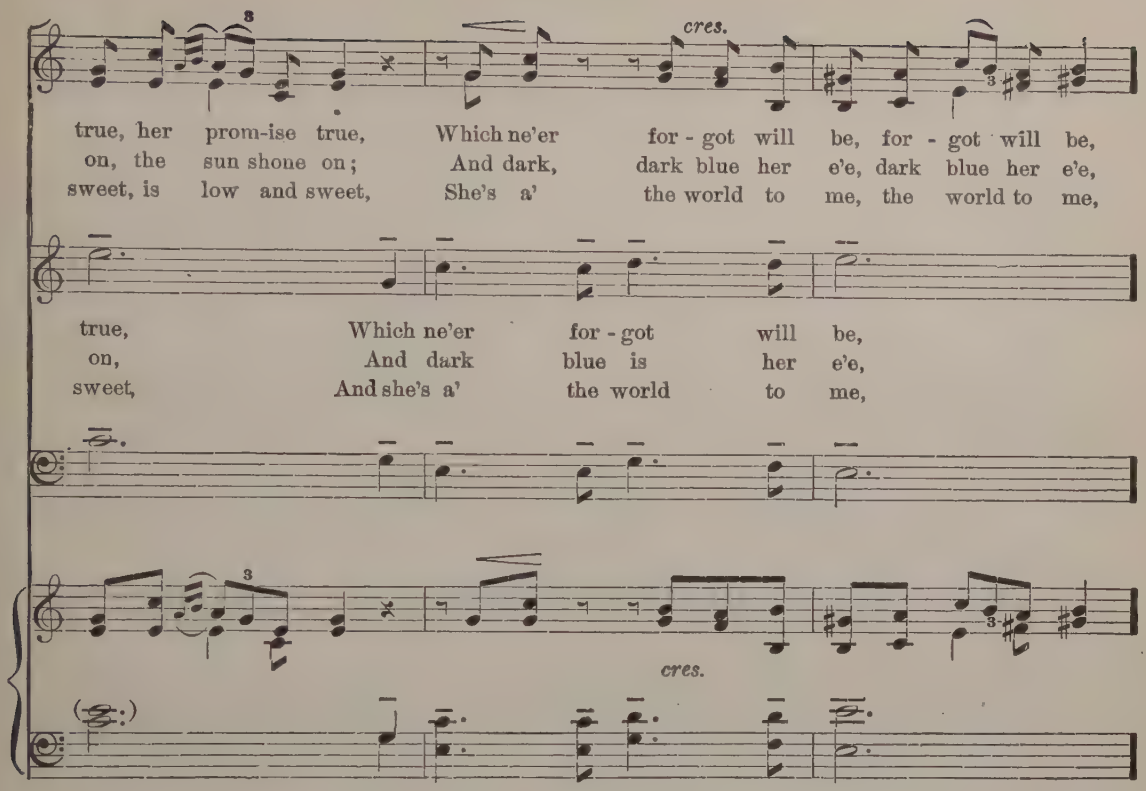
ANNIE LAURIE.

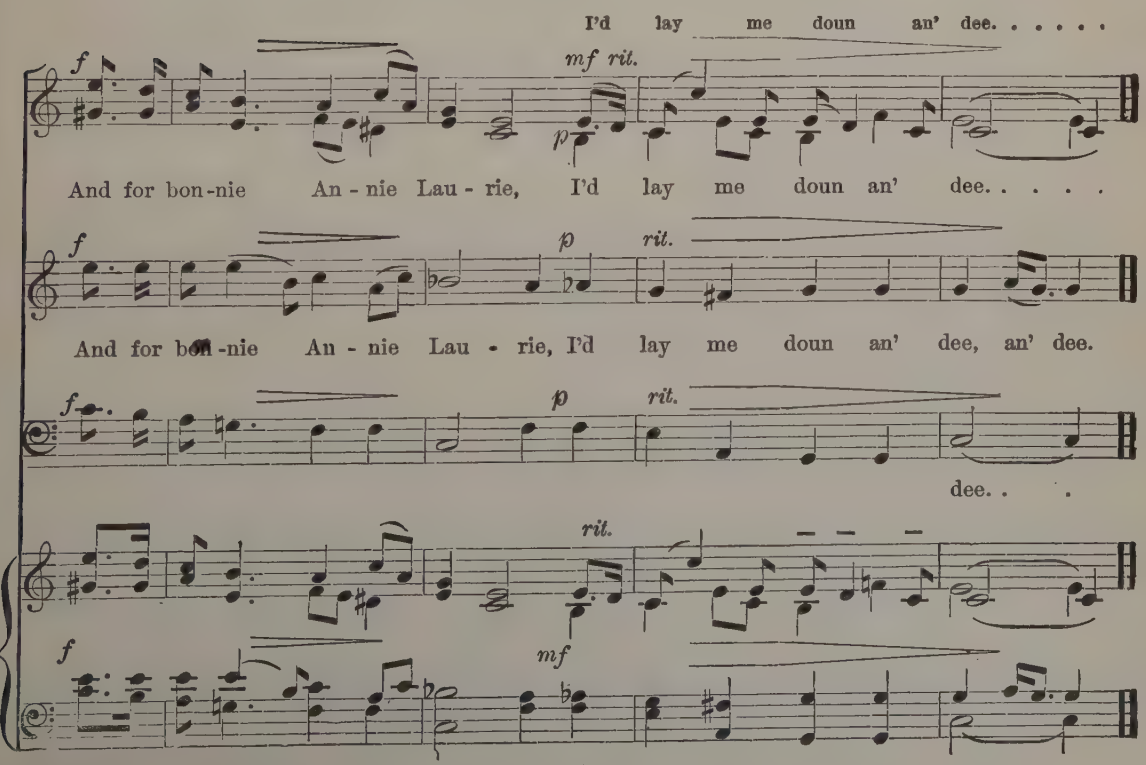
Douglas of Fingland.

Lady John Scott.
Arranged by N. Clifford Page.


* p
1. Max - wel - ton's bræs are bonnie Where ear - ly fa's the dew,
2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her throat is like the swan;
3. Like dew on th' gow - an ly-ing, Is th' fa' o' her fai -ry feet,
* p
mf marcato.
1. Max-wel-ton's bræs are bonnie, Where ear-ly fa's the dew, . . And 'twas
2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her throat is like the swan; Her
3. Like dew on th' gow - an ly -ing, Is th' fa' o' her fai - ry feet, . . And like
p
p. 32.
mf marcato.
And 'twas there that An - nie Laurie Gi'ed me her prom-ise true; Gi'ed me her prom-ise
Her . . face it is the fair-est That e'er the sun shone on; That e'er the sun shone
And like winds in sum - mer sighing, Her voice is low and sweet; Her voice is low and
(Melody.)
Gi'ed me her prom - ise
That e'er the sun shone
Her voice is low and
there that An - nie Laurie Gi'ed me her prom-ise true. . .
face it is the fair-est That e'er the sun shone on; . .
winds in sum - mer sighing, Her voice is low and sweet;

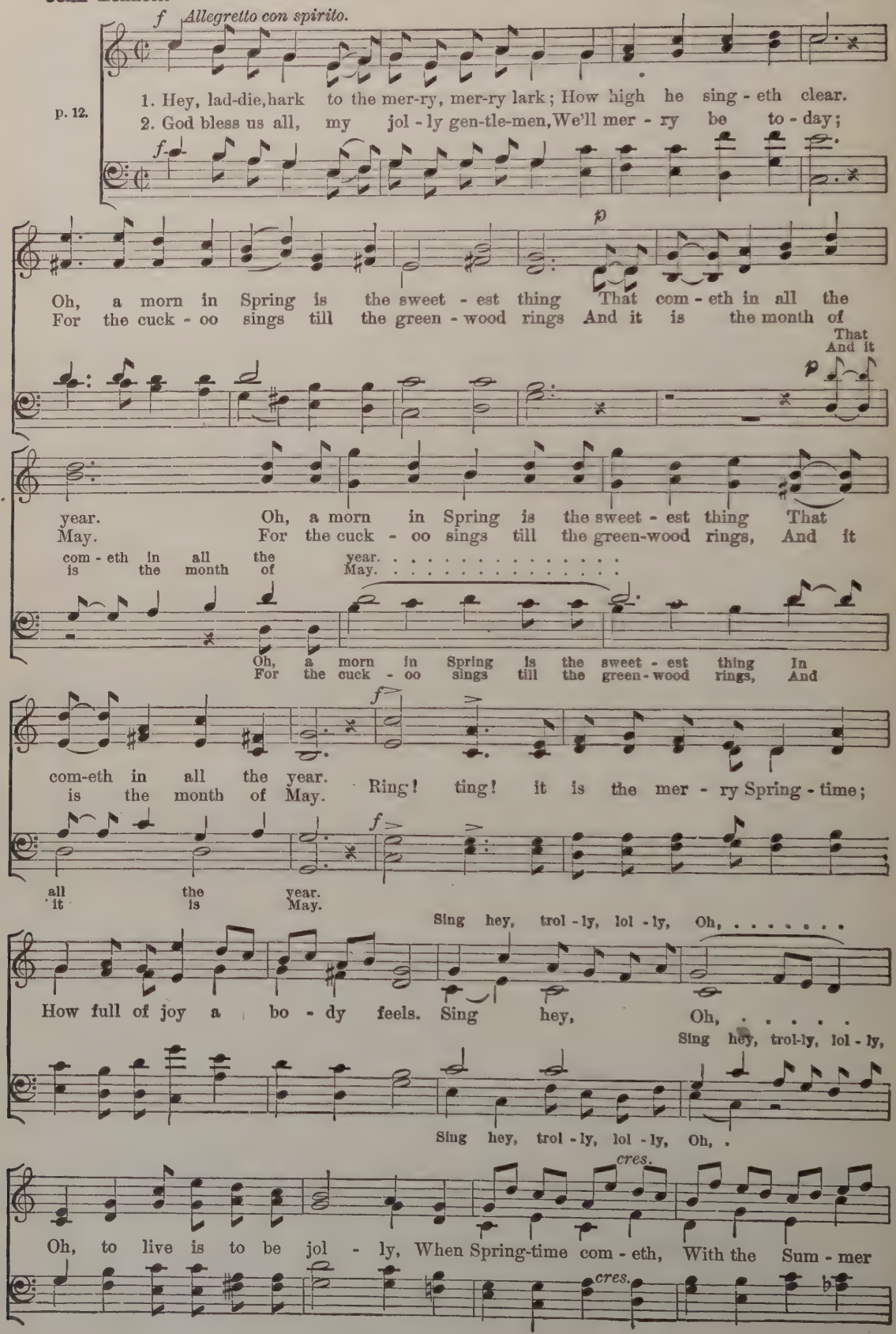
* The accompanying voices always softly, but in strict time.

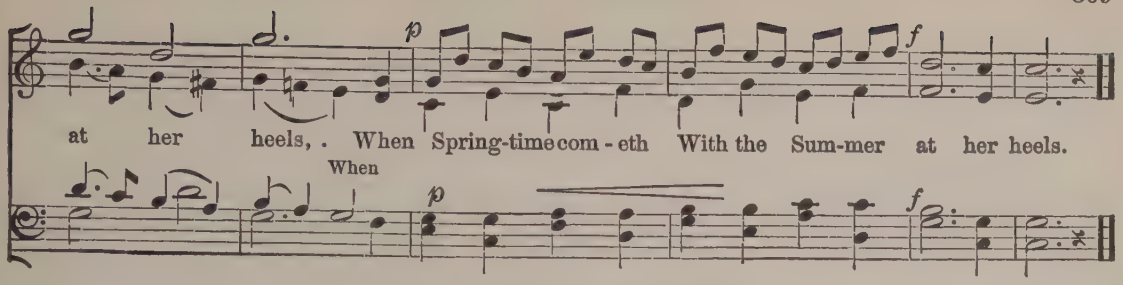

cres.
true, her prom-ise true, Which ne'er for - got will be, for - got will be,
on, the sun shone on; And dark, dark blue her e'e, dark blue her e'e,
sweet, is low and sweet, She's a' the world to me, the world to me,
true, Which ne'er for - got will be,
on, And dark blue is her e'e,
sweet, And she's a' the world to me,
cres.


I'd lay me doun an' dee. . . . . .
f
mf rit.
p
And for bon-nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me doun an' dee. . . . .
f
p
rit.
And for bon-nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me doun an' dee, an' dee.
f
p
rit.
dee. . .
rit.
f
mf

THE SKY LARK SONG.

John Bennett. *Henry K. Hadley.*

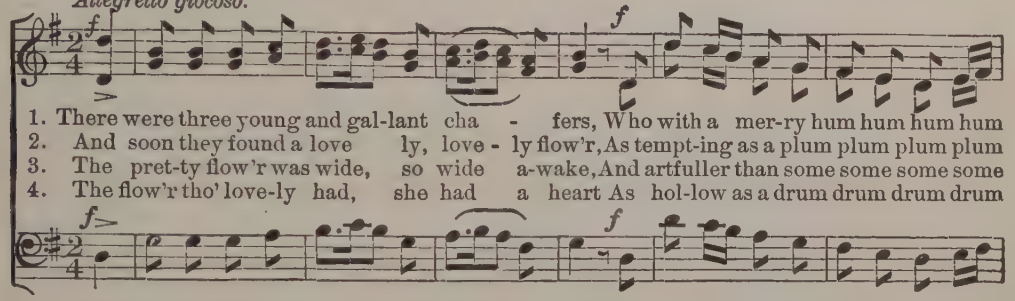

f Allegretto con spirito.
p. 12.
1. Hey, lad-die, hark to the mer-ry, mer-ry lark; How high he sing - eth clear.
2. God bless us all, my jol - ly gen-tle-men, We'll mer - ry be to - day;
f
p
Oh, a morn in Spring is the sweet - est thing That com - eth in all the
For the cuck - oo sings till the green - wood rings And it is the month of
That
And it
p
year.
May.
Oh, a morn in Spring is the sweet - est thing That
For the cuck - oo sings till the green-wood rings, And it
com - eth in all the year.
is the month of May.
Oh, a morn in Spring is the sweet - est thing In
For the cuck - oo sings till the green - wood rings, And
f
com-eth in all the year.
is the month of May.
Ring! ting! it is the mer - ry Spring - time;
f
all the year.
it is May.
Sing hey, trol - ly, lol - ly, Oh,
How full of joy a bo - dy feels. Sing hey, Oh,
Sing hey, trol-ly, lol - ly,
Sing hey, trol - ly, lol - ly, Oh,
cres.
Oh, to live is to be jol - ly, When Spring-time com - eth, With the Sum - mer
cres.



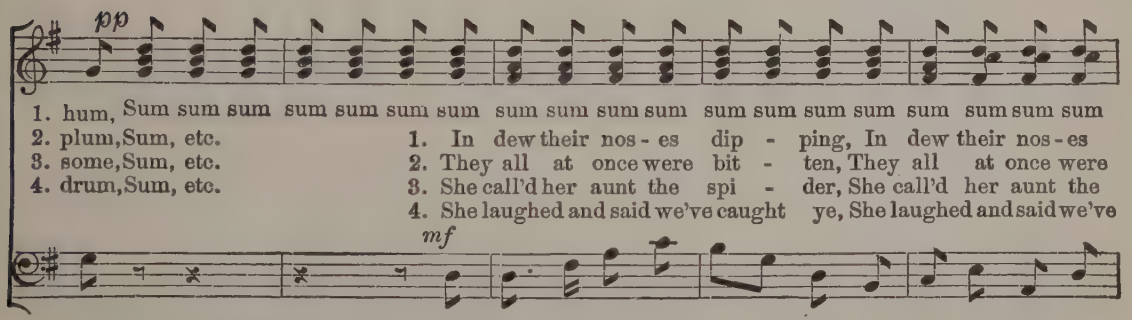
THE THREE CHAFERS.*

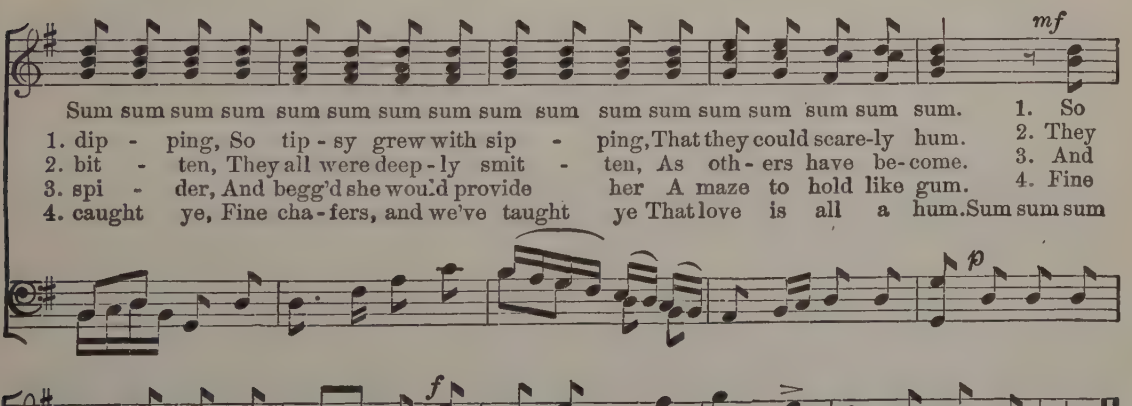
H. Truhn.
Arr. by B.

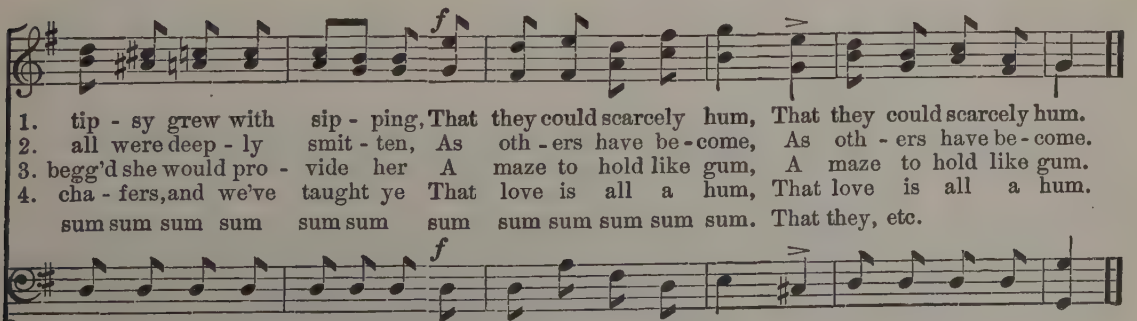
The Bass may be sung by the Alto.
Allegretto giocoso.


f
f
1. There were three young and gal-lant cha - fers, Who with a mer-ry hum hum hum hum
2. And soon they found a love ly, love - ly flow'r, As tempt-ing as a plum plum plum plum
3. The pret-ty flow'r was wide, so wide a-wake, And artfuller than some some some some
4. The flow'r tho' love-ly had, she had a heart As hol-low as a drum drum drum drum
f
f

p. 13.


pp
1. hum, Sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum
2. plum, Sum, etc.
3. some, Sum, etc.
4. drum, Sum, etc.
1. In dew their nos - es dip - ping, In dew their nos - es
2. They all at once were bit - ten, They all at once were
3. She call'd her aunt the spi - der, She call'd her aunt the
4. She laughed and said we've caught ye, She laughed and said we've
mf


mf
Sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum.
1. dip - ping, So tip - sy grew with sip - ping, That they could scare-ly hum.
2. bit - ten, They all were deep - ly smit - ten, As oth - ers have be - come.
3. spi - der, And begg'd she would provide her A maze to hold like gum.
4. caught ye, Fine cha - fers, and we've taught ye That love is all a hum. Sum sum sum
1. So
2. They
3. And
4. Fine
p


f
1. tip - sy grew with sip - ping, That they could scarcely hum, That they could scarcely hum.
2. all were deep - ly smit - ten, As oth - ers have be - come, As oth - ers have be - come.
3. begg'd she would pro - vide her A maze to hold like gum, A maze to hold like gum.
4. cha - fers, and we've taught ye That love is all a hum, That love is all a hum.
sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum. That they, etc.
f

*Chafer, a beetle or dor-bug. Pronounce "Sum," Zoom.

THE SLEEPER.

Edgar Allan Poe.
From "The Sleeper." ♩=69.

Edgar Stillman-Kelley.

Slowly and mysteriously.

pp

'At mid - night in the month of June I stand be - neath the mys - tic

Slowly and mysteriously.

p. 81.

pp

p *pp*

moon, At mid - night in the month of June, I stand be - neath the mys - tic

p *pp*

p *pp* **A**

moon. An o - piate va - por, dew - y dim, Ex - hales from out her gold - en

A

p *pp* *p*

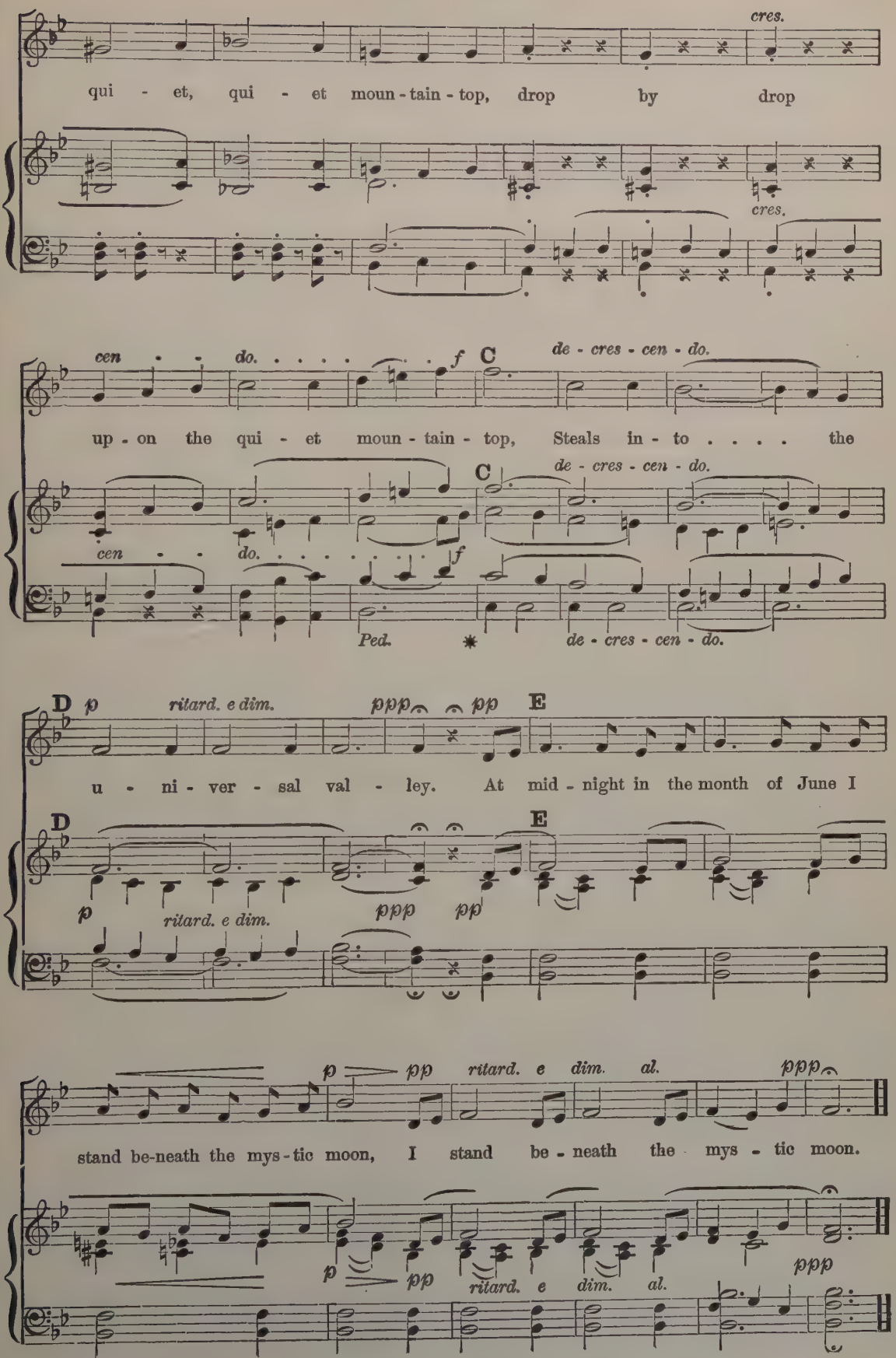
mf *pp* *A trifle faster. Very delicately.*

B

rim, And soft - ly drip - ping drop by drop Up - on the

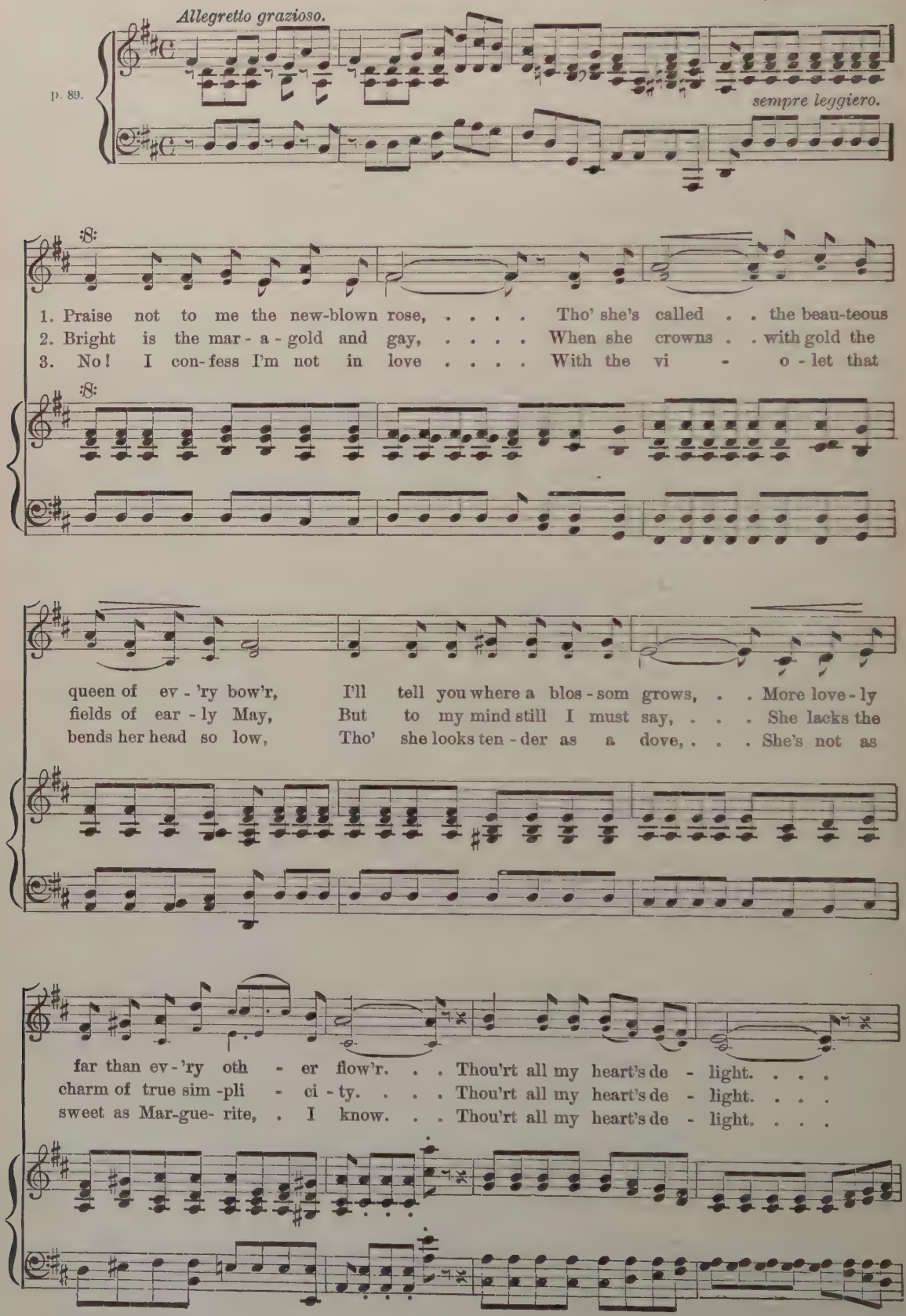
B

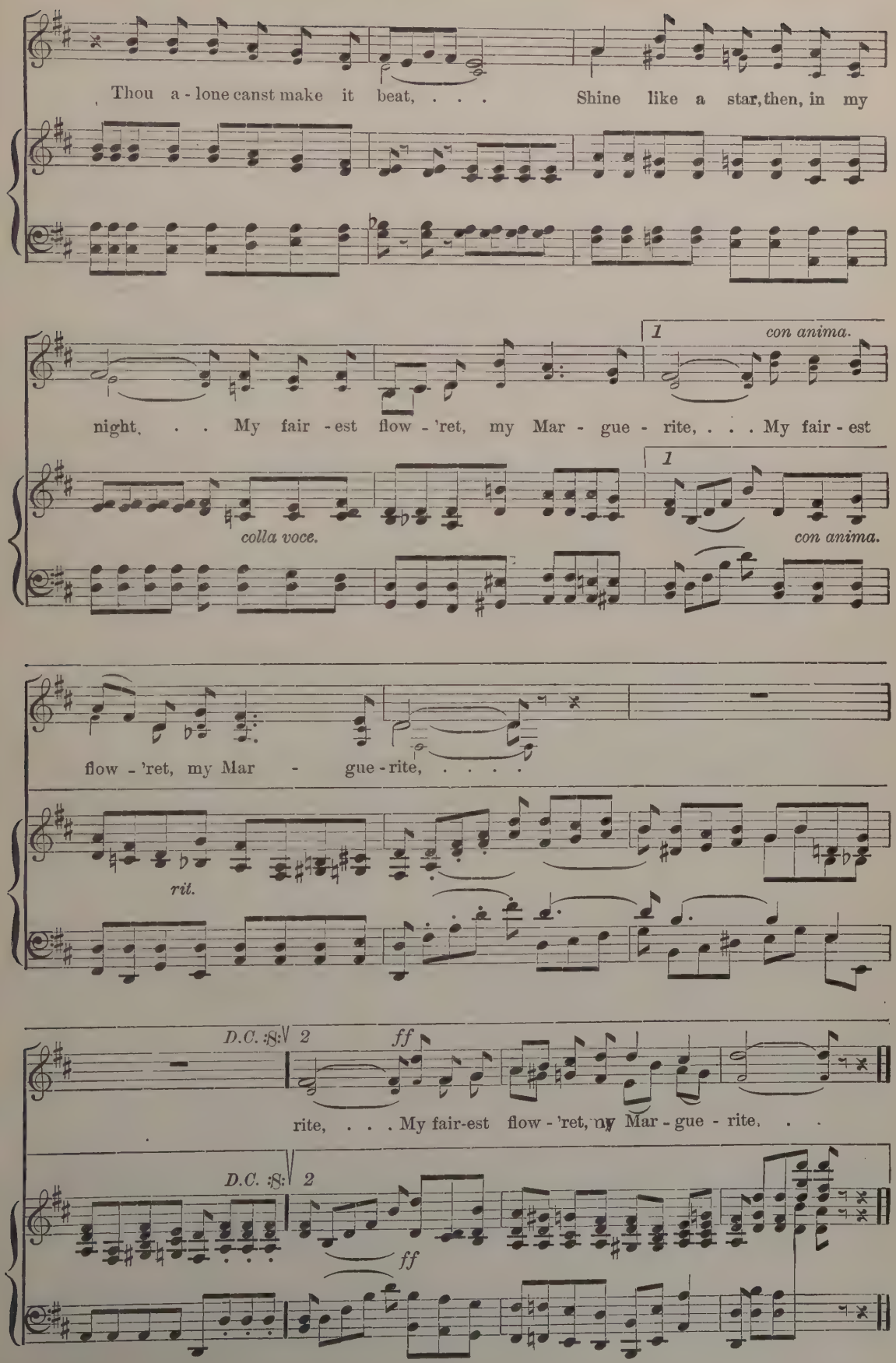
mf *pp*


cres.
qui - et, qui - et moun - tain - top, drop by drop
cres.
cen - do. f C de - cres - cen - do.
up - on the qui - et moun - tain - top, Steals in - to . . . . the
C de - cres - cen - do.
cen - do. f
Ped. * de - cres - cen - do.
D p ritard. e dim. ppp pp E
u - ni - ver - sal val - ley. At mid - night in the month of June I
D E
p ritard. e dim. ppp pp
p pp ritard. e dim. al. ppp
stand be-neath the mys - tic moon, I stand be - neath the mys - tic moon.
p pp ritard. e dim. al. ppp

CHARMING MARGUERITE.

Old French.


Allegretto grazioso.
p. 89.
sempre leggiero.
1. Praise not to me the new-blown rose, ... Tho' she's called . . the beau-teous
2. Bright is the mar - a - gold and gay, ... When she crowns . . with gold the
3. No! I con-fess I'm not in love . . . . With the vi - o - let that
queen of ev - 'ry bow'r, I'll tell you where a blos - som grows, . . More love - ly
fields of ear - ly May, But to my mind still I must say, . . . She lacks the
bends her head so low, Tho' she looks ten - der as a dove, . . . She's not as
far than ev - 'ry oth - er flow'r. . . Thou'rt all my heart's de - light. . . .
charm of true sim - pli - ci - ty. . . . Thou'rt all my heart's de - light. . . .
sweet as Mar-gue- rite, . I know. . . Thou'rt all my heart's de - light. . . .

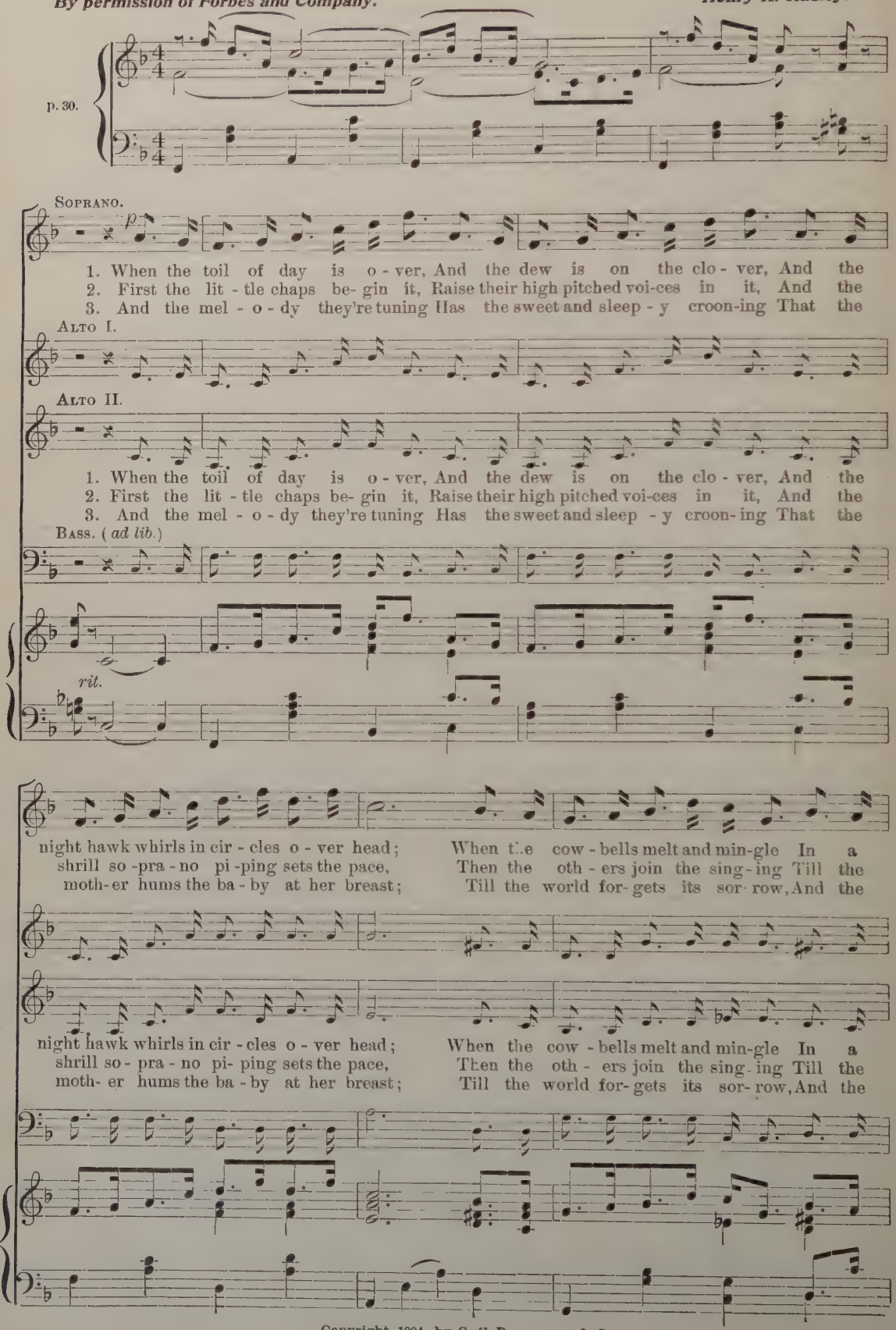

Thou a - lone canst make it beat, . . . Shine like a star, then, in my
night, . . My fair - est flow - 'ret, my Mar - gue - rite, . . . My fair - est
1
con anima.
colla voce.
1
con anima.
flow - 'ret, my Mar - gue - rite, ...
rit.
D.C. :S: 2
ff
rite, . . . My fair-est flow - 'ret, my Mar - gue - rite, . .
D.C. :S: 2
ff

WHEN THE TOIL OF DAY IS OVER.

(BULL FROG'S SERENADE.)

Joseph C. Lincoln.
By permission of Forbes and Company.

Henry K. Hadley.


p. 30.
Soprano.
1. When the toil of day is o - ver, And the dew is on the clo - ver, And the
2. First the lit - tle chaps be- gin it, Raise their high pitched voi-ces in it, And the
3. And the mel - o - dy they're tuning Has the sweet and sleep - y croon-ing That the
Alto I.
Alto II.
1. When the toil of day is o - ver, And the dew is on the clo - ver, And the
2. First the lit - tle chaps be- gin it, Raise their high pitched voi-ces in it, And the
3. And the mel - o - dy they're tuning Has the sweet and sleep - y croon-ing That the
Bass. (ad lib.)
rit.
night hawk whirls in cir - cles o - ver head;
shrill so -pra - no pi -ping sets the pace,
moth-er hums the ba - by at her breast;
When the cow - bells melt and min-gle In a
Then the oth - ers join the sing - ing Till the
Till the world for- gets its sor- row, And the
night hawk whirls in cir - cles o - ver head;
shrill so - pra - no pi- ping sets the pace,
moth- er hums the ba - by at her breast;
When the cow - bells melt and min-gle In a
Then the oth - ers join the sing - ing Till the
Till the world for- gets its sor- row, And the

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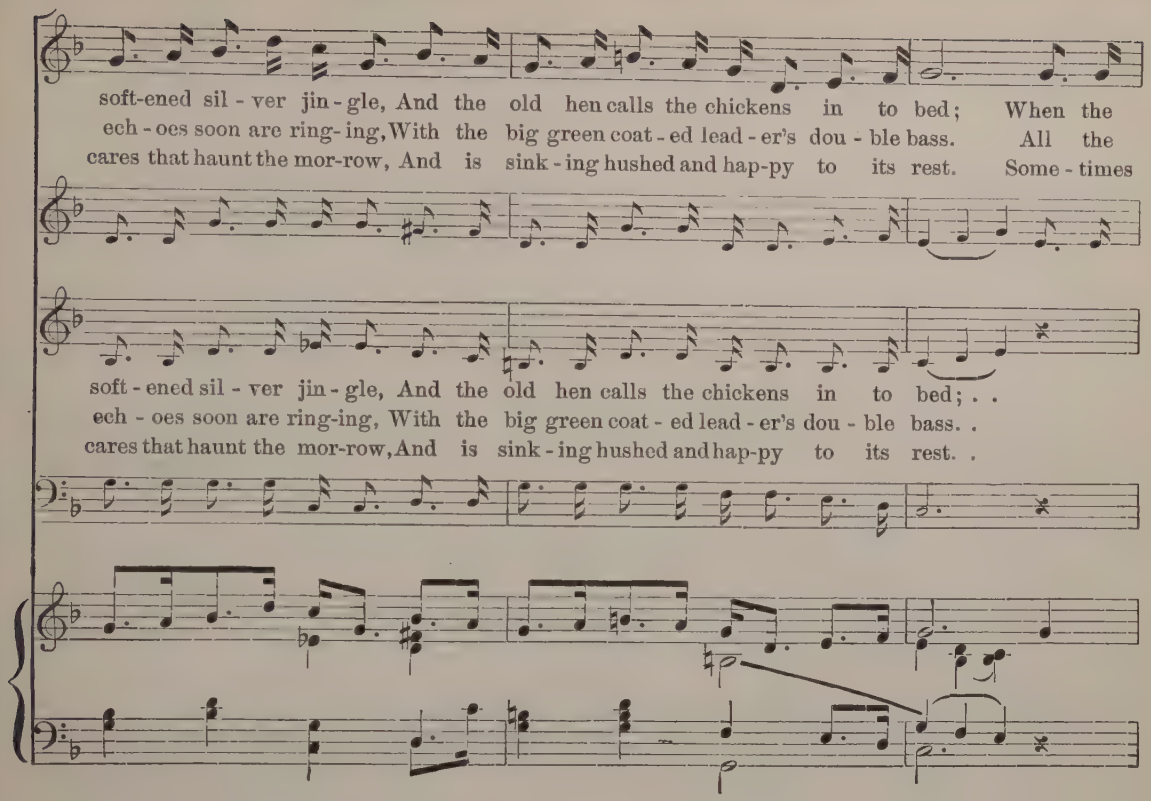
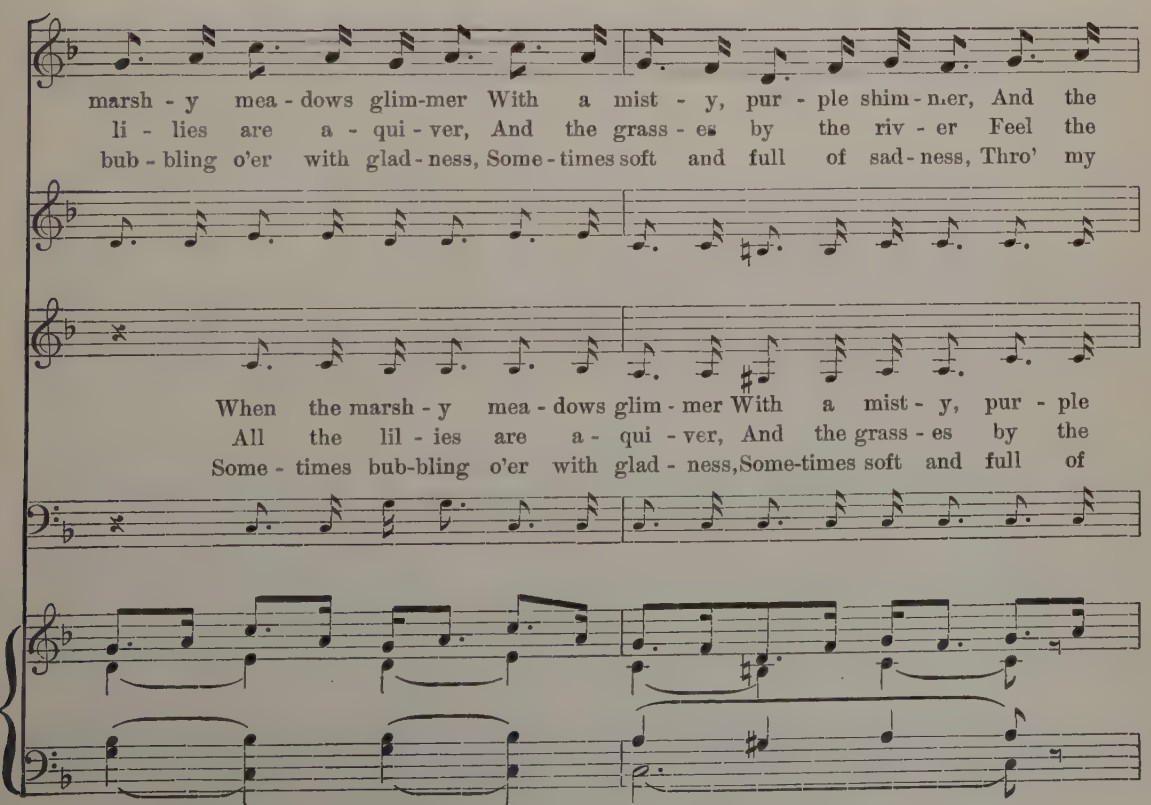
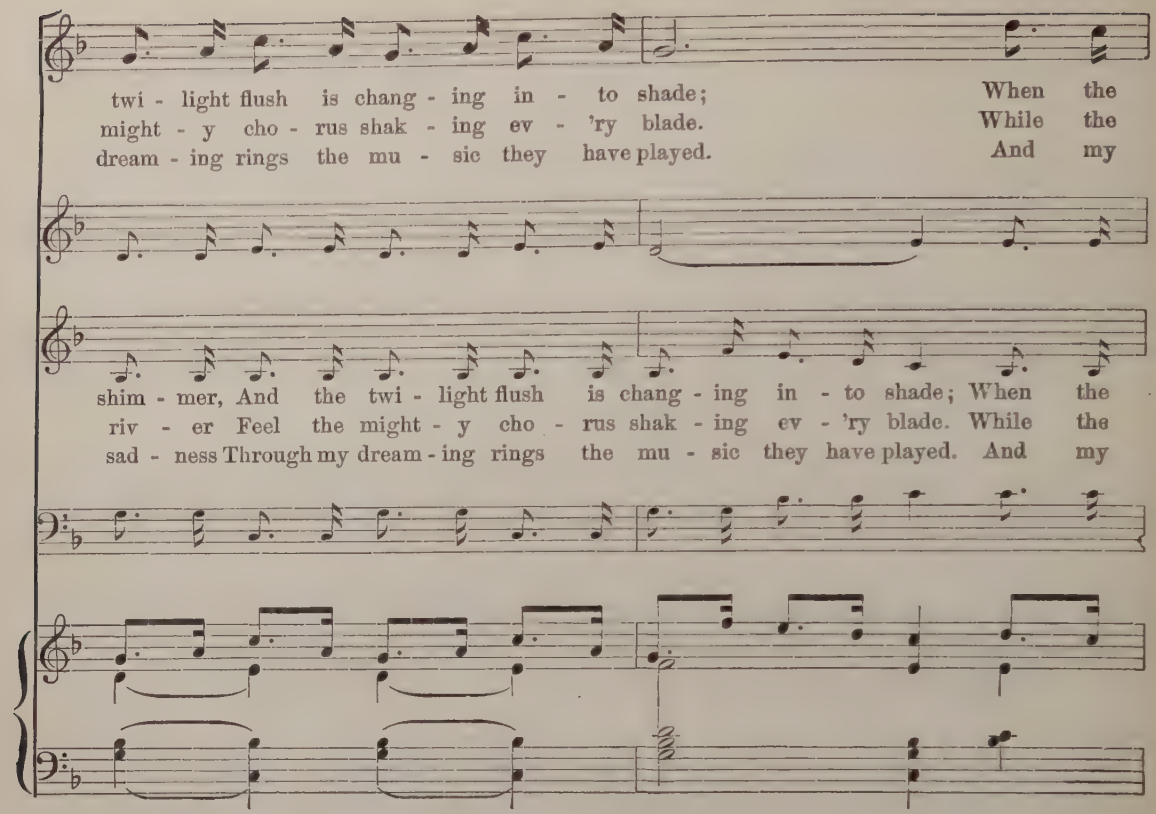
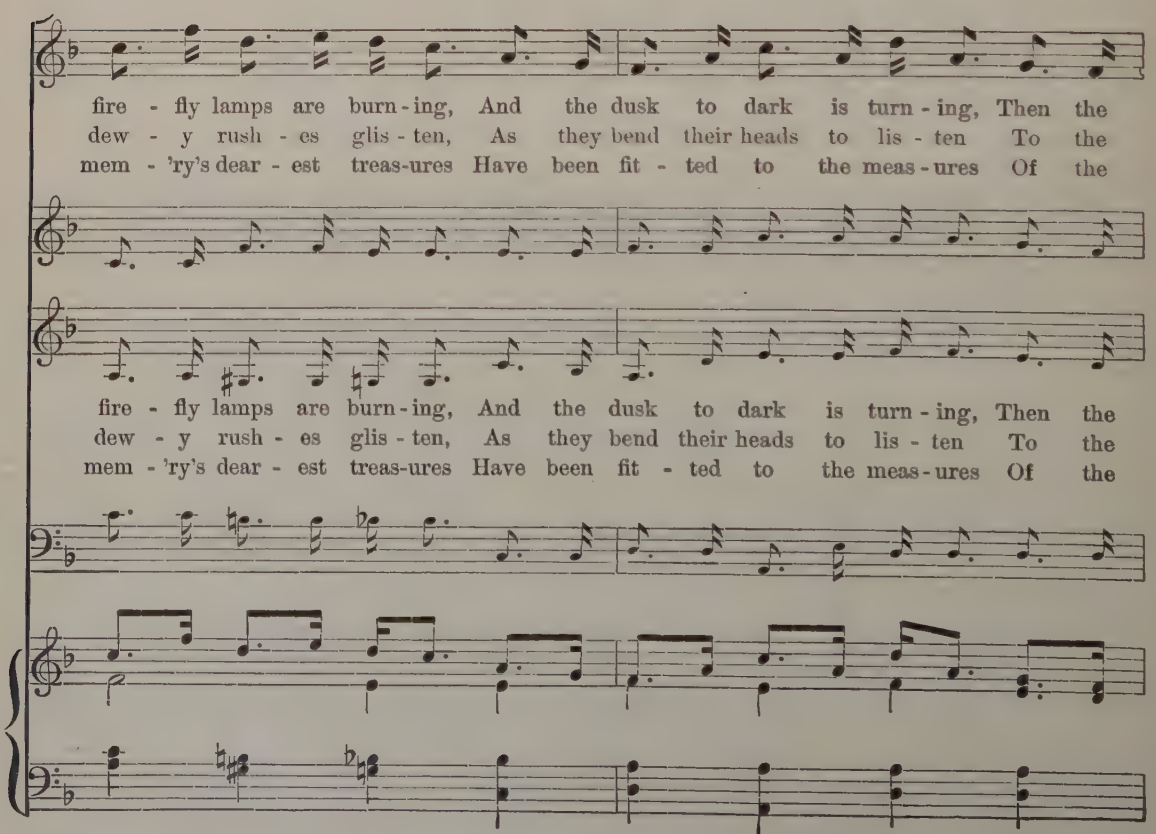
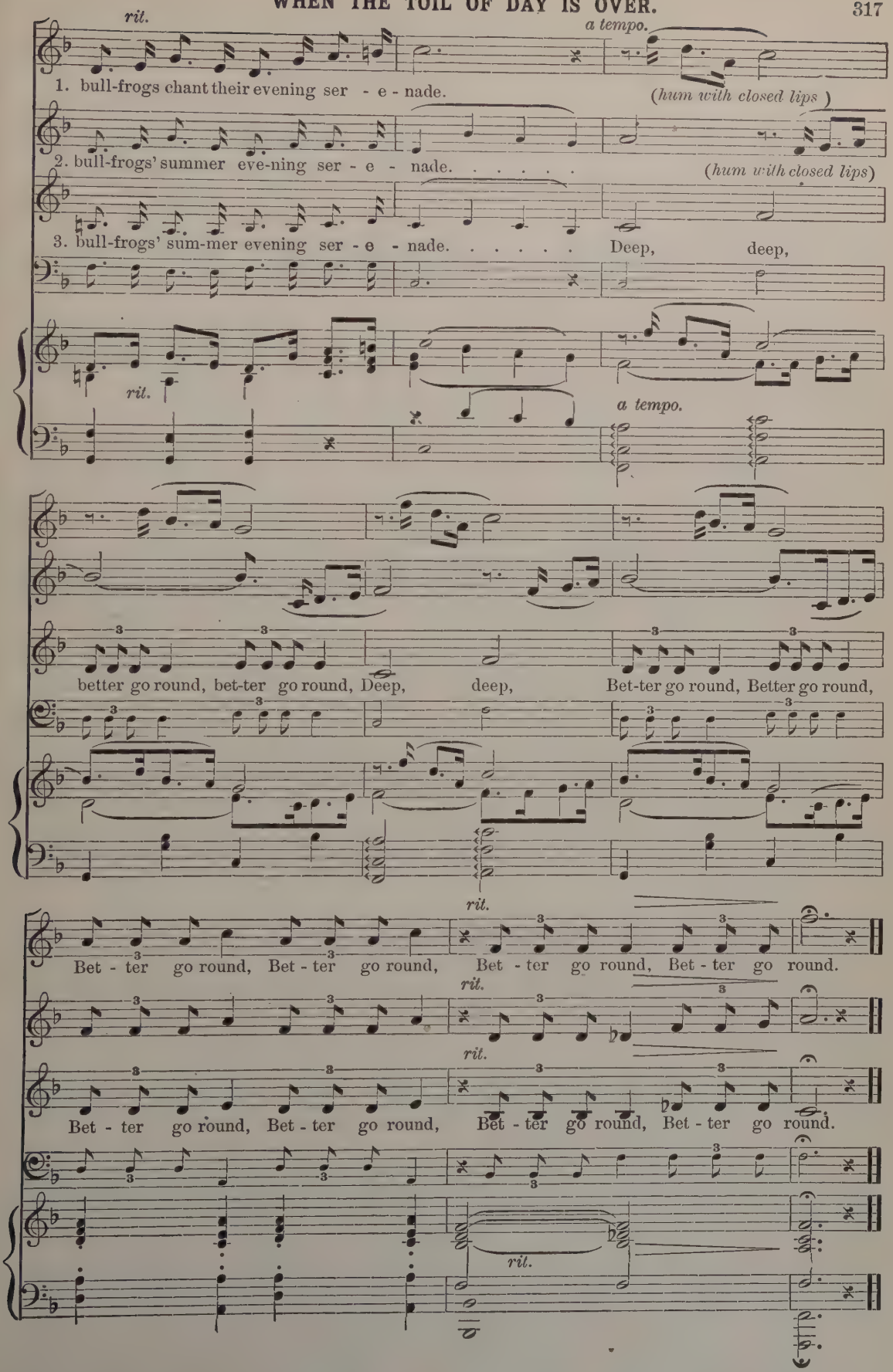

soft-ened sil - ver jin - gle, And the old hen calls the chickens in to bed; When the
ech - oes soon are ring- ing, With the big green coat - ed lead - er's dou - ble bass. All the
cares that haunt the mor-row, And is sink - ing hushed and hap-py to its rest. Some - times
soft - ened sil - ver jin - gle, And the old hen calls the chickens in to bed; . .
ech - oes soon are ring-ing, With the big green coat - ed lead - er's dou - ble bass. .
cares that haunt the mor-row, And is sink - ing hushed and hap-py to its rest. .


marsh - y mea - dows glim-mer With a mist - y, pur - ple shim - mer, And the
li - lies are a - qui - ver, And the grass - es by the riv - er Feel the
bub - bling o'er with glad - ness, Some - times soft and full of sad - ness, Thro' my
When the marsh - y mea - dows glim - mer With a mist - y, pur - ple
All the lil - ies are a - qui - ver, And the grass - es by the
Some - times bub-bling o'er with glad - ness, Some-times soft and full of

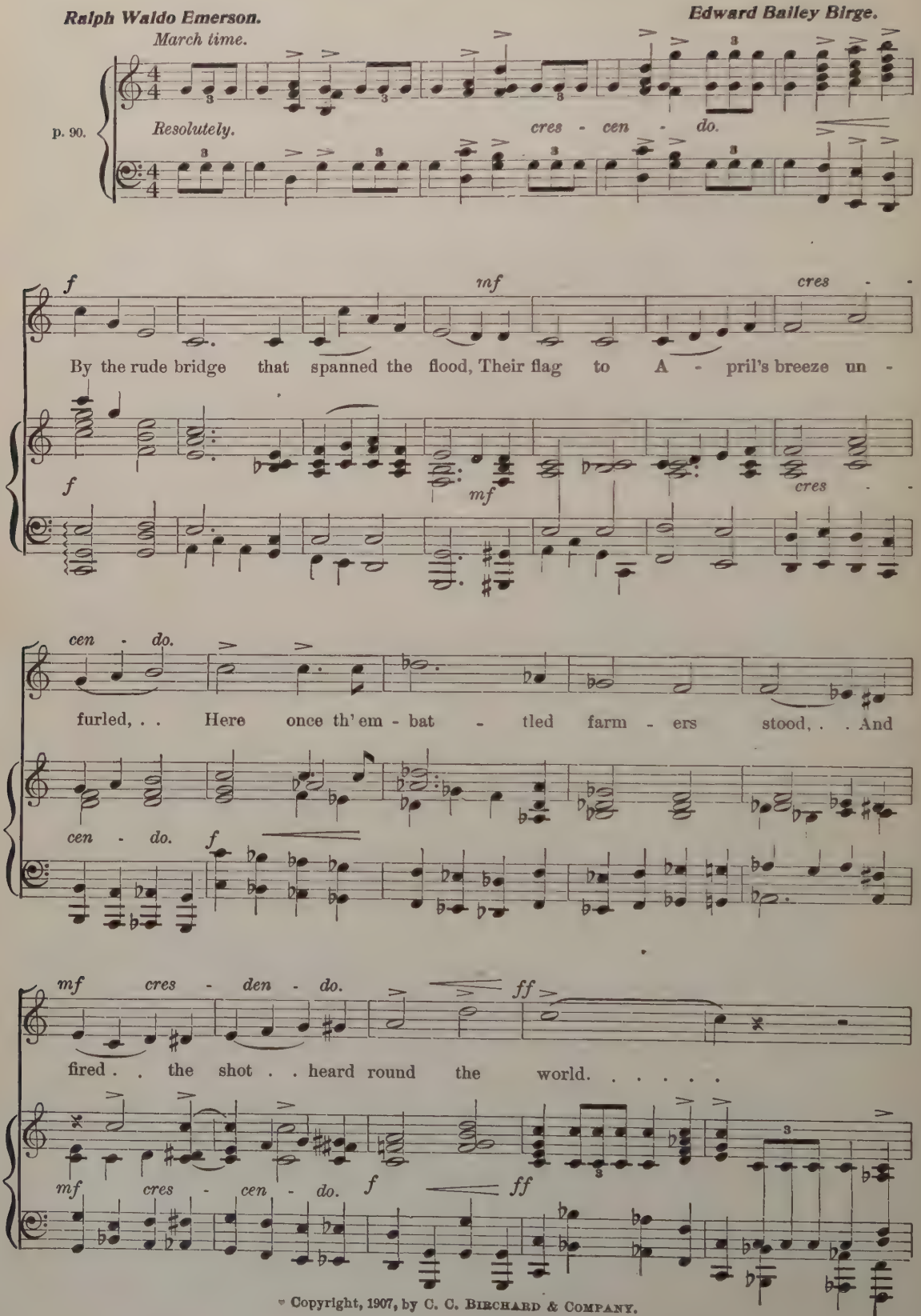

twi - light flush is chang - ing in - to shade; When the
might - y cho - rus shak - ing ev - 'ry blade. While the
dream - ing rings the mu - sic they have played. And my
shim - mer, And the twi - light flush is chang - ing in - to shade; When the
riv - er Feel the might - y cho - rus shak - ing ev - 'ry blade. While the
sad - ness Through my dream - ing rings the mu - sic they have played. And my


fire - fly lamps are burn - ing, And the dusk to dark is turn - ing, Then the
dew - y rush - es glis - ten, As they bend their heads to lis - ten To the
mem - 'ry's dear - est treas-ures Have been fit - ted to the meas - ures Of the
fire - fly lamps are burn - ing, And the dusk to dark is turn - ing, Then the
dew - y rush - es glis - ten, As they bend their heads to lis - ten To the
mem - 'ry's dear - est treas-ures Have been fit - ted to the meas - ures Of the


rit.
a tempo.
1. bull-frogs chant their evening ser - e - nade.
(hum with closed lips)
2. bull-frogs' summer eve-ning ser - e - nade.
(hum with closed lips)
3. bull-frogs' sum-mer evening ser - e - nade.
Deep, deep,
rit.
a tempo.
better go round, bet-ter go round, Deep, deep, Bet-ter go round, Better go round,
rit.
Bet - ter go round, Bet - ter go round, Bet - ter go round, Bet - ter go round.
rit.
rit.
Bet - ter go round, Bet - ter go round, Bet - ter go round, Bet - ter go round.
rit.

CONCORD HYMN.

(A SONG FOR PATRIOT'S DAY.)


Ralph Waldo Emerson.
Edward Bailey Birge.
March time.
p. 90.
Resolutely.
cres - cen - do.
f
mf
cres
By the rude bridge that spanned the flood, Their flag to A - pril's breeze un -
cen - do.
furled, . . Here once th' em - bat - tled farm - ers stood, . . And
mf cres - den - do.
ff
fired . . the shot . . heard round the world. . . . . .
mf cres - cen - do.
f
ff

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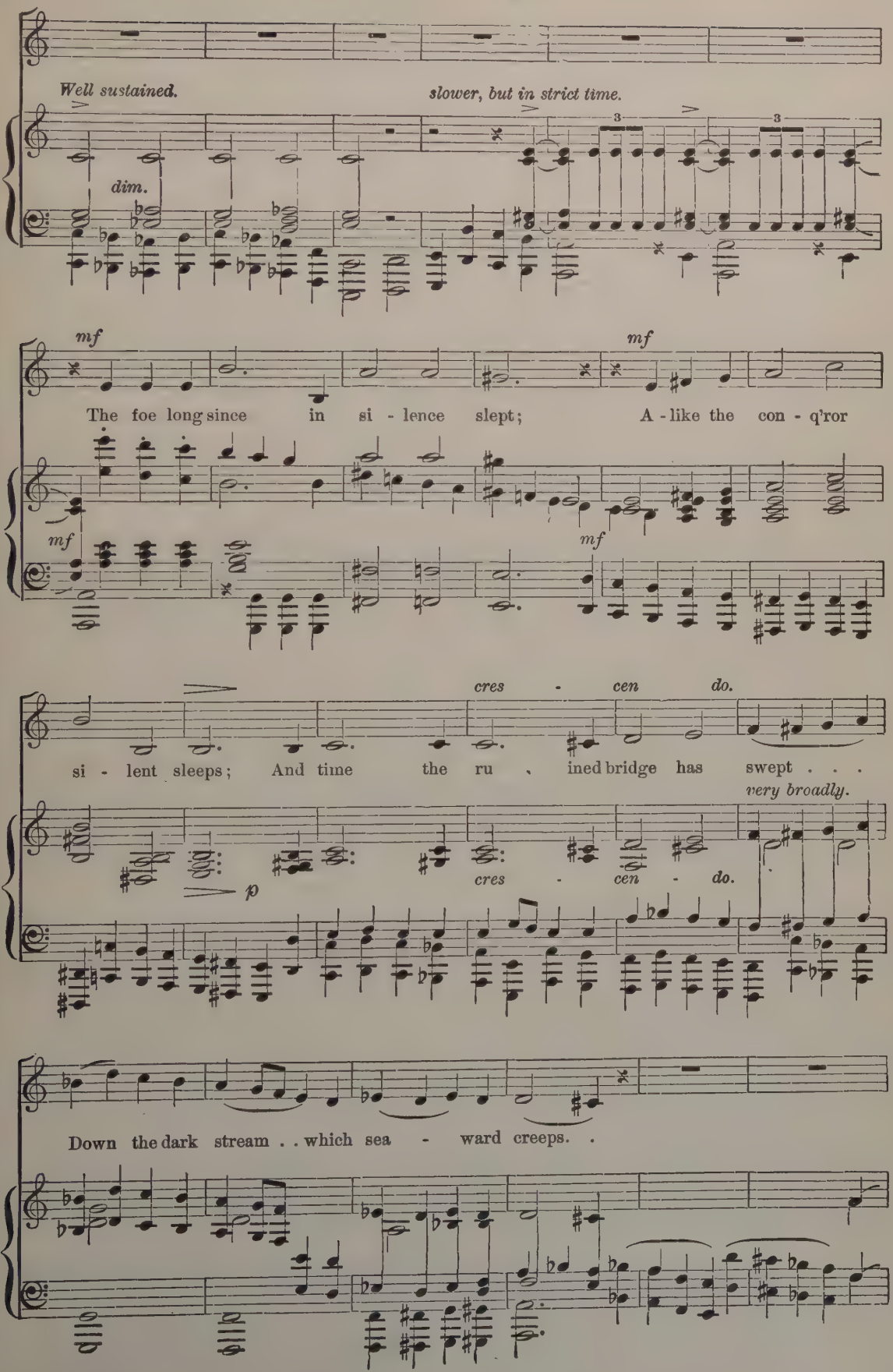
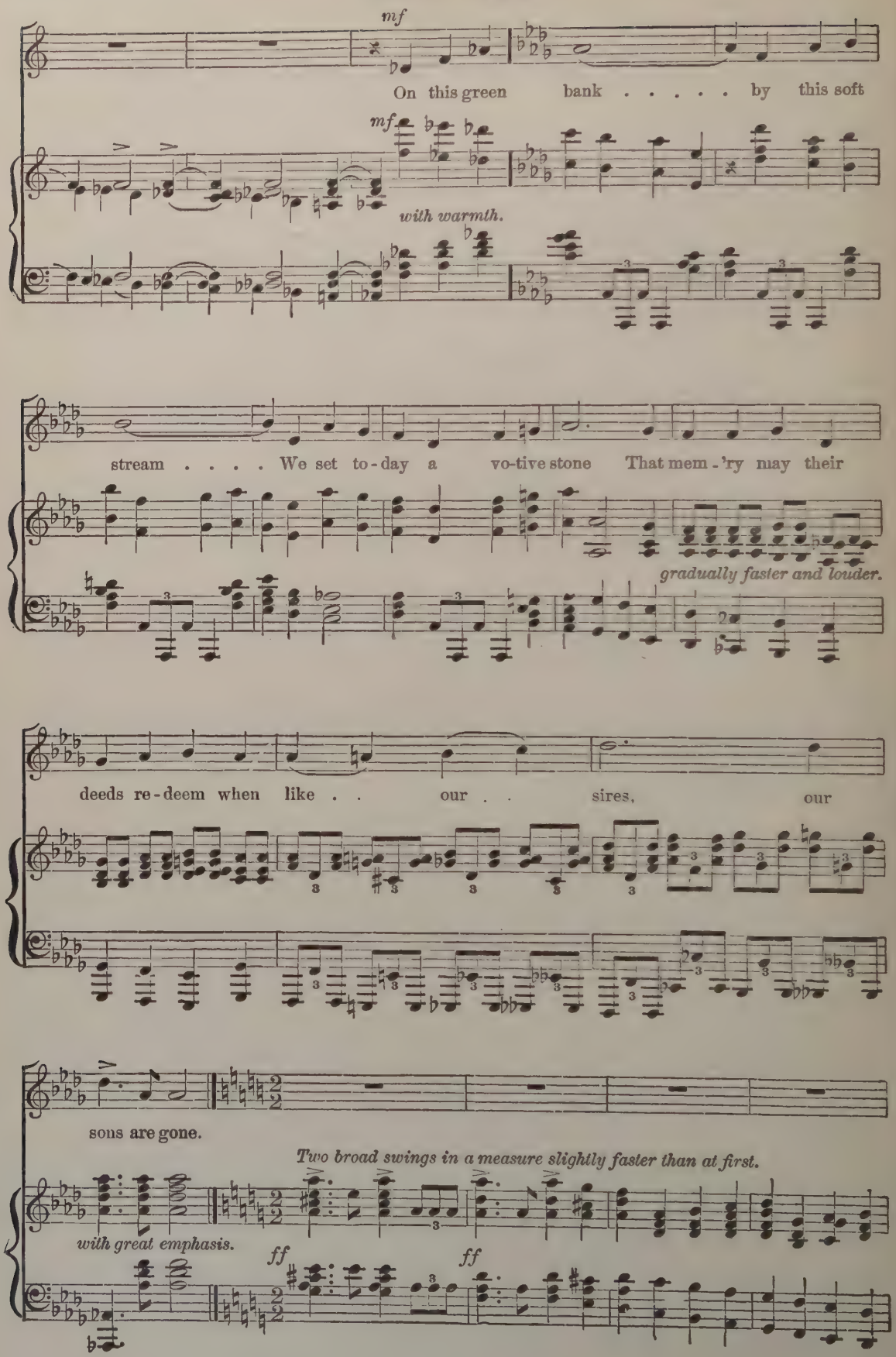
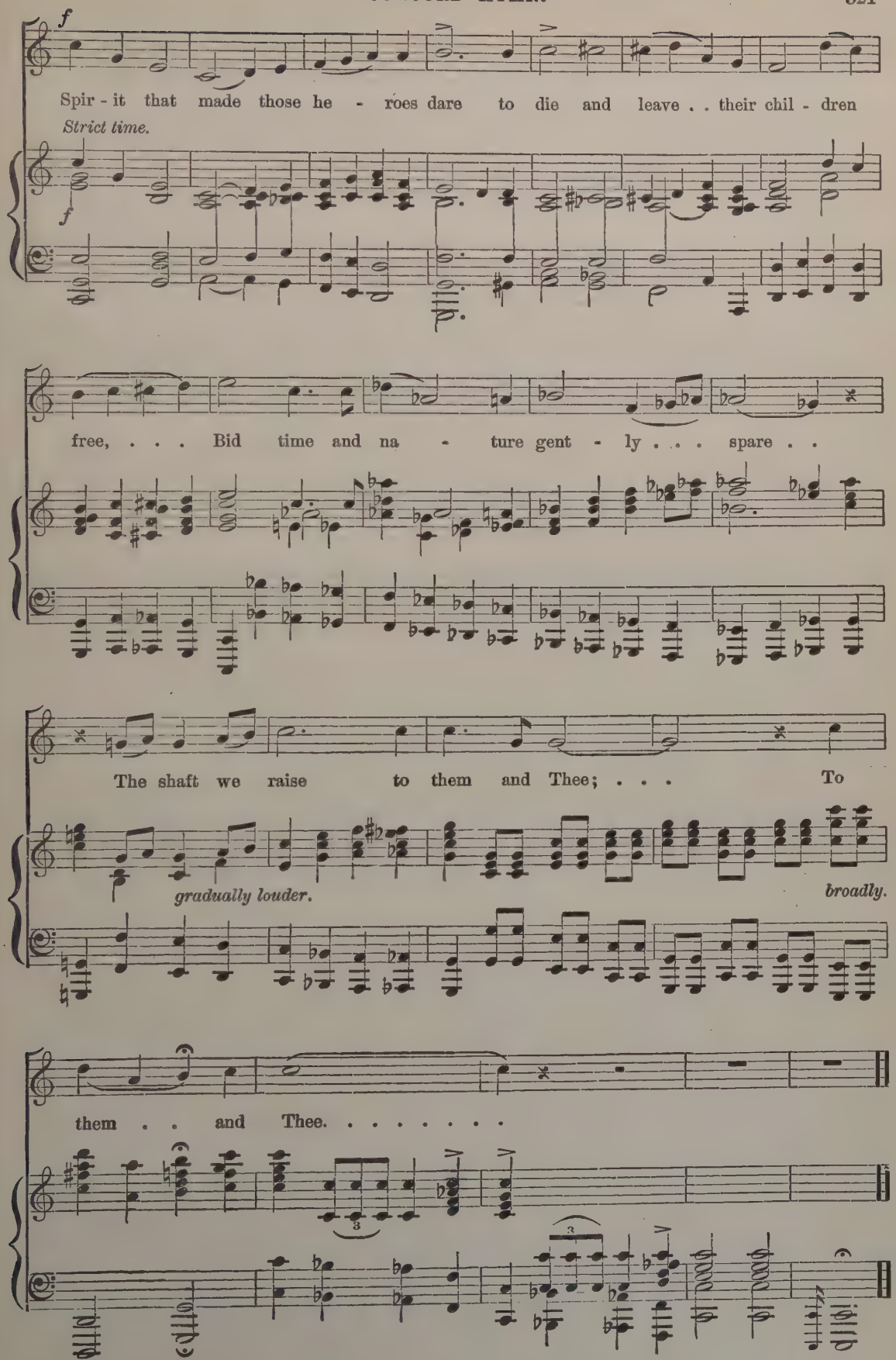

Well sustained.
slower, but in strict time.
dim.
mf
mf
The foe long since in si - lence slept; A - like the con - q'ror
mf
mf
cres - cen do.
si - lent sleeps; And time the ru - ined bridge has swept . . .
very broadly.
p
cres - cen - do.
Down the dark stream . . which sea - ward creeps. .


mf
On this green bank . . . . . by this soft
mf
with warmth.
stream . . . . We set to-day a vo-tive stone That mem-'ry may their
gradually faster and louder.
deeds re-deem when like . . our . . sires, our
sons are gone.
Two broad swings in a measure slightly faster than at first.
with great emphasis.
ff
ff


f
Spir - it that made those he - roes dare to die and leave . . their chil - dren
Strict time.
f
free, . . . Bid time and na - ture gent - ly . . . spare . .
The shaft we raise to them and Thee; . . . To
gradually louder.
broadly.
them . . and Thee. . . . . .

SERENADE.

Henry Boda. *Franz Schubert.*

Moderato.

p. 100.

pp

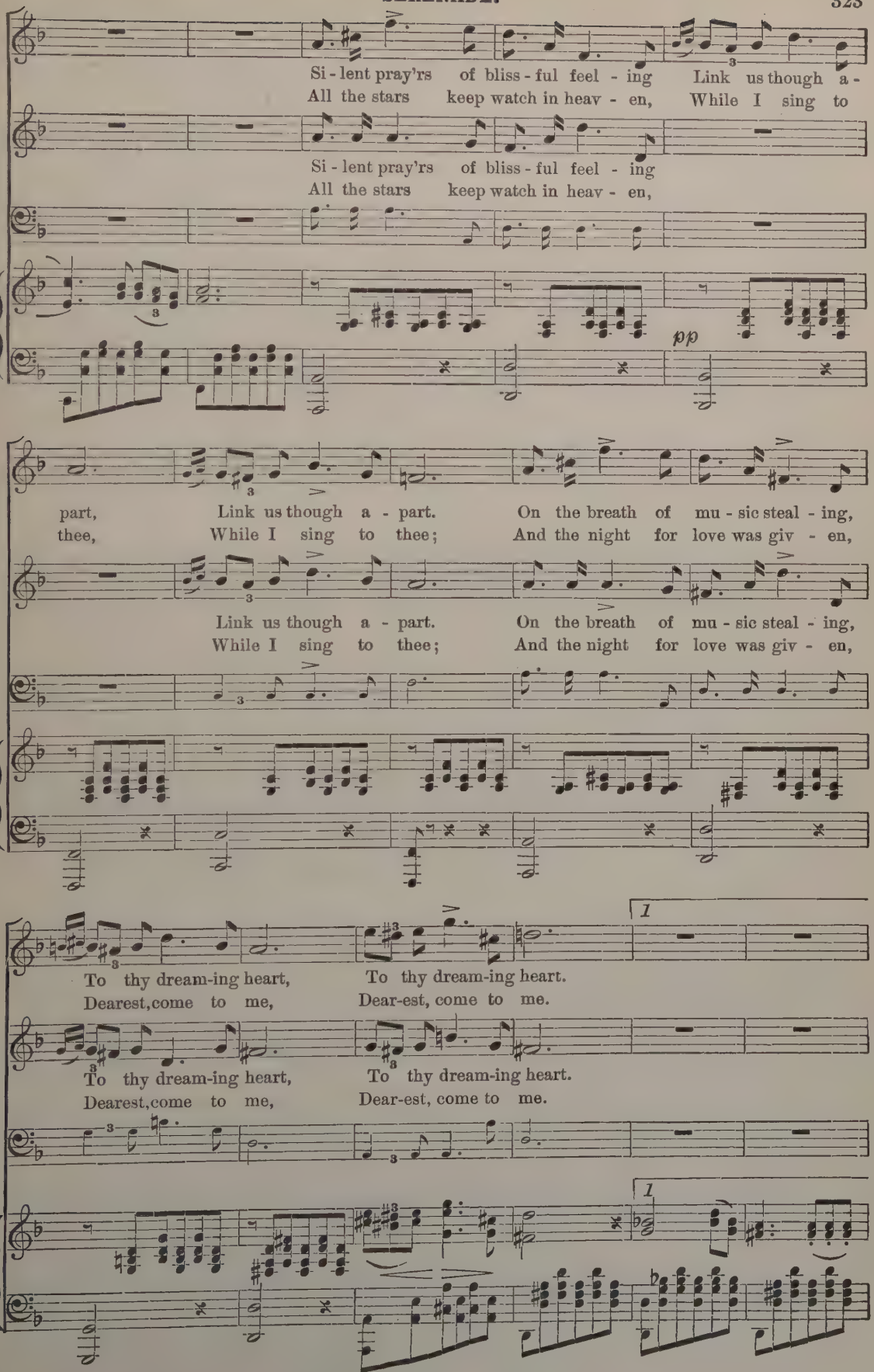
1. Thro' the leaves the night-winds moving, Mur - mur low and sweet;
2. Moonlight on the earth is sleep-ing, Winds are rustling low,

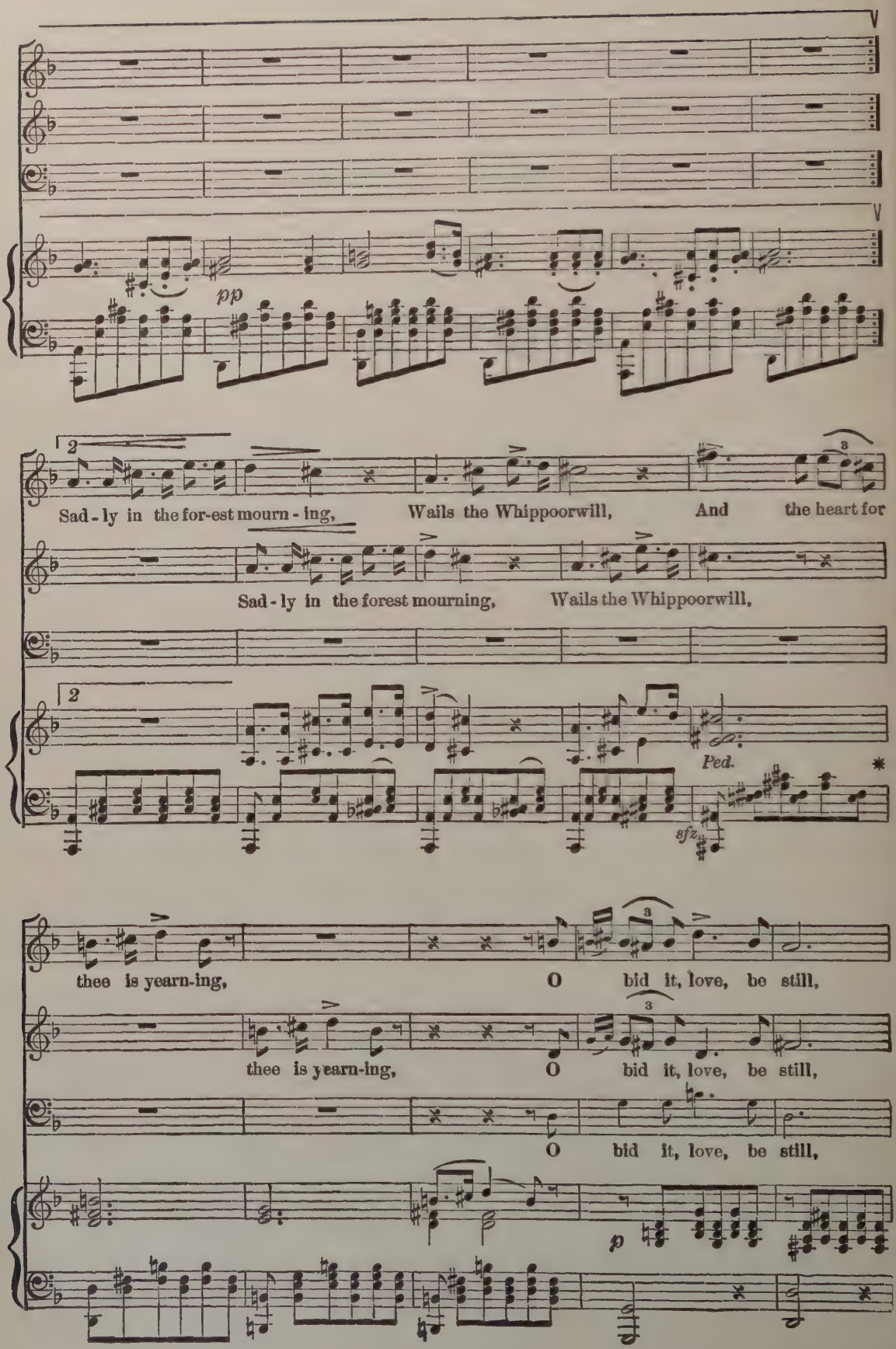
1. Thro' the leaves the night-winds moving, Mur - mur low and sweet;
2. Moonlight on the earth is sleep - ing, Winds are rustling low,

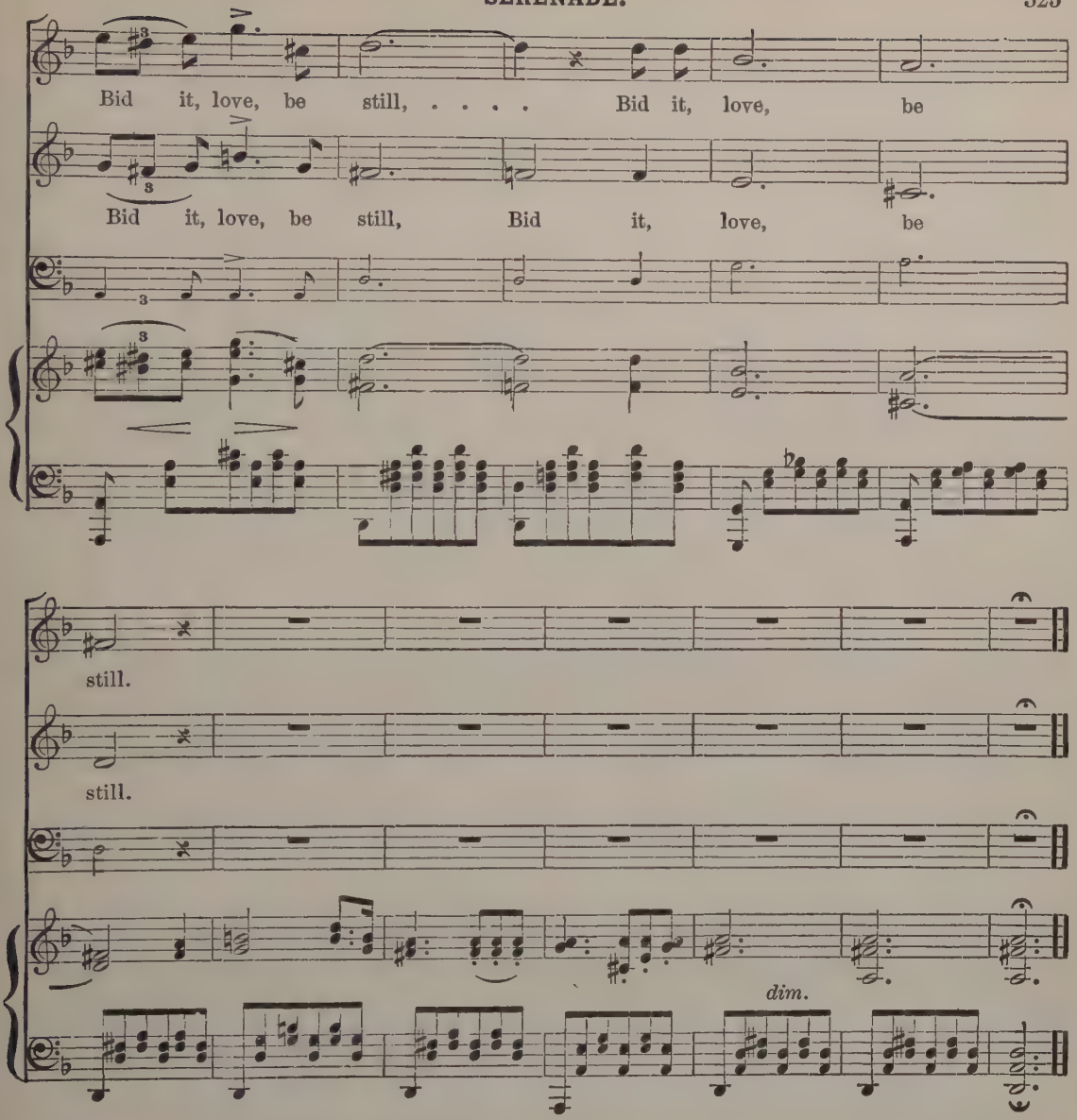
Bass (*ad libitum*).

To thy cham - ber win-dow rov - ing, Love hath led my feet.
Where the dark - ling streams are creep-ing, Dear - est, let us go!

To thy cham - ber win - dow rov - ing, Love hath led my feet.
Where the dark - ling streams are creep - ing, Dear - est, let us go!


Si - lent pray'rs of bliss - ful feel - ing Link us though a -
All the stars keep watch in heav - en, While I sing to
Si - lent pray'rs of bliss - ful feel - ing
All the stars keep watch in heav - en,
pp
part, Link us though a - part. On the breath of mu - sic steal - ing,
thee, While I sing to thee; And the night for love was giv - en,
Link us though a - part. On the breath of mu - sic steal - ing,
While I sing to thee; And the night for love was giv - en,
1
To thy dream-ing heart, To thy dream-ing heart.
Dearest, come to me, Dear-est, come to me.
To thy dream-ing heart, To thy dream-ing heart.
Dearest, come to me, Dear-est, come to me.
1

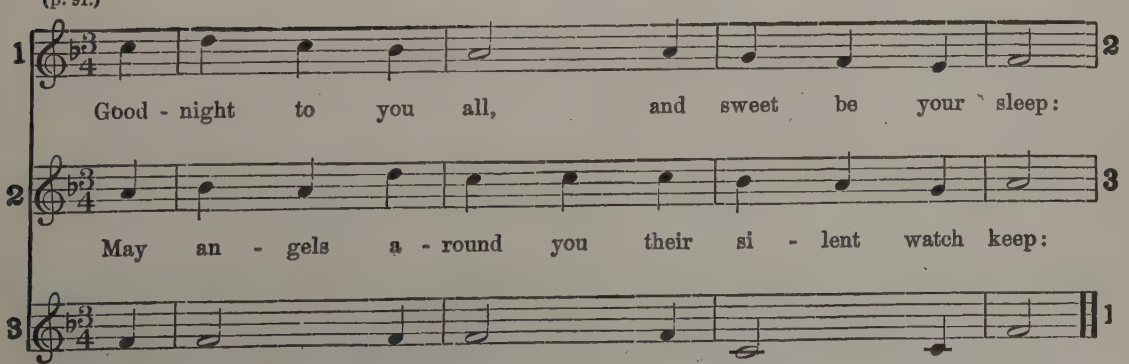

pp
Sad - ly in the for-est mourn - ing, Wails the Whippoorwill, And the heart for
Sad - ly in the forest mourning, Wails the Whippoorwill,
Ped.
sfz
thee is yearn-ing, O bid it, love, be still,
thee is yearn-ing, O bid it, love, be still,
O bid it, love, be still,
p



GOOD NIGHT.

(ROUND.)

(p. 91.)


1
Good - night to you all, and sweet be your sleep:
2
May an - gels a - round you their si - lent watch keep:
3
Good - night, good - night, good night, good - night.

IVON, MY DELIGHT.

M. C. Gillington.

Old Breton Air.
Arr. W. L. T.

Desolate, with a slow, cradle, wave movement.

1. The night wind sad-ly sigh-ing, Ut-ters a plaintive song; . . . The
2. His boat went light-ly leap-ing O-ver the wa-ters blue; . . . A-
3. For ev-er un-for-giv-en Be thou, O cru-el sea! . . . For

p. 145.

pp

waves make wild re-ply-ing, Mur-mur-ing deep and long. . . . All the wea-ry
las! the storm-clouds sweeping Soon hid it from my view; . . . And I wait and
thou my heart hast riv-en, Seiz-ing my joy from me. . . . Thou didst lure him

mf

pp

night till morn, All the drear-y day till night. . . . I
watch in vain, And I strain my yearn-ing sight; . . . It
from my sight, Thou didst grasp him in thy might, . . . Thy

cres.

wake and weep for - lorn, For I - von, my de - light. . . .
comes no more a - gain With I - von, my de - light. . . .
dark - some wa - ters hide My I - von, my de - light. . . .

dim.

MY FAITHFUL JOHNIE.

Scotch Folk Song.
Arr. by W. W. Gilchrist.

1. When will you come a - gain, my faith-ful Johnie, When will you come a - gain?
2. Then win-ter's wind will blow, my faith-ful Johnie, Then win-ter's wind will blow,
3. Then will you meet me here, my faith-ful Johnie, Then will you meet me here,

p. 109.

TENOR. *ad lib.*

John - ie,

(*humming . . .*) When the corn is ga - ther - ed, and the leaves are wi - ther - ed,
(*humming . . .*) Though the day be dark wi' drift, that I can - not see the lift,
(*humming . . .*) Tho' the night were hal-low - e'en, when the fear - fu' sights are seen,

rall.

I will come a - gain, my sweet and bon - ny, I will come a - gain.
I will come a - gain, my sweet and bon - ny, I will come a - gain.
I would meet thee here, my sweet and bon - ny, I would meet thee here.

rall.

A SAILOR CHANTY.

Mary Frances Galvin. *Henry Waller.*

Moderato.

p. 91.

f pesante.

rit.

Ped. *

f a tempo.

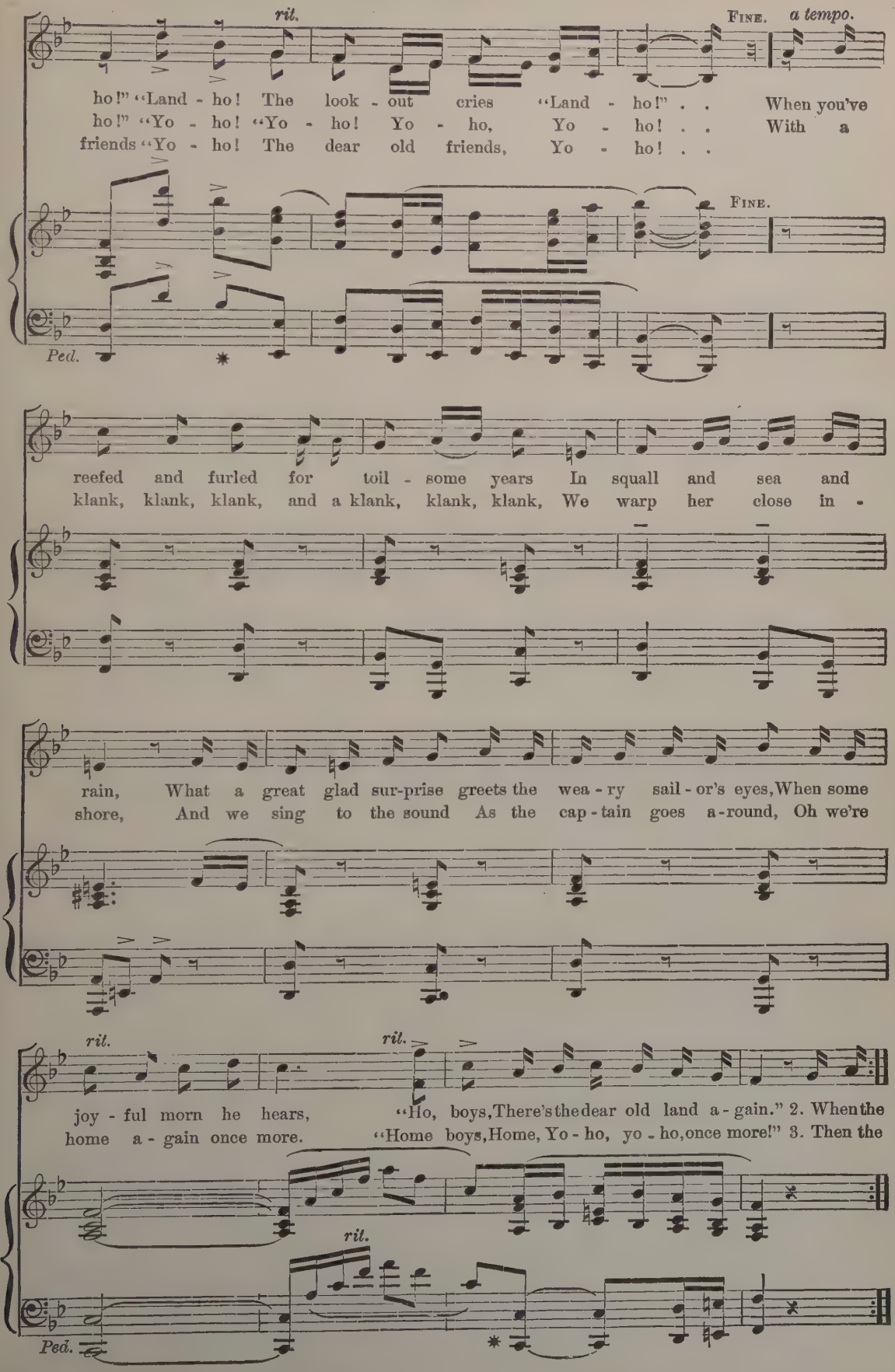
1. Oh, there's no de - light or joy so dear As home-ward sai - lors
haw - ser's fast, the cap - stain mann'd, And 'round and 'round we
an - chor's freed with joy - ful sound, We laugh to hear it

mf

Ped. *

rit.

know, When from the crow's-nest, loud and clear The look - out cries "Land
go, What shouts of joy on ev - 'ry hand—"Yo - ho," we sing, "Yo
go, For now we're fast to na - tive ground And soon for home and


rit.
Fine.
a tempo.
ho!" "Land - ho! The look - out cries "Land - ho!" . . When you've
ho!" "Yo - ho! "Yo - ho! Yo - ho, Yo - ho! . . With a
friends "Yo - ho! The dear old friends, Yo - ho! . .
Fine.
Ped.
reefed and furled for toil - some years In squall and sea and
klank, klank, klank, and a klank, klank, klank, We warp her close in -
rain, What a great glad sur-prise greets the wea - ry sail - or's eyes, When some
shore, And we sing to the sound As the cap - tain goes a - round, Oh we're
rit.
rit.
joy - ful morn he hears, "Ho, boys, There's the dear old land a - gain." 2. When the
home a - gain once more. "Home boys, Home, Yo - ho, yo - ho, once more!" 3. Then the
rit.
Ped.

O THOU SUBLIME, SWEET, EVENING STAR.

(O! DU MEIN HOLDER ABENDSTERN.)

Moderato. (♩ = 46.) *Richard Wagner.*

dolce.

Like death's fore-bod-ing, Twi-light all sur-round-ing,
Wie To des-ah nung, *Dämm' rung deckt die Lan-de,*

HARP.

p. 69.

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.*

en-vel-ops hill and vale with sa-ble man-tle.
um-hüllt das Thal mit schwärz-li-chem Ge-wan-de.

Ped. *Ped.*

The soul . . that longs to mount on yon-der height, feels ter-ror
der See-le-die nach je-nen Höh'n ver-langt. *vor ih-rem*

Ped. *Ped.*

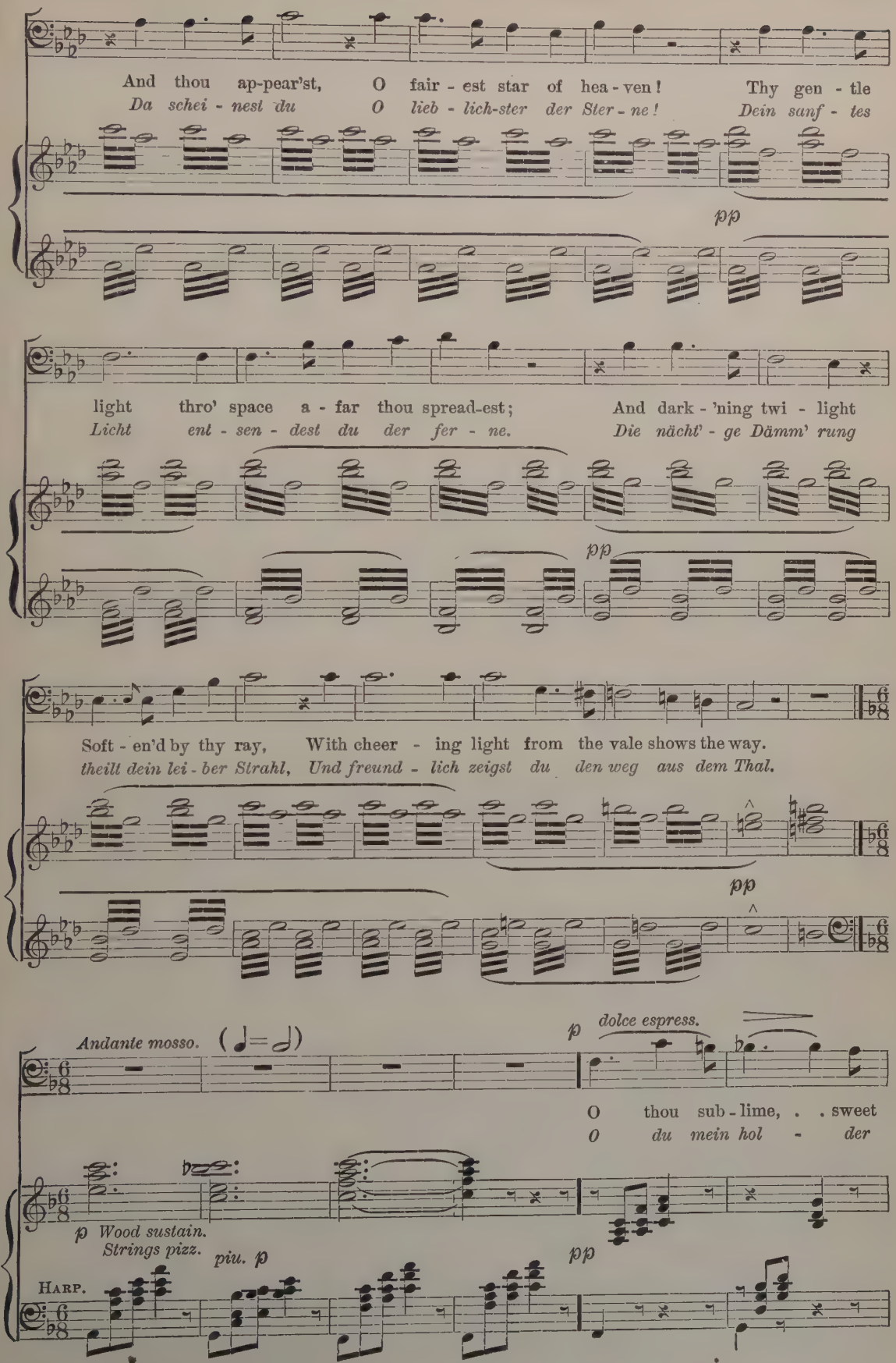
at its flight thro' dread and night.
Flug durch Nacht und Grau-sen bangt.

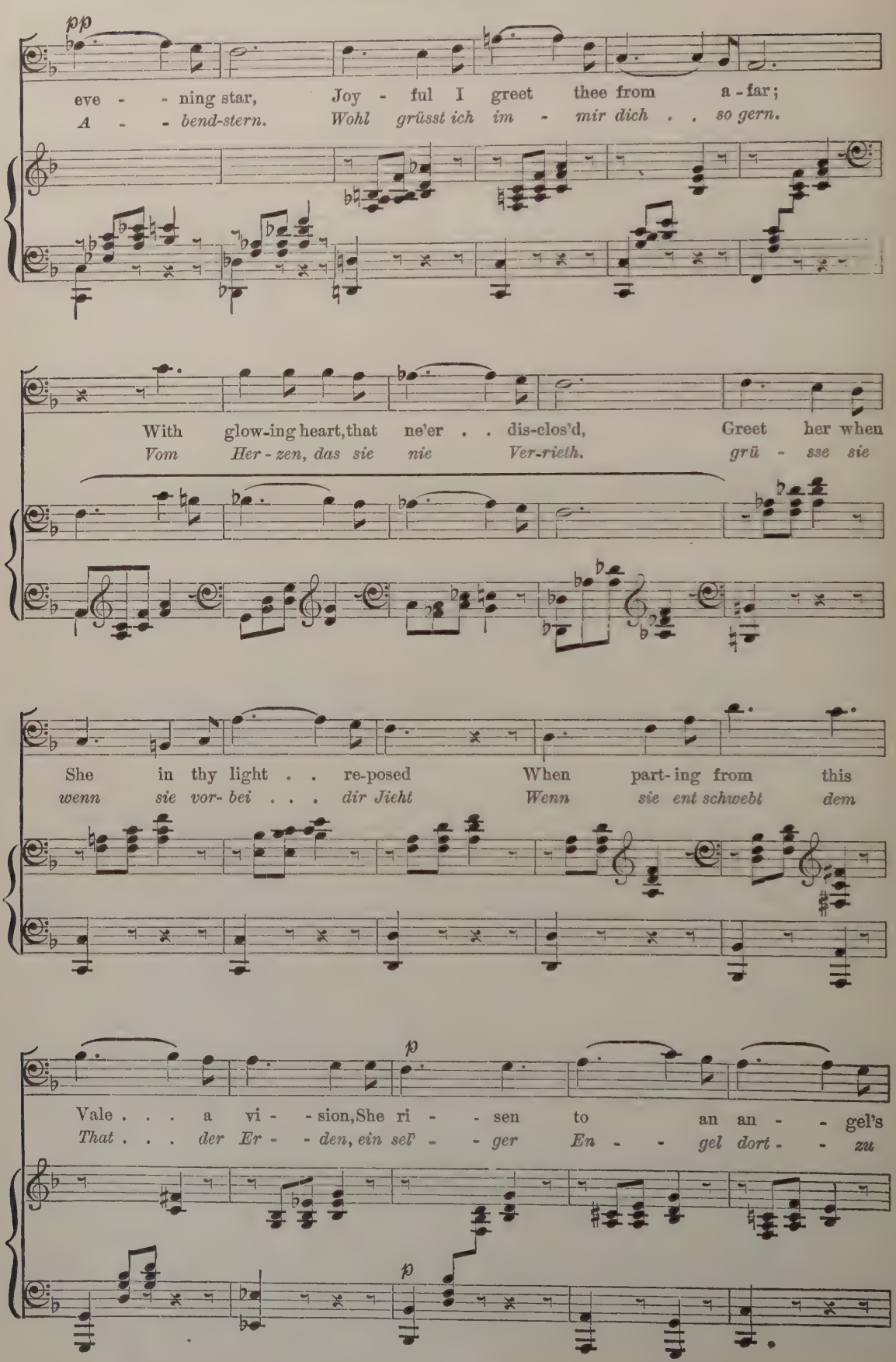
VIOLINS DIVIDED

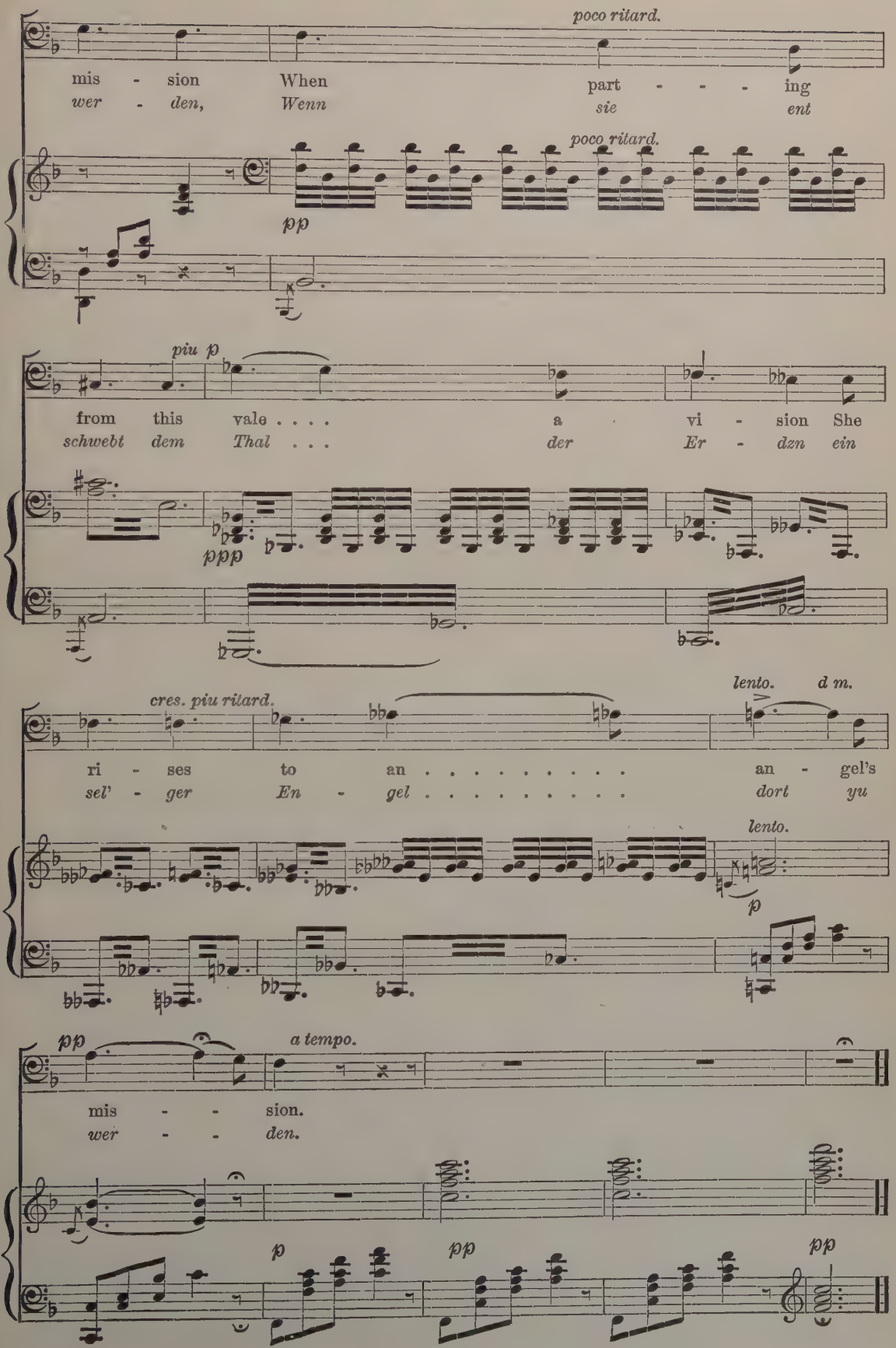
FLUTES.
OBOES.

p *p* *pp* TREM.

Ped. *Ped.*


And thou ap-pear'st, O fair - est star of hea - ven! Thy gen - tle
Da schei - nest du O lieb - lich-ster der Ster - ne! Dein sanf - tes
pp
light thro' space a - far thou spread-est; And dark - 'ning twi - light
Licht ent - sen - dest du der fer - ne. Die nächt' - ge Dämm' rung
pp
Soft - en'd by thy ray, With cheer - ing light from the vale shows the way.
theilt dein lei - ber Strahl, Und freund - lich zeigst du den weg aus dem Thal.
pp
Andante mosso. (♩=♩)
p dolce espress.
O thou sub - lime, . . sweet
O du mein hol - der
p Wood sustain.
Strings pizz.
piu. p
pp
Harp.

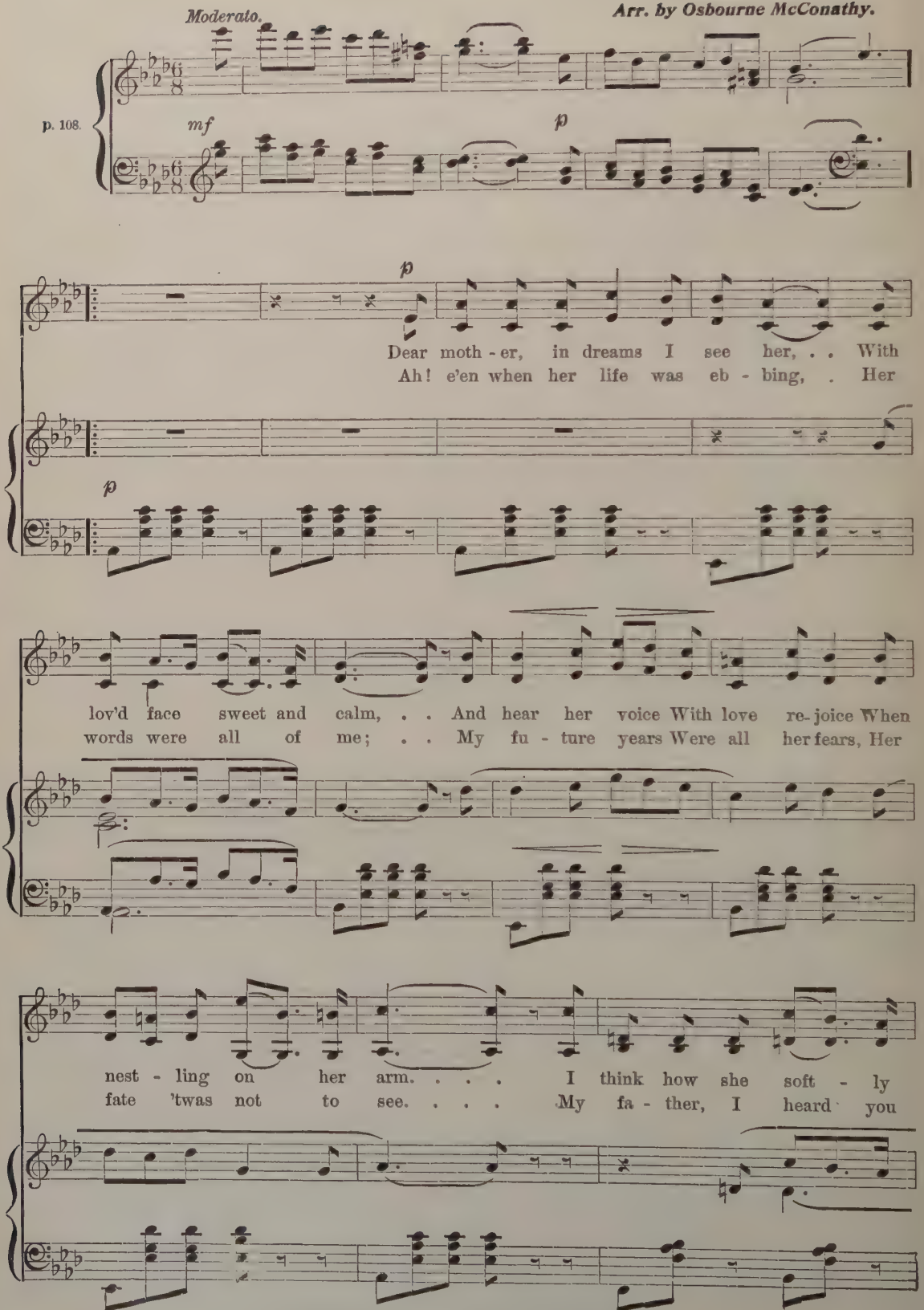

pp
eve - - ning star, Joy - ful I greet thee from a - far;
A - - bend-stern. Wohl grüsst ich im - mir dich . . so gern.
With glow-ing heart, that ne'er . . dis-clos'd, Greet her when
Vom Her - zen, das sie nie Ver-rieth. grü - sse sie
She in thy light . . re-posed When part-ing from this
wenn sie vor- bei . . . dir Jicht Wenn sie ent schwebt dem
p
Vale . . . a vi - - sion, She ri - - sen to an an - - gel's
That . . . der Er - - den, ein sel' - - ger En - - gel dort - - zu
p


poco ritard.
mis - sion When part - - - ing
wer - den, Wenn sie ent
poco ritard.
pp
piu p
from this vale . . . . a vi - sion She
schwebt dem Thal . . . der Er - dzn ein
ppp
cres. piu ritard.
lento. d m.
ri - ses to an . . . . . an - gel's
sel' - ger En - gel . . . . . dort yu
lento.
p
pp
a tempo.
mis - - sion.
wer - - den.
p
pp
pp

LULLABY.

(ERMINIE.)

Jakobowski.
Arr. by Osbourne McConathy.


Moderato.
p. 108.
mf
p
Dear moth - er, in dreams I see her, . . With
Ah! e'en when her life was eb - bing, . Her
lov'd face sweet and calm, . . And hear her voice With love re-joice When
words were all of me; . . My fu - ture years Were all her fears, Her
nest - ling on her arm. . . . I think how she soft - ly
fate 'twas not to see. . . . My fa - ther, I heard you

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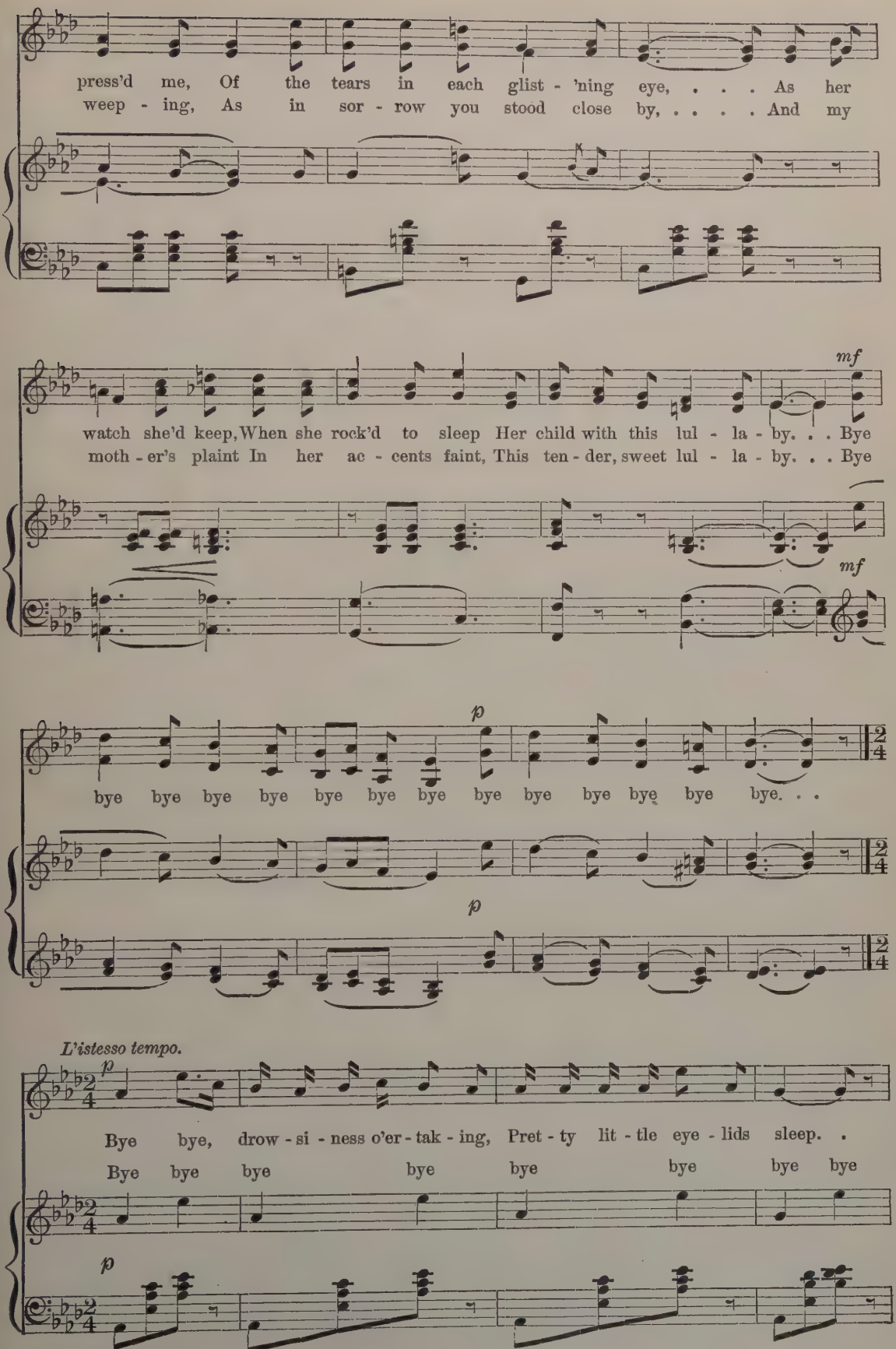
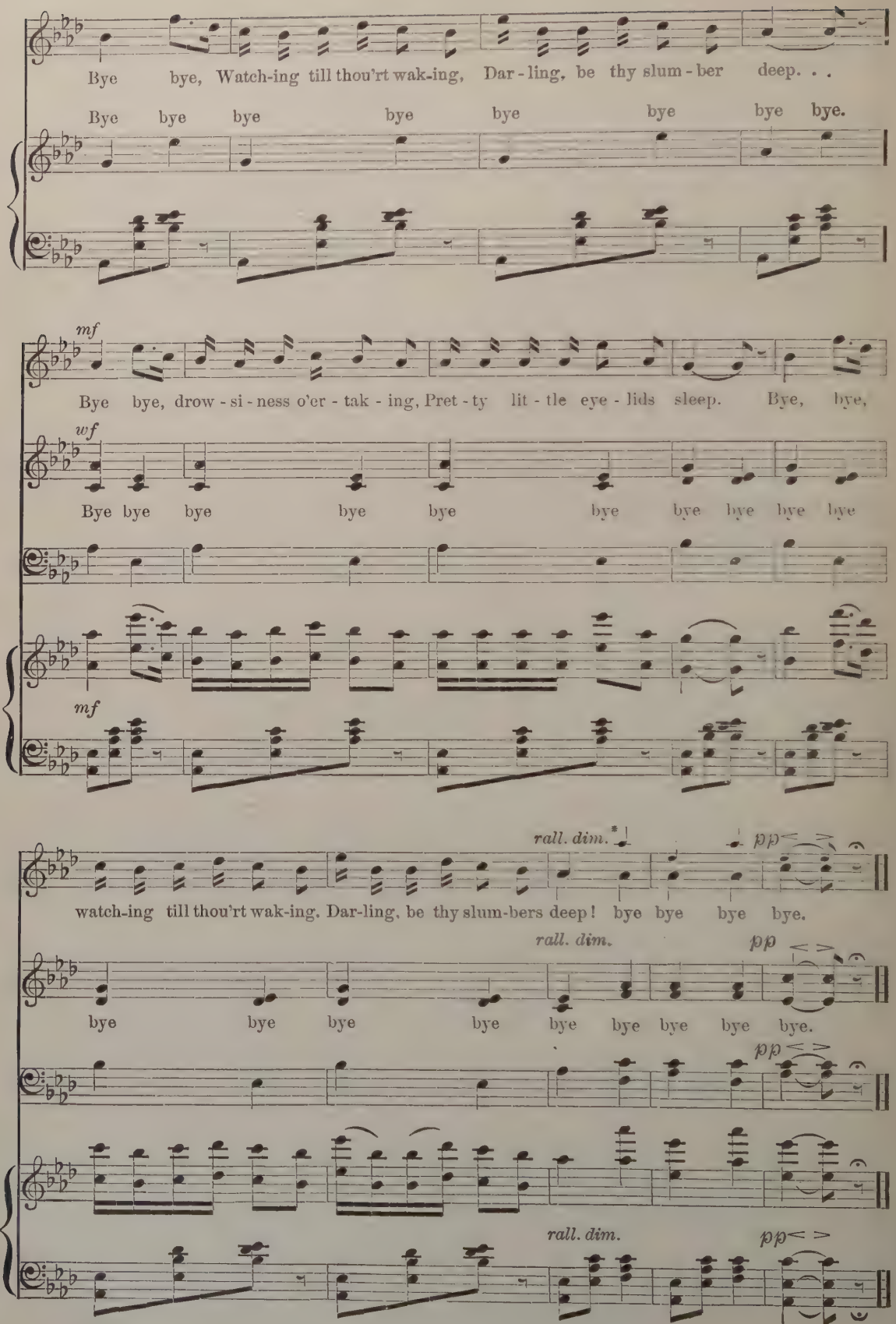

press'd me, Of the tears in each glist - 'ning eye, . . . As her
weep - ing, As in sor - row you stood close by, ... And my
mf
watch she'd keep, When she rock'd to sleep Her child with this lul - la - by. . . Bye
moth - er's plaint In her ac - cents faint, This ten - der, sweet lul - la - by. . . Bye
mf
p
bye bye bye bye bye bye bye bye bye bye bye bye bye. . .
2/4
p
L'istesso tempo.
p
Bye bye, drow - si - ness o'er - tak - ing, Pret - ty lit - tle eye - lids sleep. .
Bye bye bye bye bye bye bye bye
p

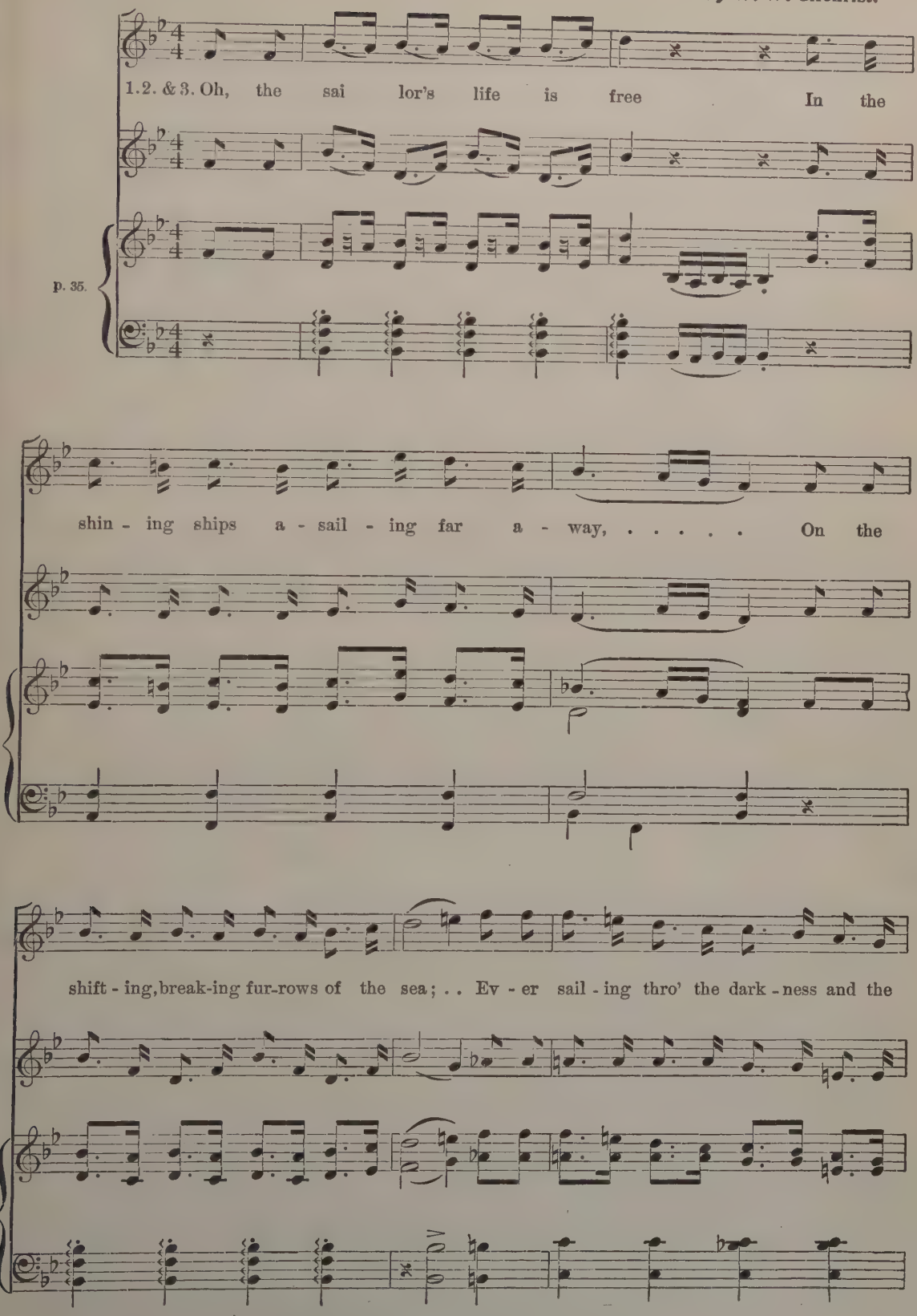

Bye bye, Watch-ing till thou'rt wak-ing, Dar-ling, be thy slum-ber deep. . .
Bye bye bye bye bye bye bye bye.
mf
Bye bye, drow-si-ness o'er-tak-ing, Pret-ty lit-tle eye-lids sleep. Bye, bye,
wf
Bye bye bye bye bye bye bye bye bye bye
mf
rall. dim.
pp
watch-ing till thou'rt wak-ing. Dar-ling, be thy slum-bers deep! bye bye bye bye.
rall. dim.
pp
bye bye bye bye bye bye bye bye bye.
pp
rall. dim.
pp

* The small notes are to be sung by a few solo voices.

OUR SAILOR.

Mary T. Loughlin.

August Pohlenz.
Arr. by W. W. Gilchrist.


1. 2. & 3. Oh, the sai lor's life is free In the
p. 35.
shin - ing ships a - sail - ing far a - way, ... On the
shift - ing, break-ing fur-rows of the sea; . . Ev - er sail - ing thro' the dark - ness and the

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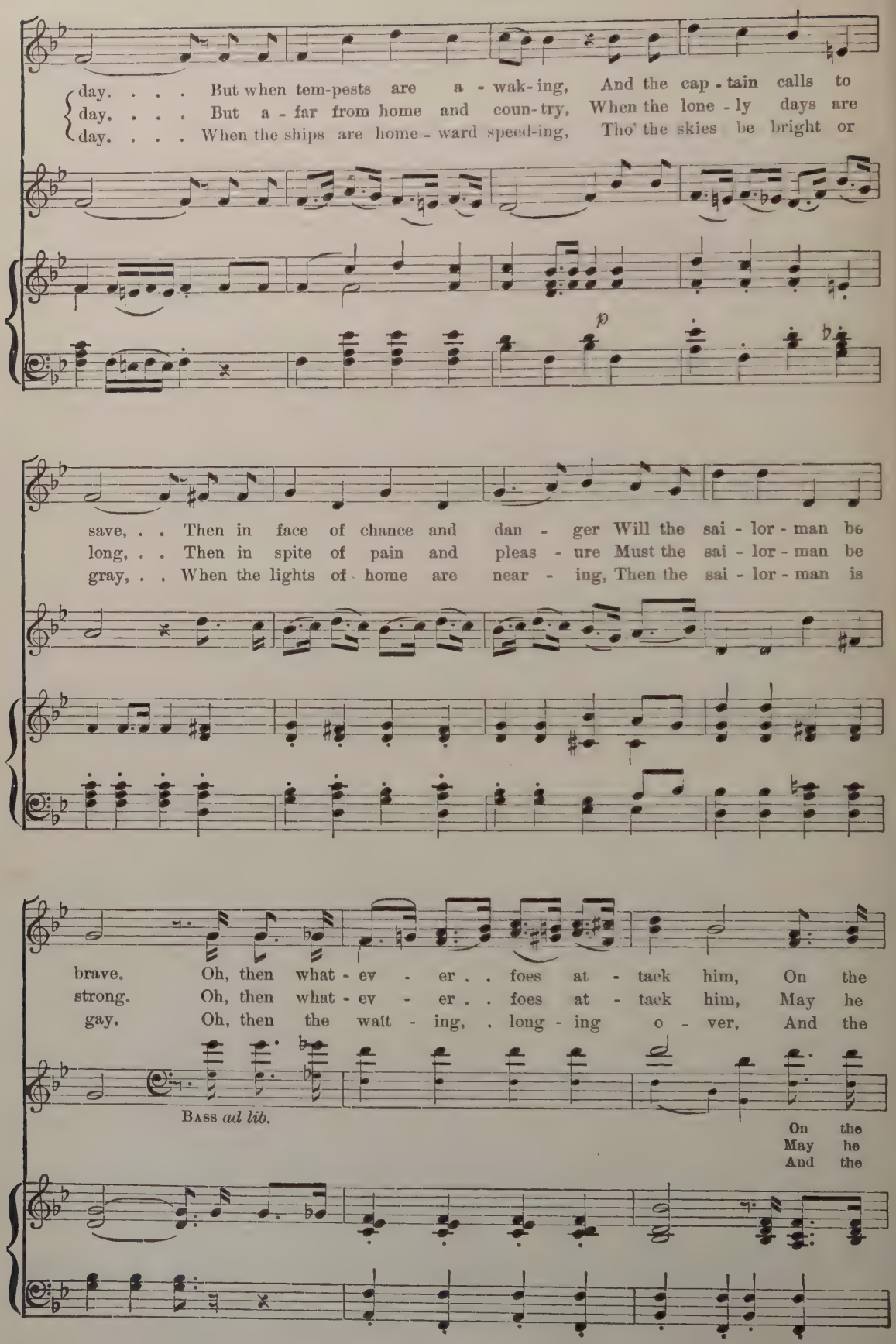
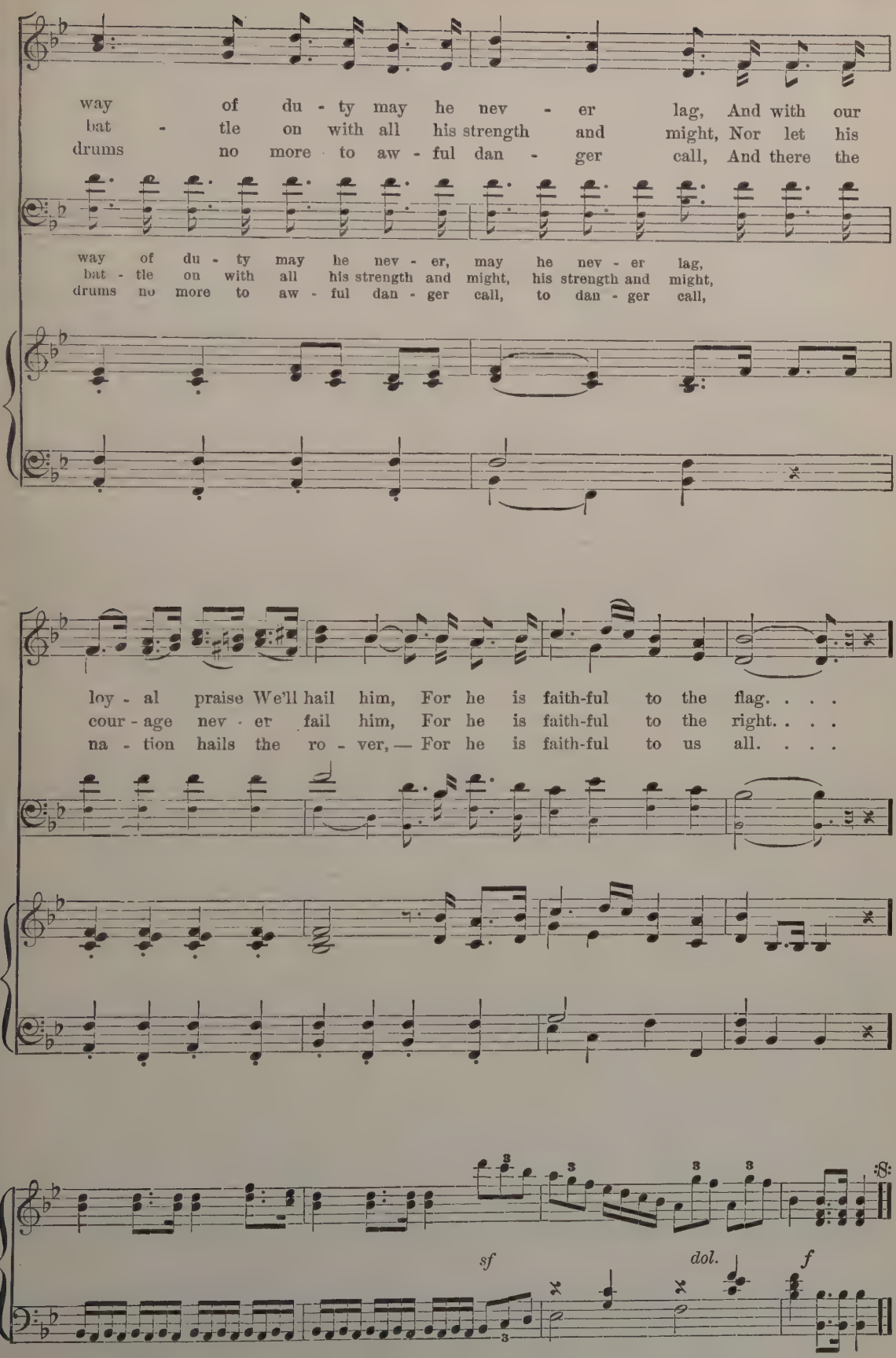
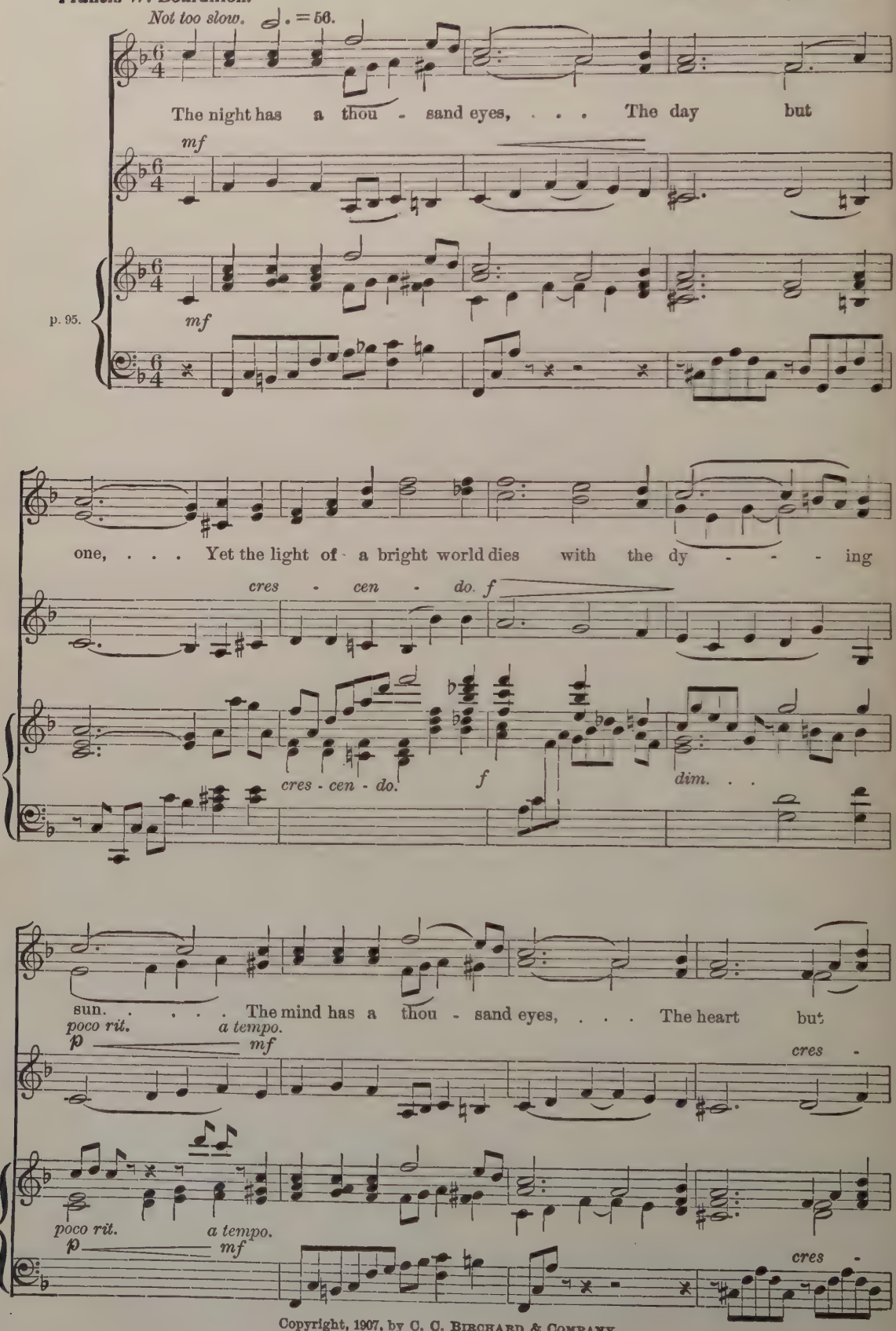

day. . . . But when tem-pests are a - wak-ing, And the cap - tain calls to
day. . . . But a - far from home and coun-try, When the lone - ly days are
day. . . . When the ships are home - ward speed-ing, Tho' the skies be bright or
p
save, . . Then in face of chance and dan - ger Will the sai - lor - man be
long, . . Then in spite of pain and pleas - ure Must the sai - lor - man be
gray, . . When the lights of - home are near - ing, Then the sai - lor - man is
brave. Oh, then what - ev - er . . foes at - tack him, On the
strong. Oh, then what - ev - er . . foes at - tack him, May he
gay. Oh, then the wait - ing, . long - ing o - ver, And the
Bass ad lib.
On the
May he
And the


way of du - ty may he nev - er lag, And with our
bat - tle on with all his strength and might, Nor let his
drums no more to aw - ful dan - ger call, And there the
way of du - ty may he nev - er, may he nev - er lag,
bat - tle on with all his strength and might, his strength and might,
drums no more to aw - ful dan - ger call, to dan - ger call,
loy - al praise We'll hail him, For he is faith-ful to the flag. . . .
cour - age nev - er fail him, For he is faith-ful to the right. . . .
na - tion hails the ro - ver, — For he is faith-ful to us all. . . .
sf
dol.
f

THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES.

Francis W. Bourdillon. *Edward Bailey Birge.*


Not too slow. ♩. = 56.
The night has a thou - sand eyes, . . . The day but
mf
mf
p. 95.
one, . . . Yet the light of a bright world dies with the dy - - - ing
cres - cen - do. f
cres - cen - do.
f
dim. . .
sun. . . . . The mind has a thou - sand eyes, . . . The heart but
poco rit.
a tempo.
p
mf
cres -
poco rit.
a tempo.
p
mf
cres -

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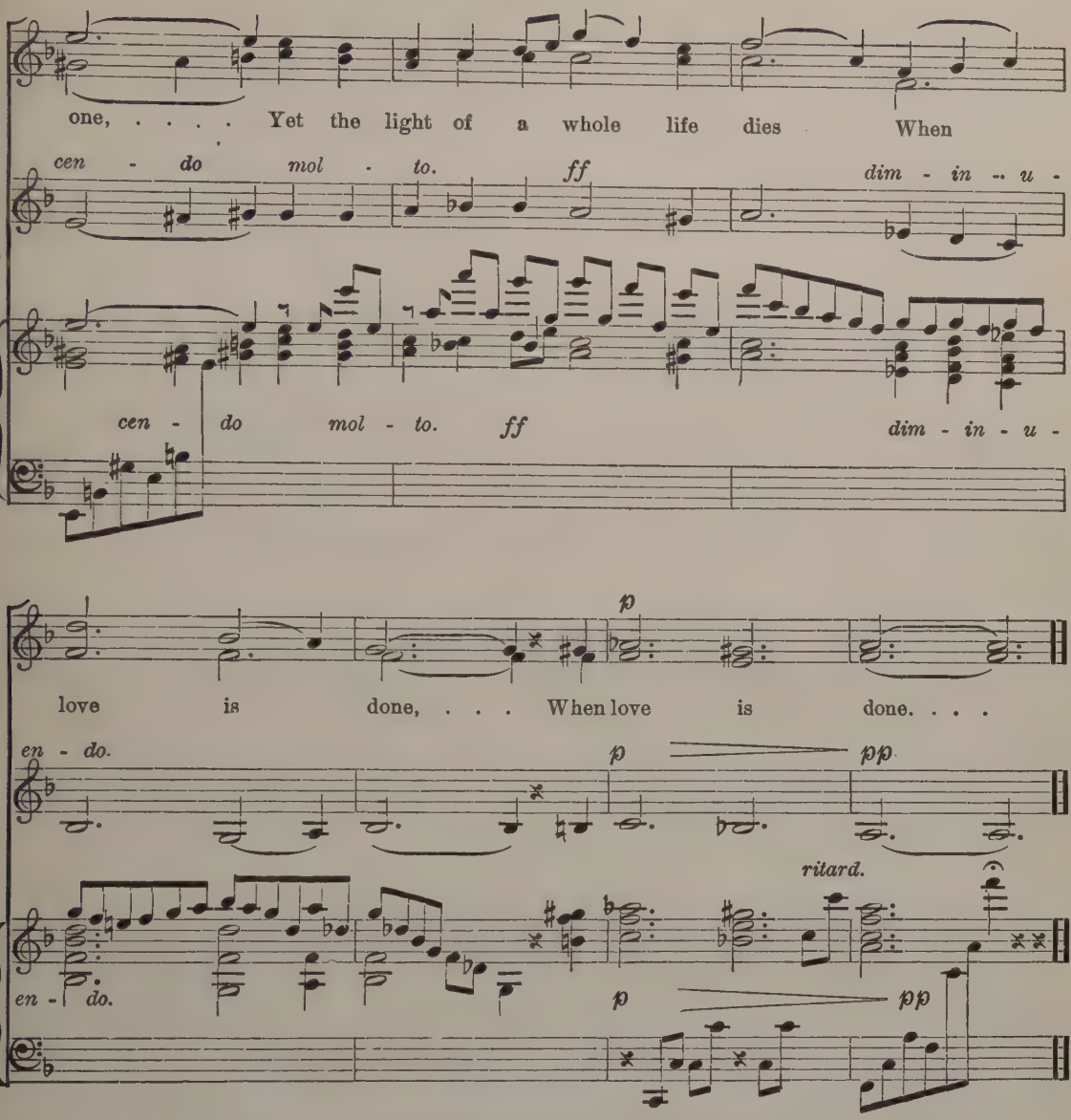
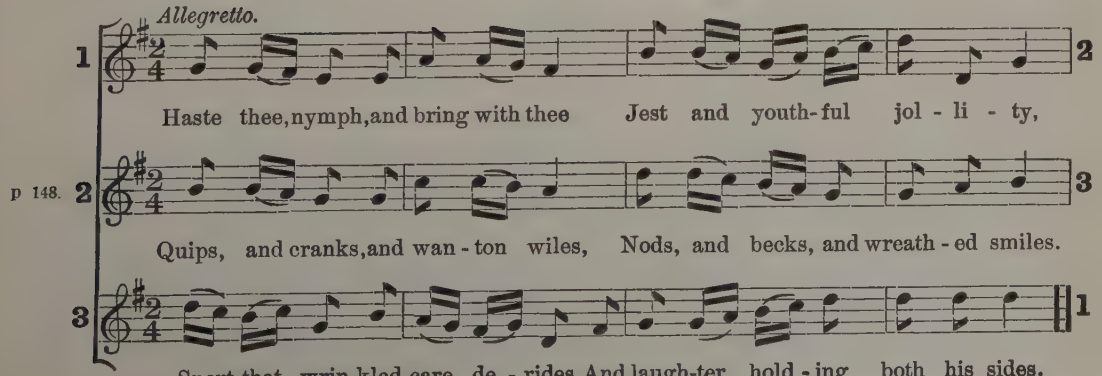

one, ... Yet the light of a whole life dies When
cen - do mol - to. ff dim - in - u -
cen - do mol - to. ff dim - in - u -
p
love is done, . . . When love is done. . . .
en - do.
p pp
ritard.
en - do.
p pp

HASTE THEE, NYMPH.

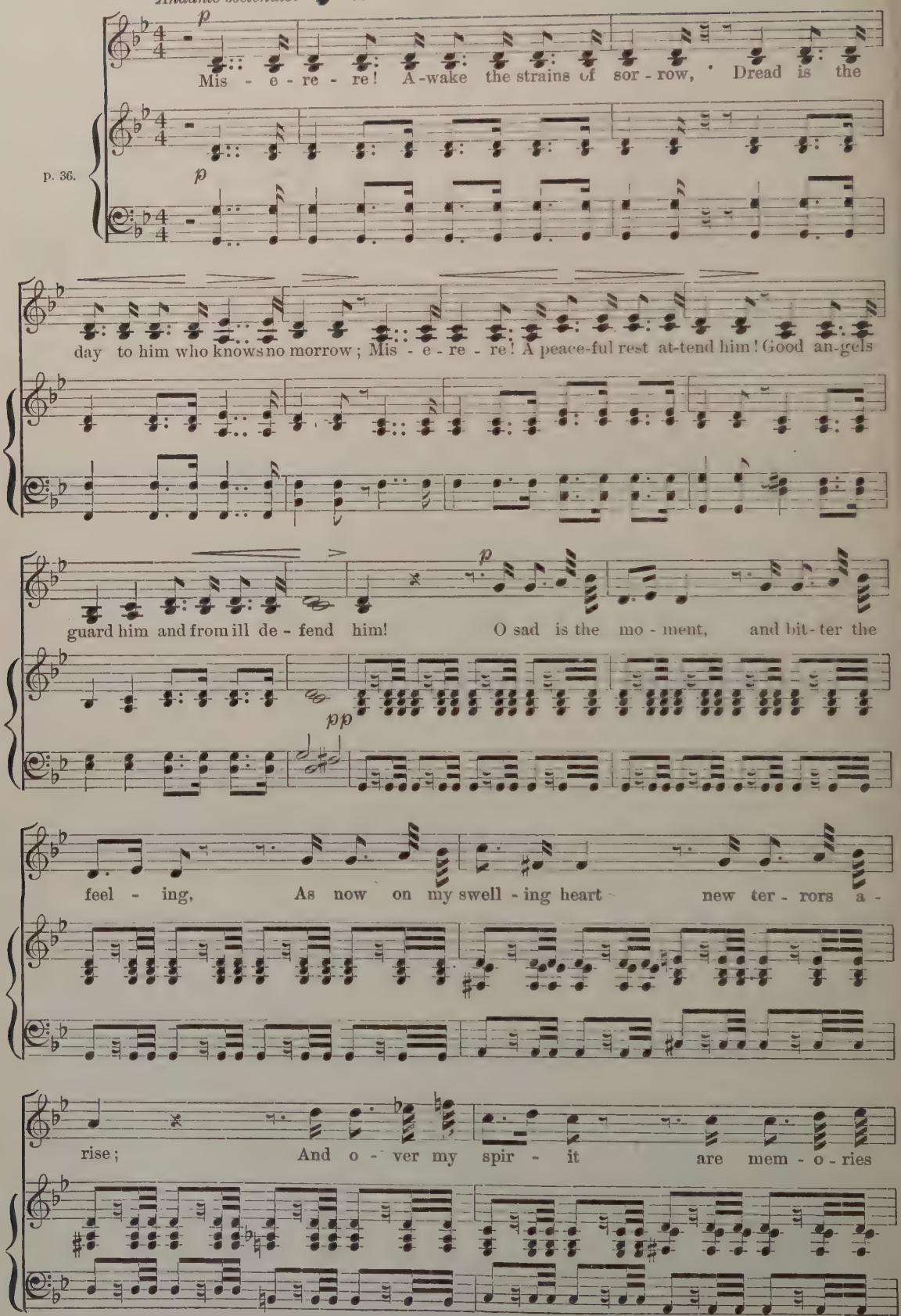
(ROUND.)

John Milton. ***F. Arnold.***


Allegretto.
1
2
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee Jest and youth-ful jol - li - ty,
p 148.
2
3
Quips, and cranks, and wan - ton wiles, Nods, and becks, and wreath - ed smiles.
3
1
Sport that wrin-kled care de - rides, And laugh-ter hold - ing both his sides.

MISERERE.

Andante sostenuto. ♩= 56. *Verdi.*


p
Mis - e - re - re! A-wake the strains of sor - row, Dread is the
p. 36.
p
day to him who knows no morrow; Mis - e - re - re! A peace-ful rest at-tend him! Good an-gels
p
guard him and from ill de - fend him! O sad is the mo - ment, and bit-ter the
pp
feel - ing, As now on my swell - ing heart new ter - rors a -
rise; And o - ver my spir - it are mem - o - ries

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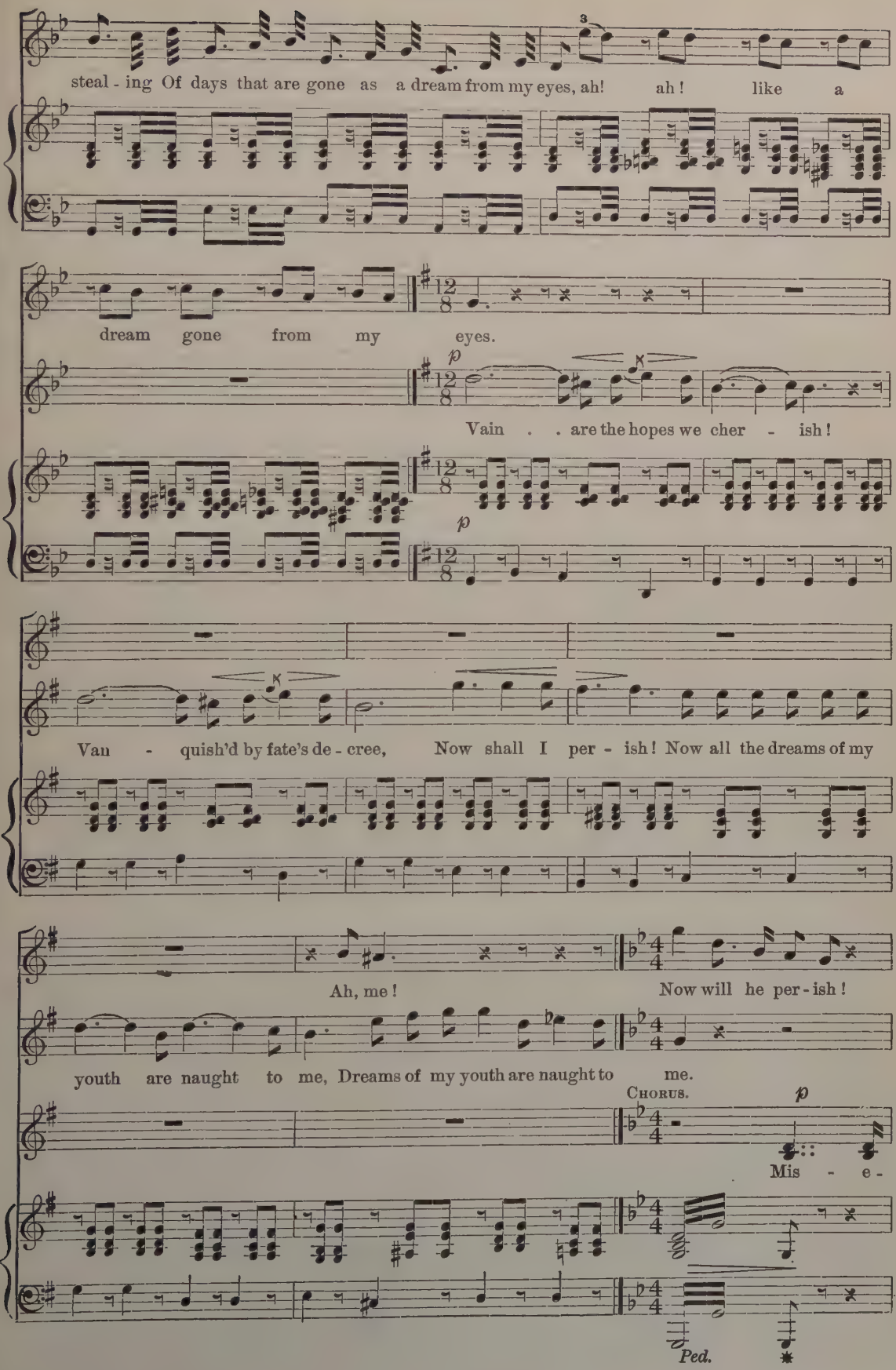
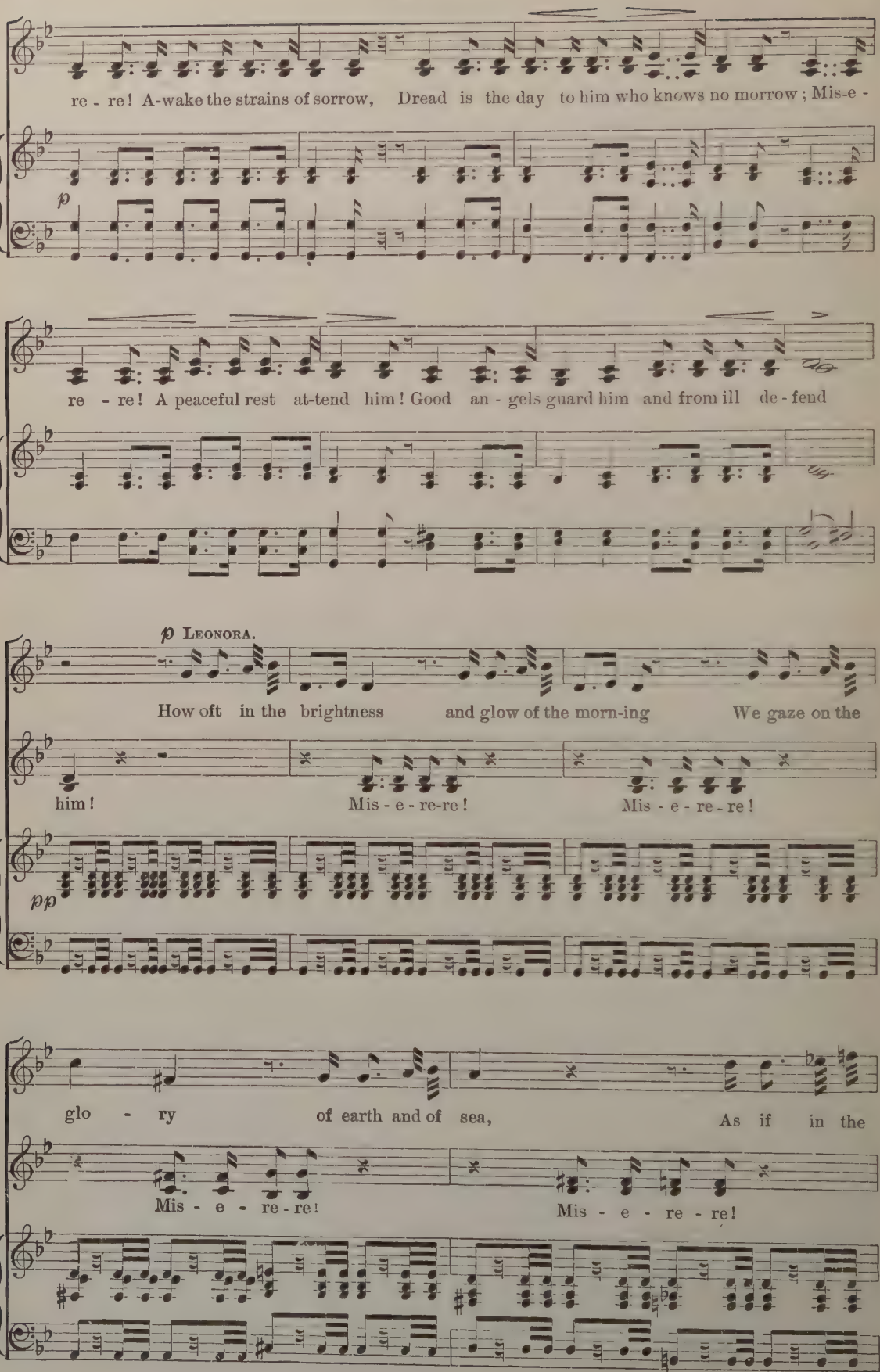
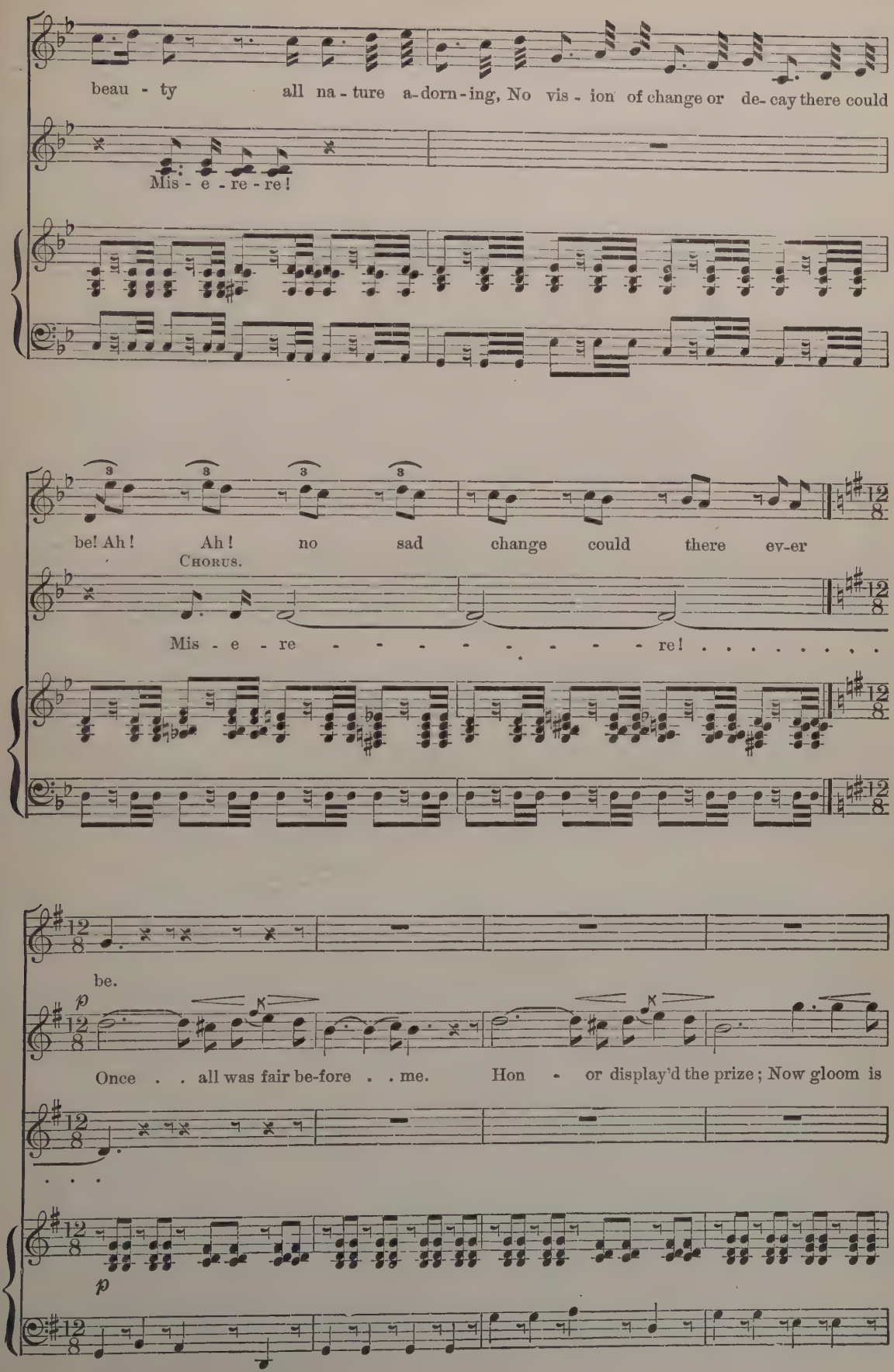
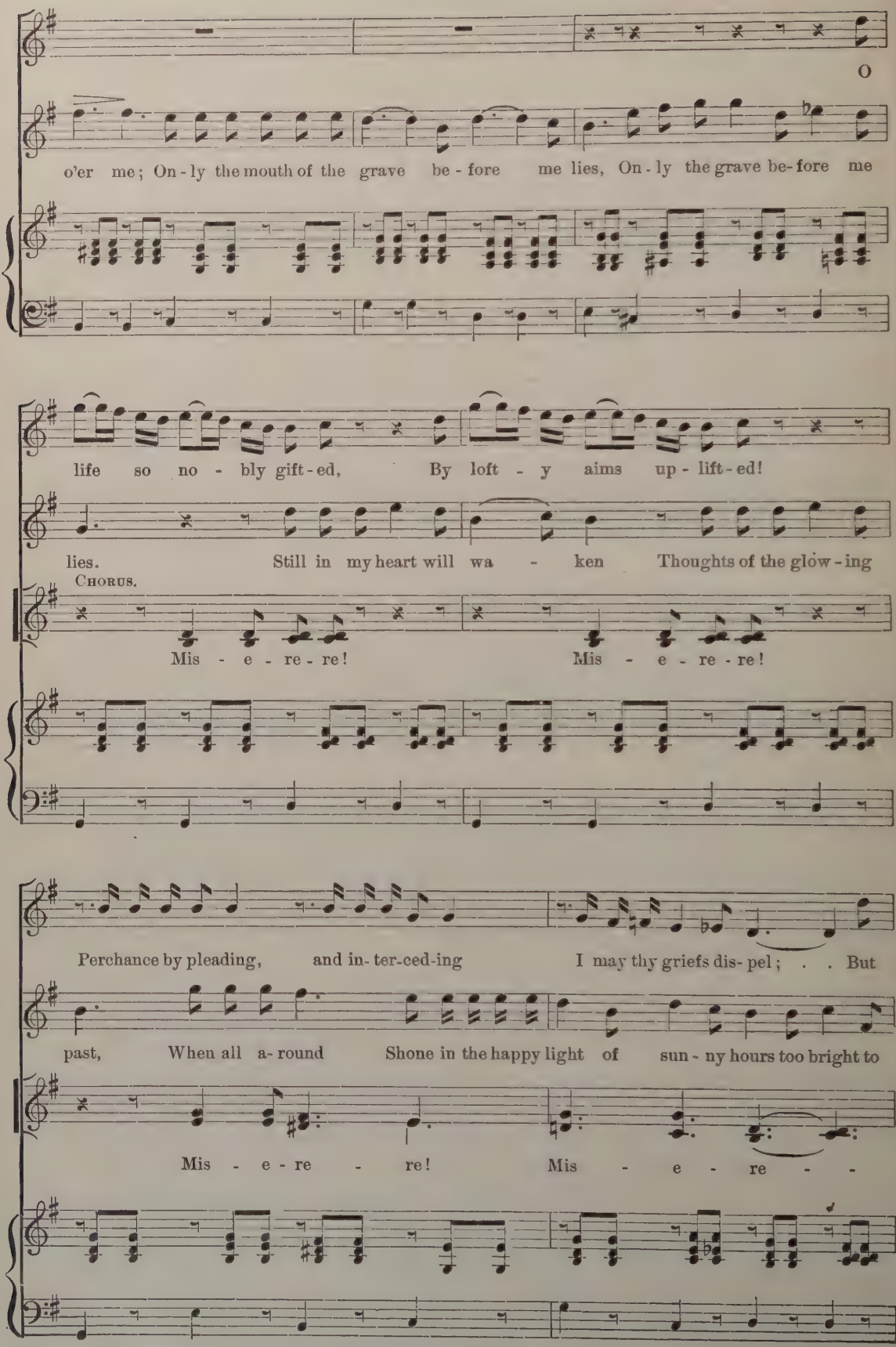

steal - ing Of days that are gone as a dream from my eyes, ah! ah! like a
dream gone from my eyes.
Vain . . are the hopes we cher - ish!
Van - quish'd by fate's de - cree, Now shall I per - ish! Now all the dreams of my
Ah, me! Now will he per - ish!
youth are naught to me, Dreams of my youth are naught to me.
Chorus.
Mis - e -
Ped.

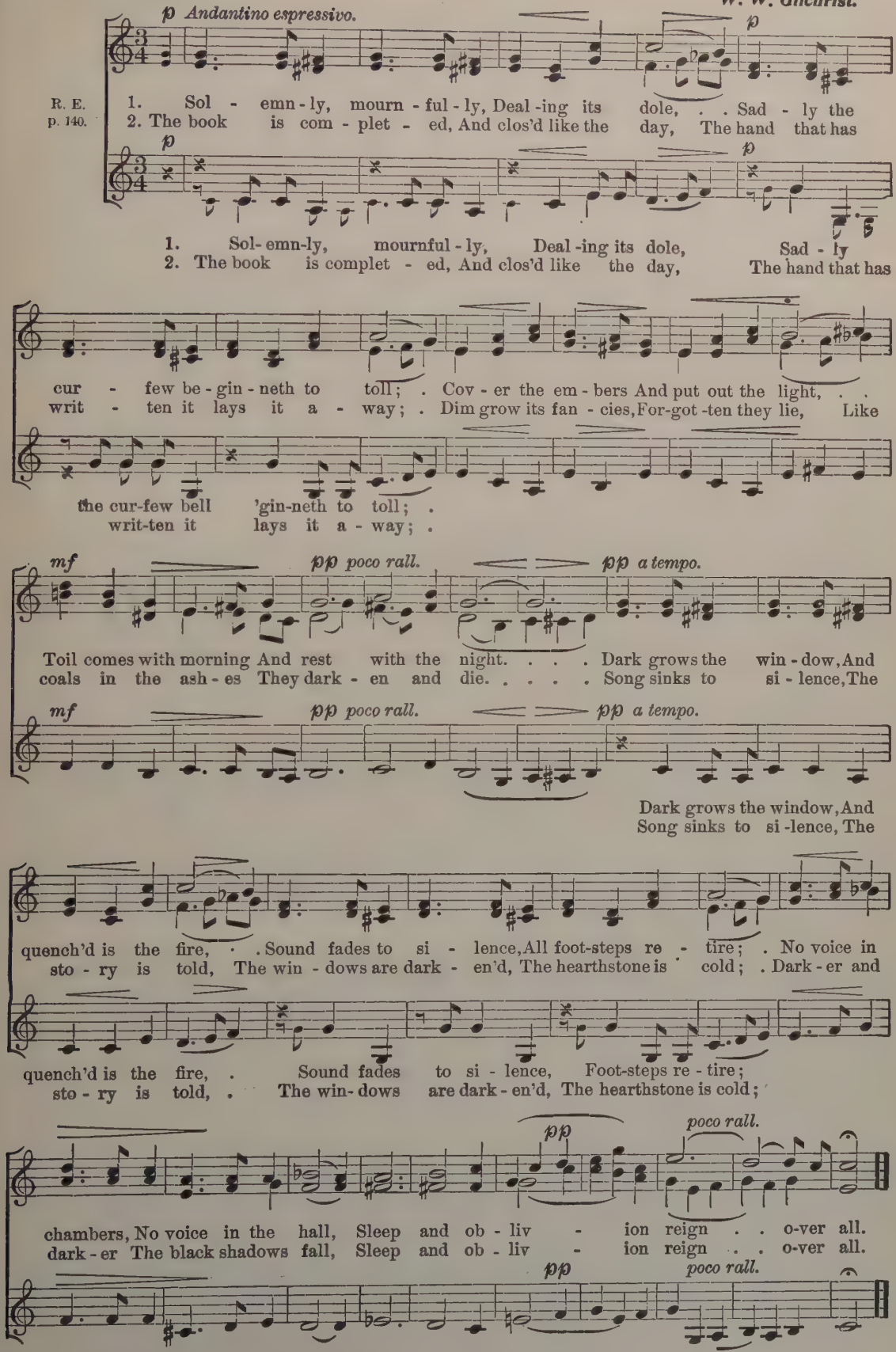

re - re! A-wake the strains of sorrow, Dread is the day to him who knows no morrow; Mis-e -
p
re - re! A peaceful rest at-tend him! Good an - gels guard him and from ill de - fend
p LEONORA.
How oft in the brightness and glow of the morn-ing We gaze on the
him!
Mis - e - re-re!
Mis - e - re - re!
pp
glo - ry of earth and of sea, As if in the
Mis - e - re - re!
Mis - e - re - re!


beau - ty all na - ture a-dorn-ing, No vis - ion of change or de- cay there could
Mis - e - re - re!
be! Ah! Ah! no sad change could there ev-er
Chorus.
Mis - e - re - re!
be.
Once . . all was fair be-fore . . me. Hon - or display'd the prize; Now gloom is


O
o'er me; On-ly the mouth of the grave be-fore me lies, On-ly the grave be-fore me
life so no-bly gift-ed, By loft-y aims up-lift-ed!
lies. Still in my heart will wa-ken Thoughts of the glow-ing
CHORUS.
Mis-e-re-re! Mis-e-re-re!
Perchance by pleading, and in-ter-ced-ing I may thy griefs dis-pel; . . But
past, When all a-round Shone in the happy light of sun-ny hours too bright to
Mis-e-re-re! Mis-e-re-

THE CURFEW.

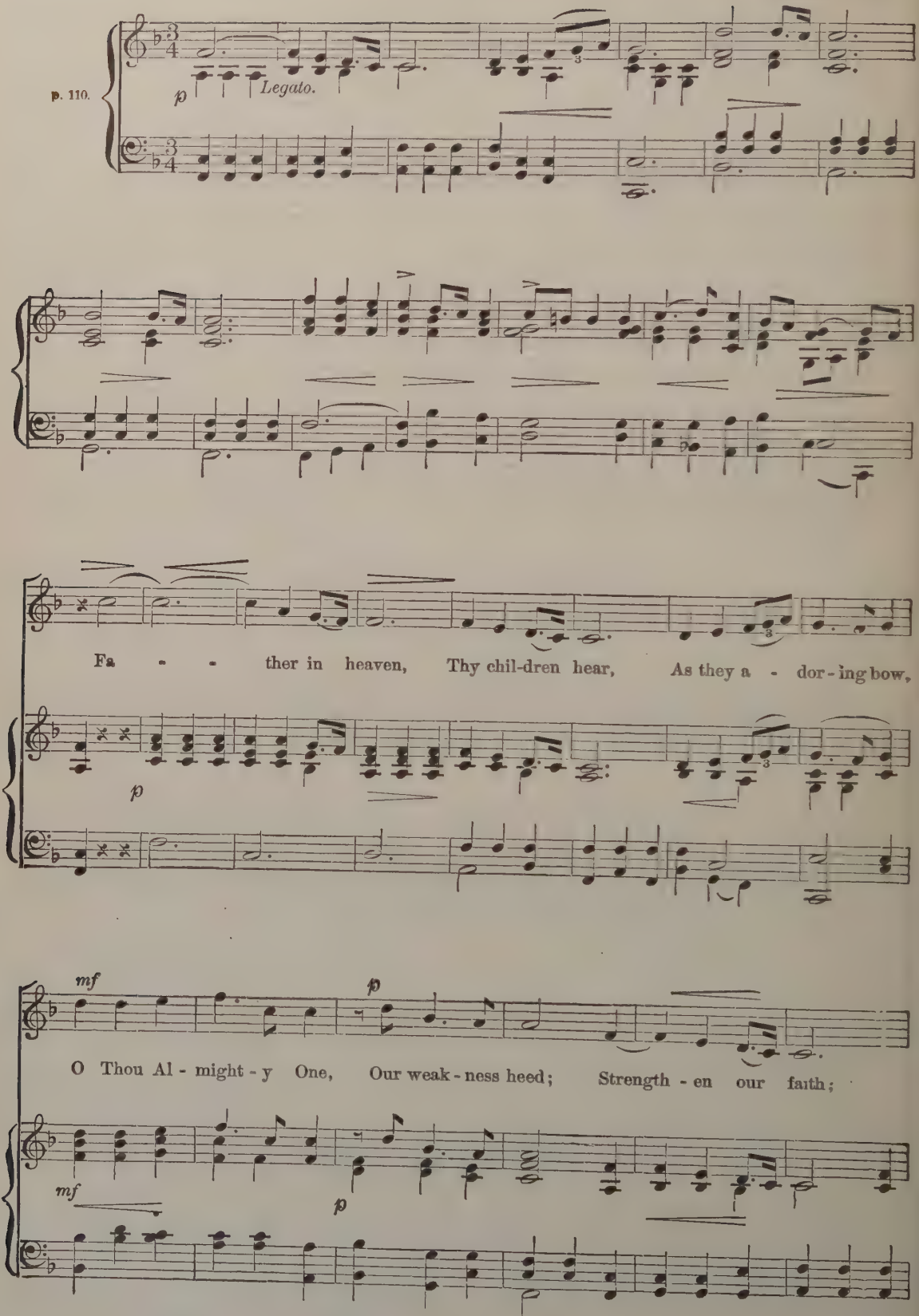
H. W. Longfellow. *W. W. Gilchrist.*


p Andantino espressivo.
p
R. E. p. 140.
1. Sol - emn - ly, mourn - ful - ly, Deal - ing its dole, . . Sad - ly the
2. The book is com - plet - ed, And clos'd like the day, The hand that has
p
p
1. Sol- emn-ly, mournful - ly, Deal - ing its dole, Sad - ly
2. The book is complet - ed, And clos'd like the day, The hand that has
cur - few be - gin - neth to toll; . Cov - er the em - bers And put out the light, . .
writ - ten it lays it a - way; . Dim grow its fan - cies, For-got - ten they lie, Like
the cur-few bell 'gin-neth to toll; .
writ-ten it lays it a - way; .
mf
pp poco rall.
pp a tempo.
Toil comes with morning And rest with the night. . . . Dark grows the win - dow, And
coals in the ash - es They dark - en and die. . . . . Song sinks to si - lence, The
mf
pp poco rall.
pp a tempo.
Dark grows the window, And
Song sinks to si - lence, The
quench'd is the fire, . . Sound fades to si - lence, All foot-steps re - tire; . No voice in
sto - ry is told, The win - dows are dark - en'd, The hearthstone is cold; . Dark - er and
quench'd is the fire, . Sound fades to si - lence, Foot-steps re - tire;
sto - ry is told, . The win - dows are dark - en'd, The hearthstone is cold;
pp
poco rall.
chambers, No voice in the hall, Sleep and ob - liv - ion reign . . o-ver all.
dark - er The black shadows fall, Sleep and ob - liv - ion reign . . o-ver all.
pp
poco rall.

LARGO.

Handel. Arr.

p. 110.


p
Legato.
Fa - - ther in heaven, Thy chil-dren hear, As they a - dor-ing bow,
p
mf
p
O Thou Al - might - y One, Our weak - ness heed; Strength - en our faith;
mf
p

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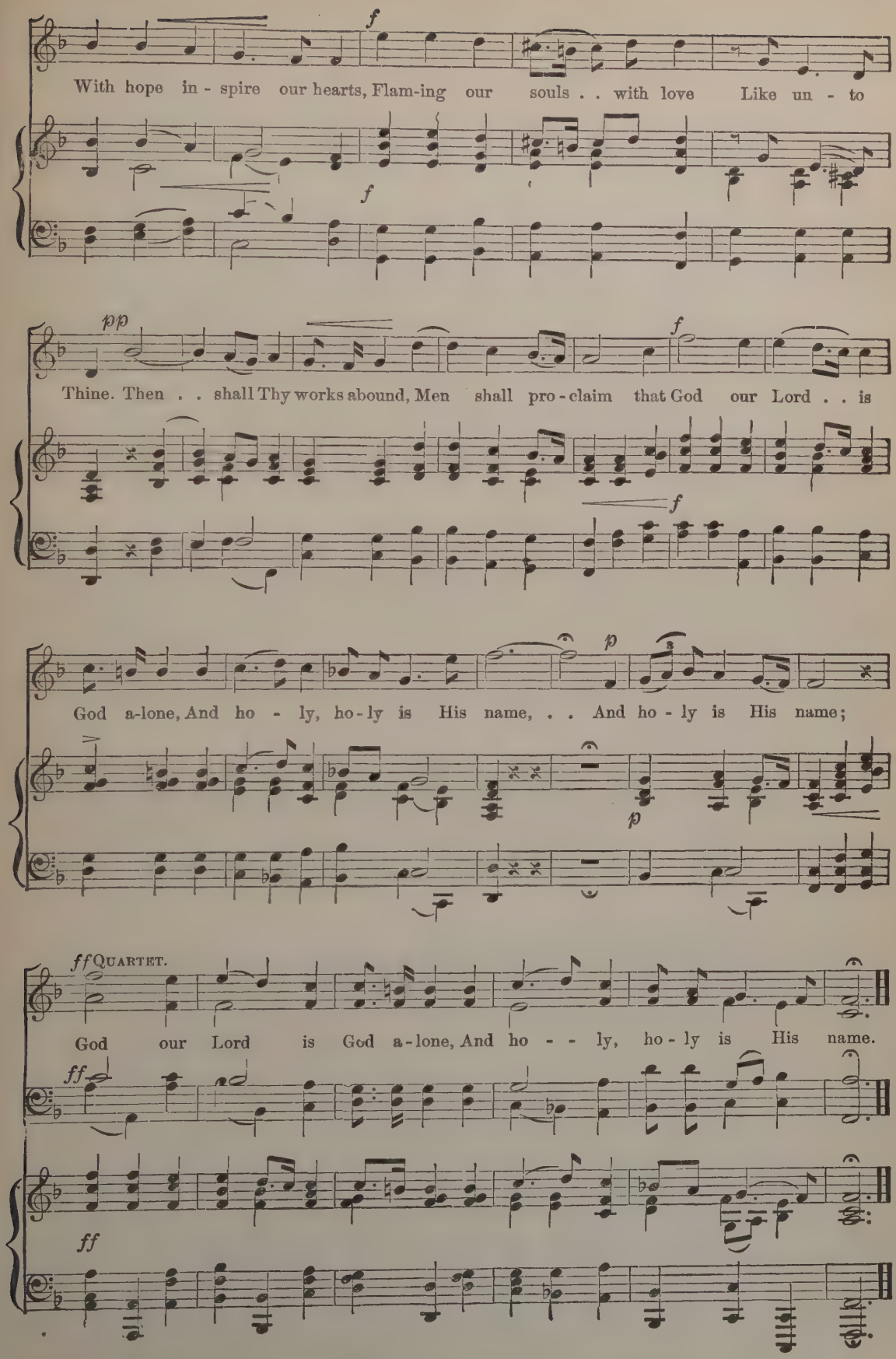

f
With hope in - spire our hearts, Flam-ing our souls . . with love Like un - to
f
pp
f
Thine. Then . . shall Thy works abound, Men shall pro - claim that God our Lord . . is
f
p
God a-lone, And ho - ly, ho-ly is His name, . . And ho - ly is His name;
p
ff QUARTET.
God our Lord is God a-lone, And ho - - ly, ho - ly is His name.
ff
ff

SAIL ON, O SHIP OF STATE.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. *Rossetter G. Cole.*

With dignity and fervor.

mf

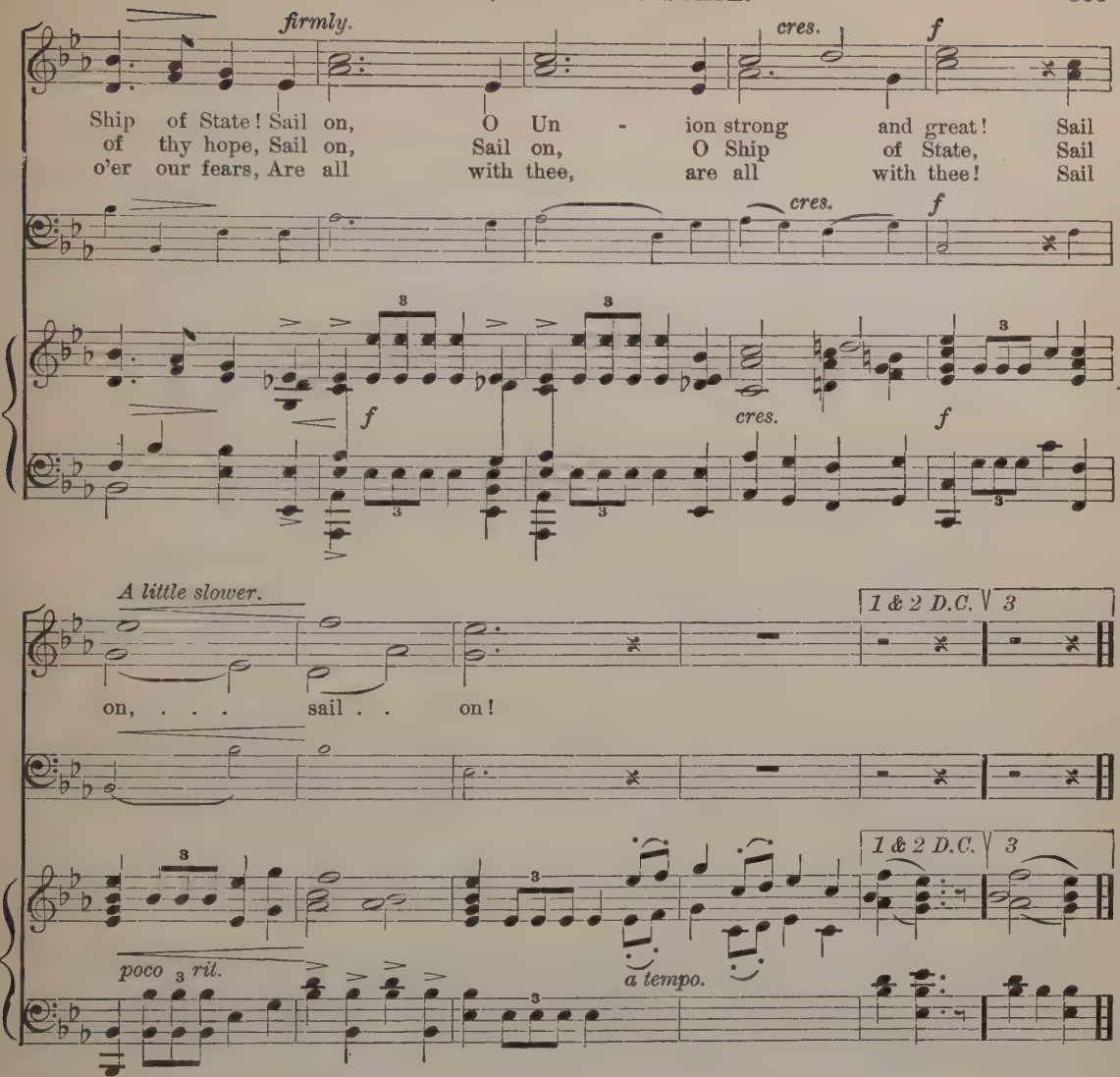
1. Sail on, sail on, O Ship of State! Sail on, O Un - ion
2. We know what Mas - ter laid the keel, What work - men wrought thy
3. In spite of rocks and tem - pest's roar, In spite of false lights

BASS *ad lib.* *mf*

p. 104. *mf Not too fast.*

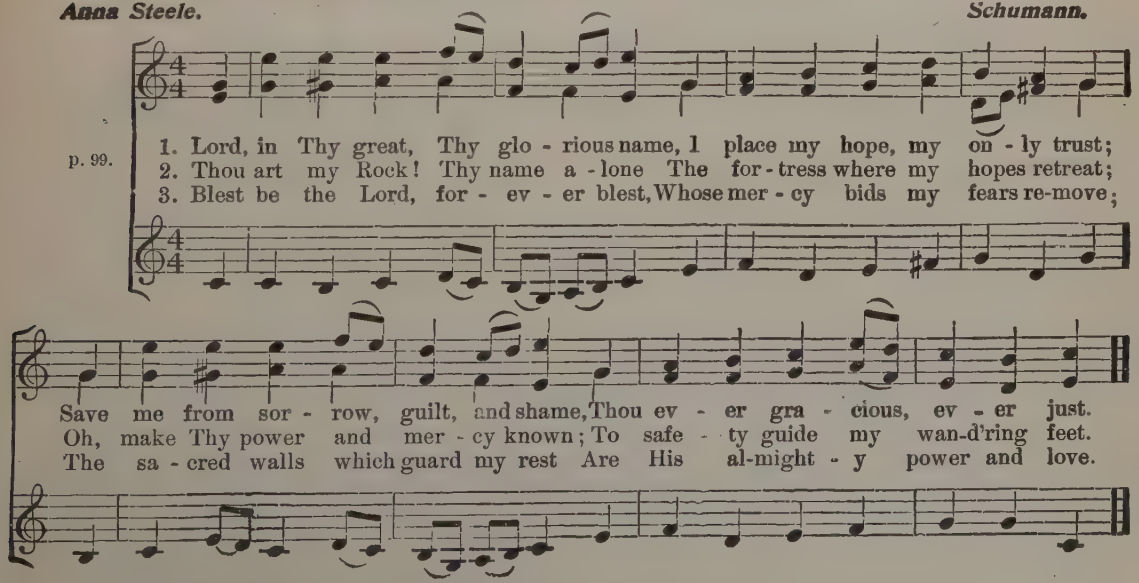
strong and great! Hu - man - i - ty with all its fears, With all its hopes of
ribs of steel, Who made each mast and sail and rope, What an - vils rang, what
on the shore, Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea! Our hearts, our hopes are

fu - ture years, Is hang - ing breath - less on thy fate! Sail on, sail on, O
ham - mers beat, In what a forge and what a heat Were shaped the an - chors
all with thee, Our hearts, our hopes, our pray'rs, our tears, Our faith tri - um - phant



LORD, IN THY GREAT, THY GLORIOUS NAME.

Anna Steele. *Schumann.*

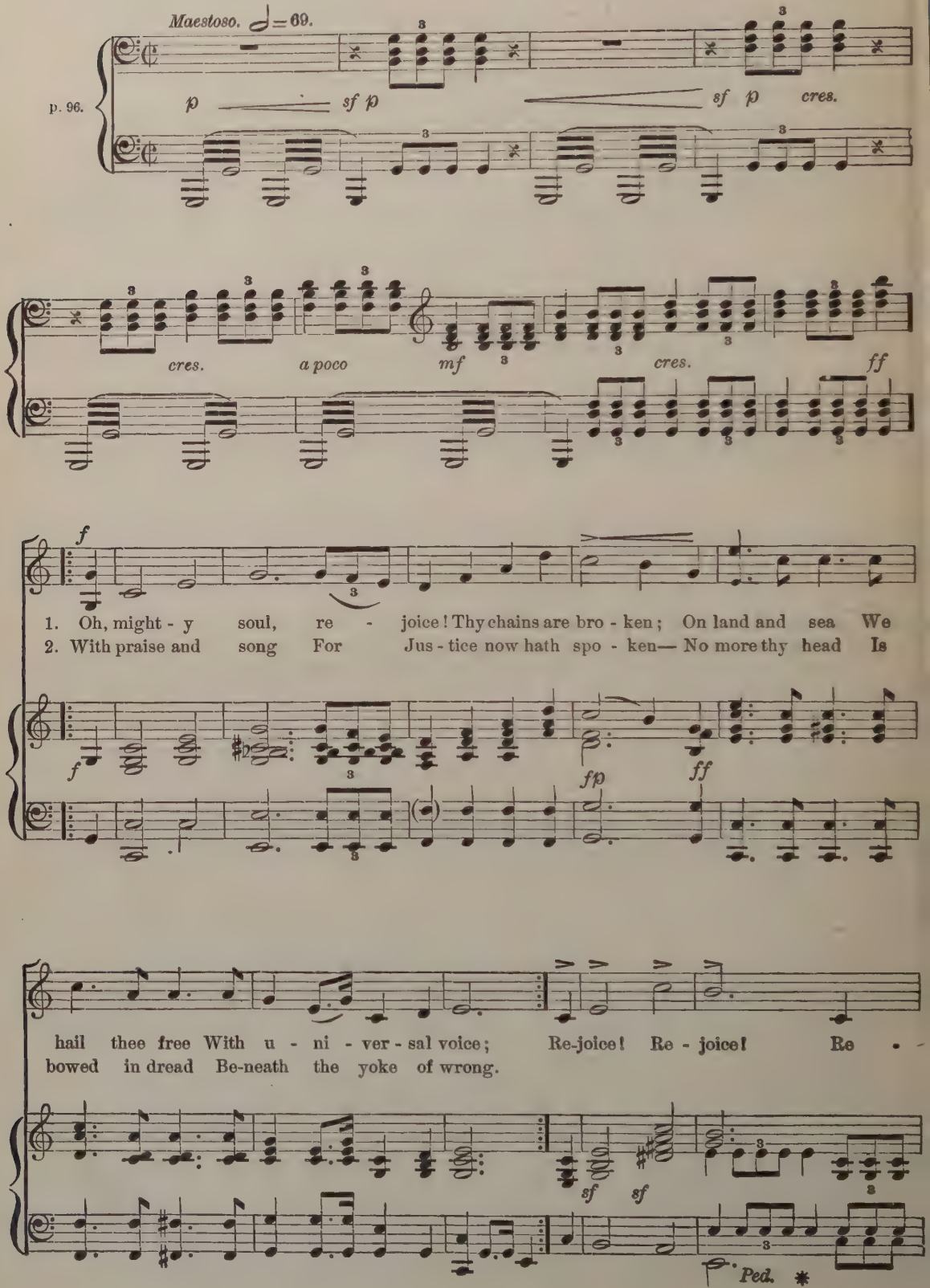

1. Lord, in Thy great, Thy glo - rious name, I place my hope, my on - ly trust;
2. Thou art my Rock! Thy name a - lone The for - tress where my hopes retreat;
3. Blest be the Lord, for - ev - er blest, Whose mer - cy bids my fears re-move;
Save me from sor - row, guilt, and shame, Thou ev - er gra - cious, ev - er just.
Oh, make Thy power and mer - cy known; To safe - ty guide my wan-d'ring feet.
The sa - cred walls which guard my rest Are His al-might - y power and love.

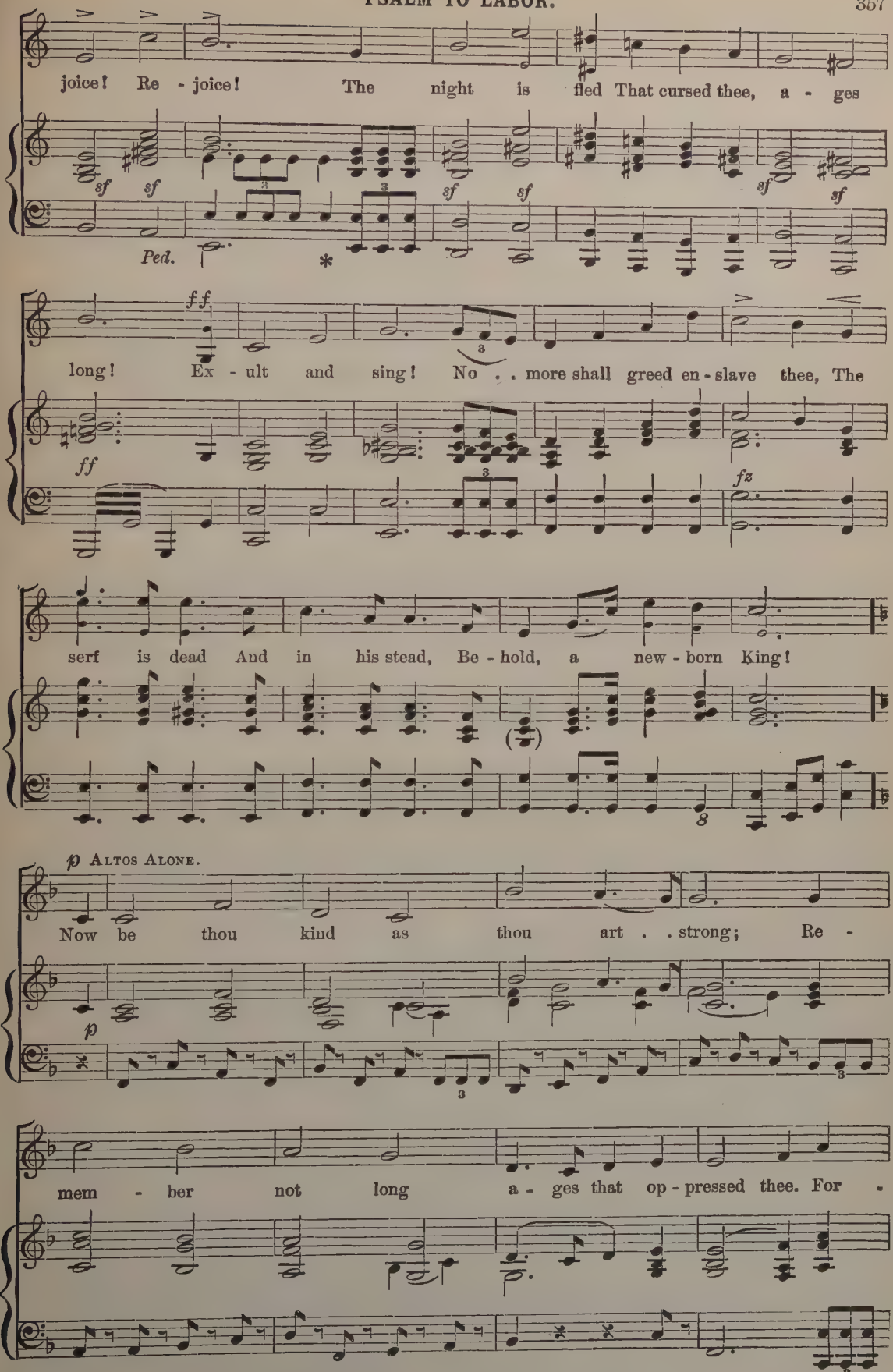
p. 99.

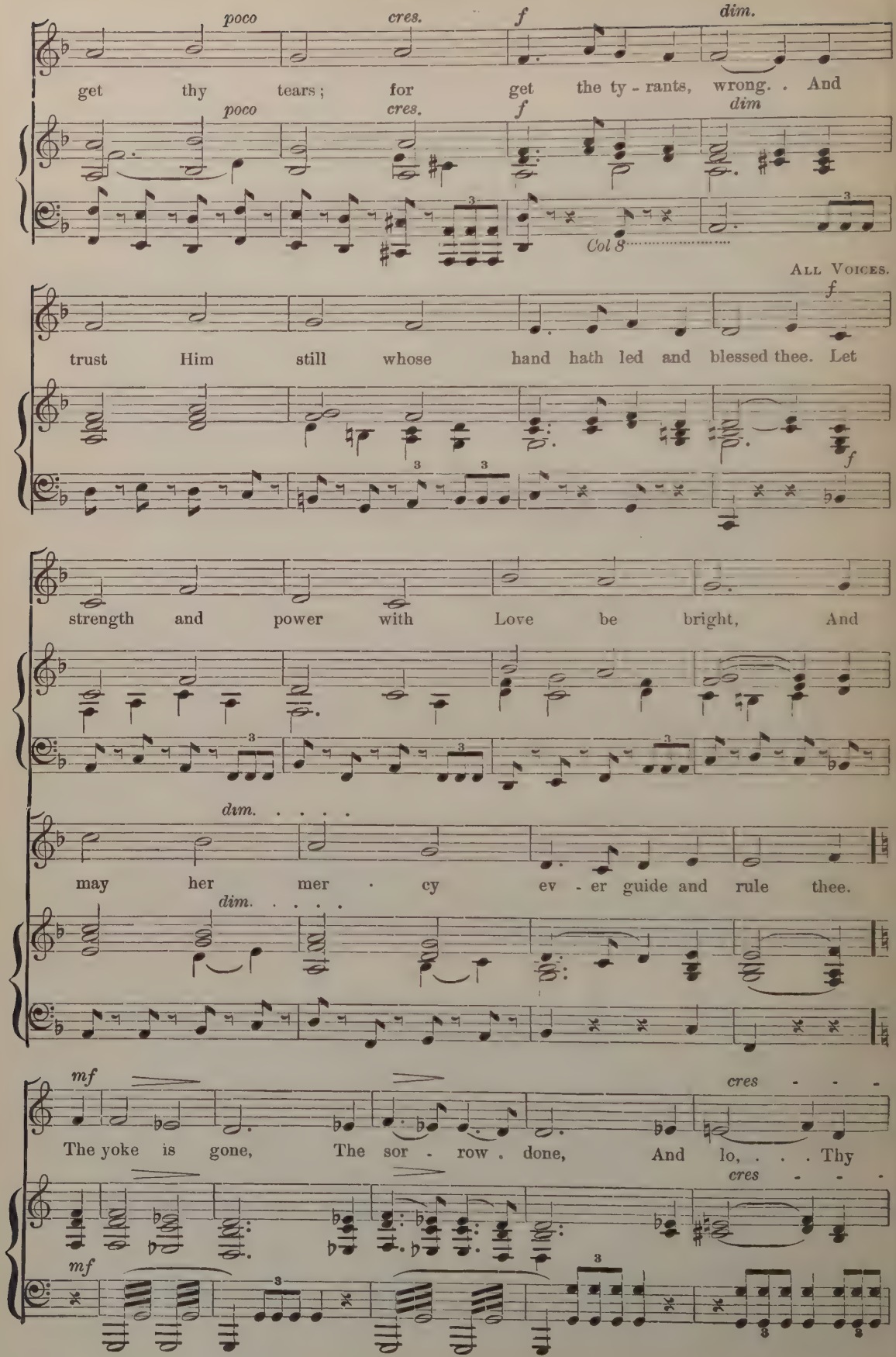
PSALM TO LABOR.

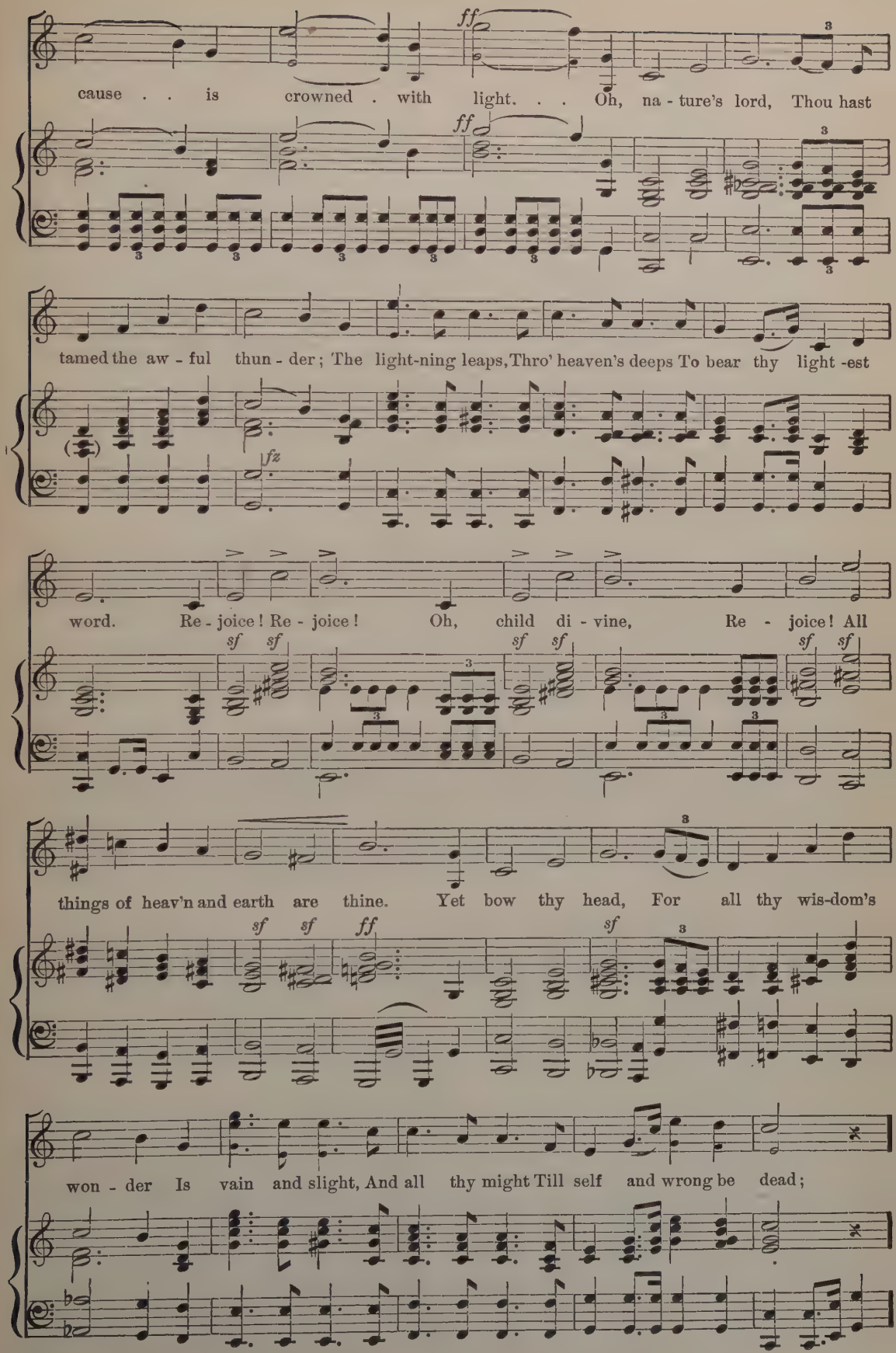
(FROM "ATHALIE.")

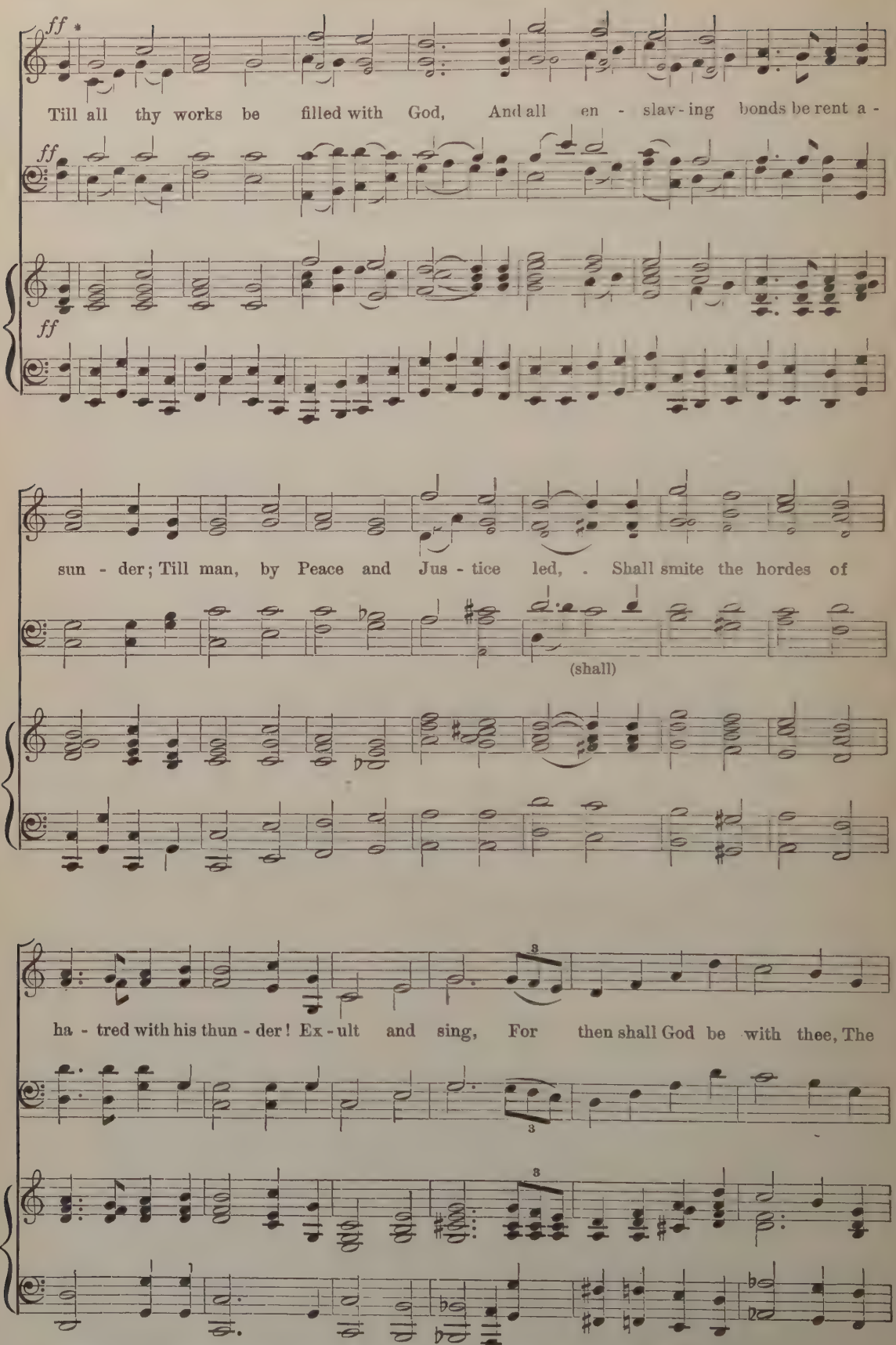
Frederic Manley. *F. Mendelssohn.*
Adapted by N. C. P.


Maestoso. ♩ = 69.
p. 96.
p
sf p
sf p cres.
cres.
a poco
mf
cres.
ff
f
1. Oh, might - y soul, re - joice! Thy chains are bro - ken; On land and sea We
2. With praise and song For Jus - tice now hath spo - ken— No more thy head Is
f
fp
ff
hail thee free With u - ni - ver - sal voice; Re-joice! Re - joice! Re -
bowed in dread Be-neath the yoke of wrong.
sf
sf
Ped.

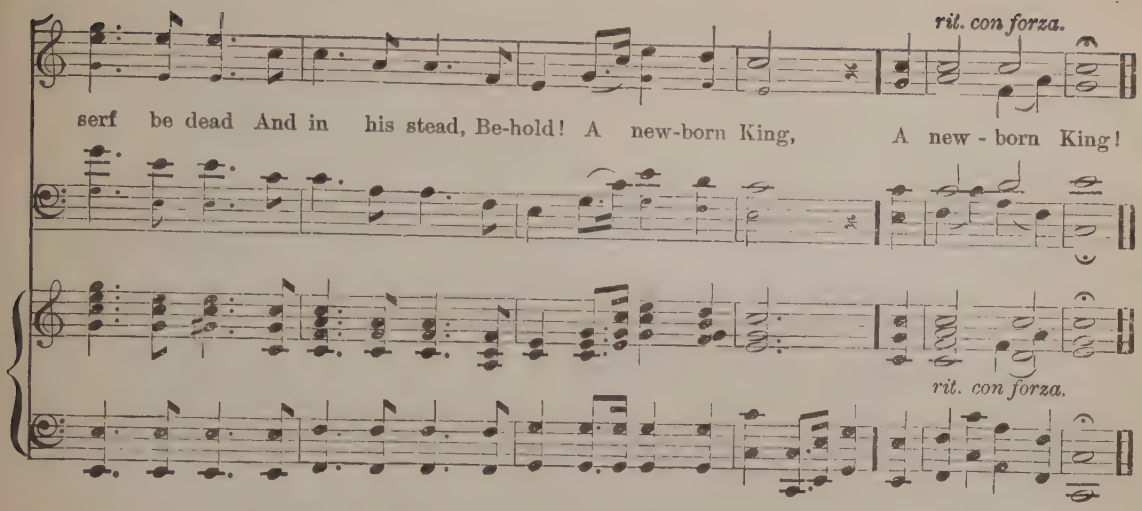

joice! Re - joice! The night is fled That cursed thee, a - ges
sf sf sf sf sf sf
Ped. *
ff
long! Ex - ult and sing! No . . more shall greed en - slave thee, The
ff fz
serf is dead And in his stead, Be - hold, a new - born King!
p Altos Alone.
Now be thou kind as thou art . . strong; Re -
p
mem - ber not long a - ges that op - pressed thee. For -


poco
cres.
f
dim.
get thy tears; for get the ty - rants, wrong. And
Col 8
All Voices.
trust Him still whose hand hath led and blessed thee. Let
strength and power with Love be bright, And
dim.
may her mer - cy ev - er guide and rule thee.
mf
cres
The yoke is gone, The sor - row done, And lo, . . . Thy


cause . . is crowned . with light. . . Oh, na - ture's lord, Thou hast
tamed the aw - ful thun - der; The light-ning leaps, Thro' heaven's deeps To bear thy light -est
word. Re - joice! Re - joice! Oh, child di - vine, Re - joice! All
things of heav'n and earth are thine. Yet bow thy head, For all thy wis-dom's
won - der Is vain and slight, And all thy might Till self and wrong be dead;


ff *
Till all thy works be filled with God, And all en - slav - ing bonds be rent a -
ff
ff
sun - der; Till man, by Peace and Jus - tice led, . Shall smite the hordes of
(shall)
ha - tred with his thun - der! Ex - ult and sing, For then shall God be with thee, The

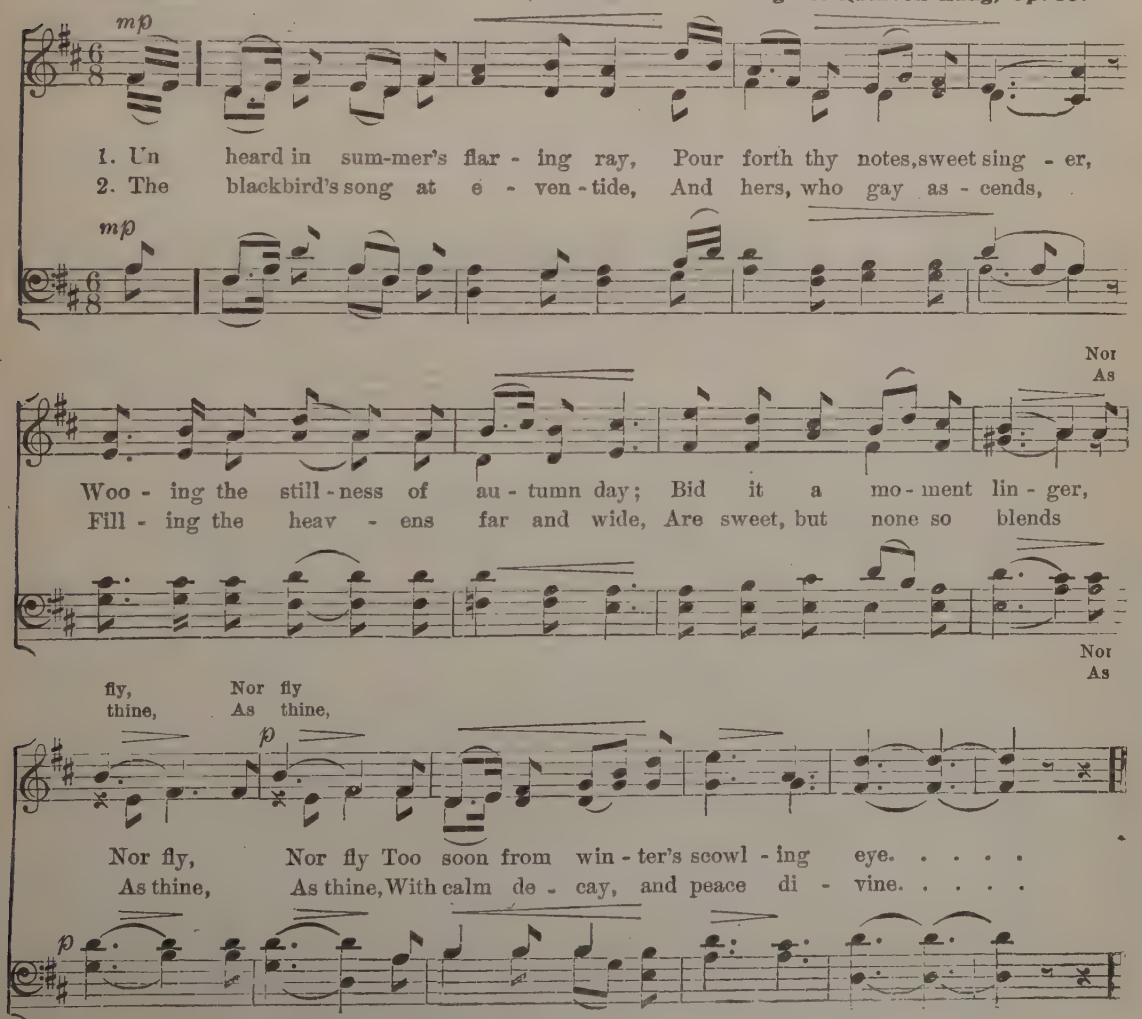
*If unison is preferred, Altos and Basses will sing lower octave of melody (small notes) where necessary.



TO THE RED-BREAST.

R. E. p. 81.

John Keble. *Margaret Ruthven Lang, Op. 38.*


mp
1. Un heard in sum-mer's flar - ing ray, Pour forth thy notes, sweet sing - er,
2. The blackbird's song at e - ven - tide, And hers, who gay as - cends,
mp
Nor
As
Woo - ing the still - ness of au - tumn day; Bid it a mo - ment lin - ger,
Fill - ing the heav - ens far and wide, Are sweet, but none so blends
Nor
As
fly, Nor fly
thine, As thine,
p
Nor fly, Nor fly Too soon from win - ter's scowl - ing eye. . . . .
As thine, As thine, With calm de - cay, and peace di - vine. . . . .
p

WANDERING.

(FUSSREISE.)

English translation from the original German of Eduard Morike.

Hugo Wolf.

With animation.

R. E. p. 174

mf

When with my new - cut walk - ing staff forth I saun - ter ear - ly

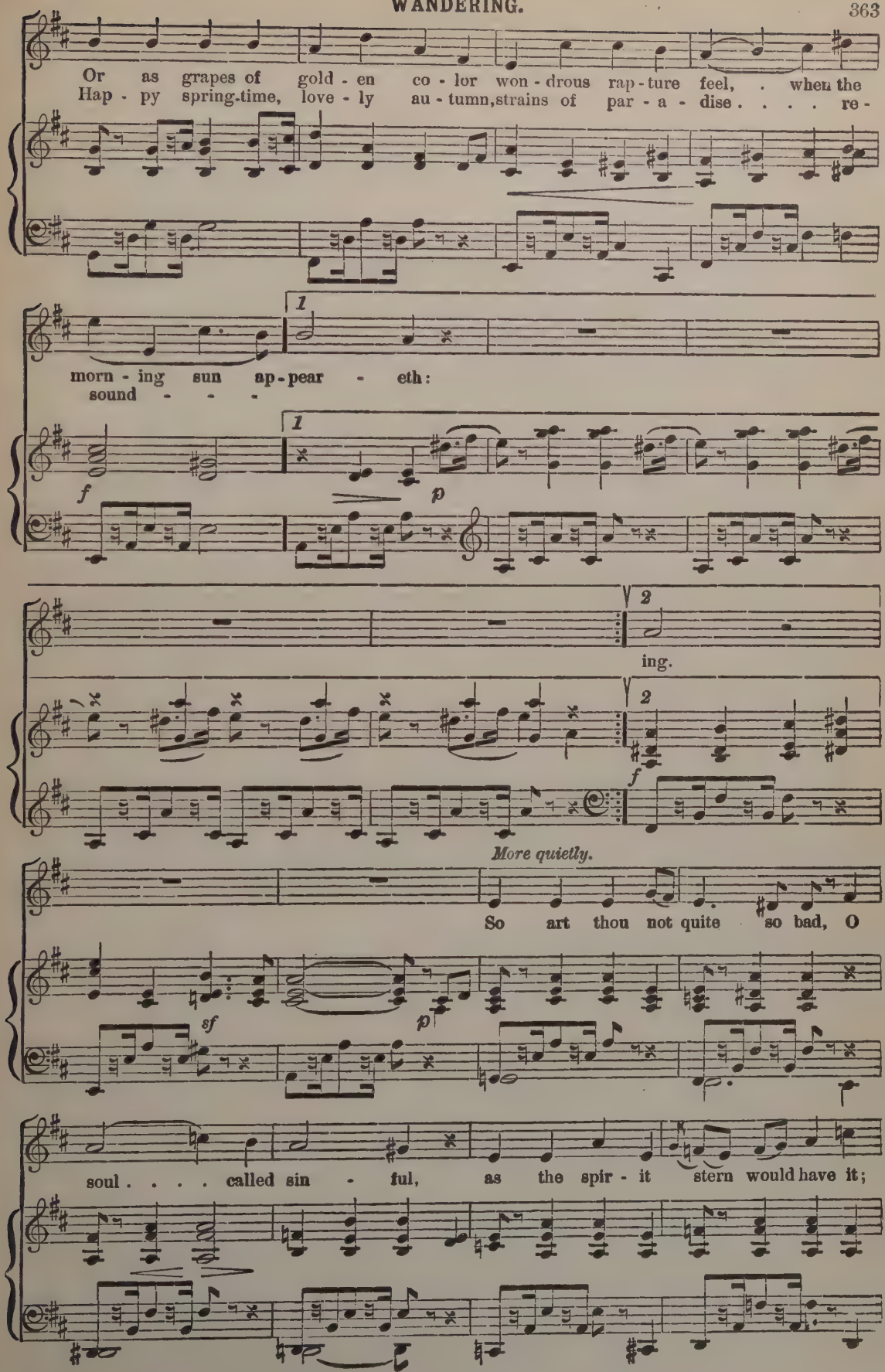
p

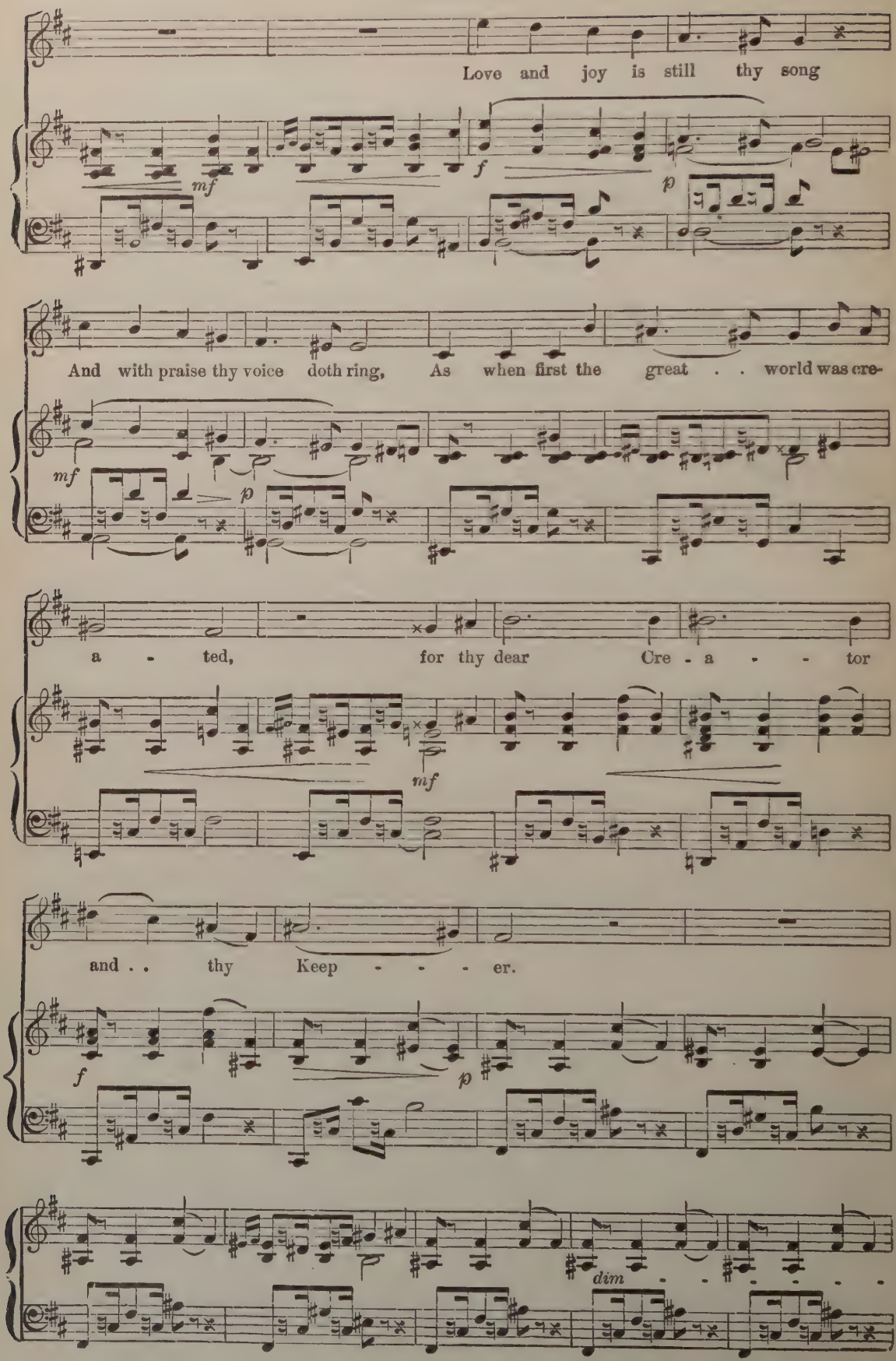
o - - ver hill and val - ley, through the woods my path:

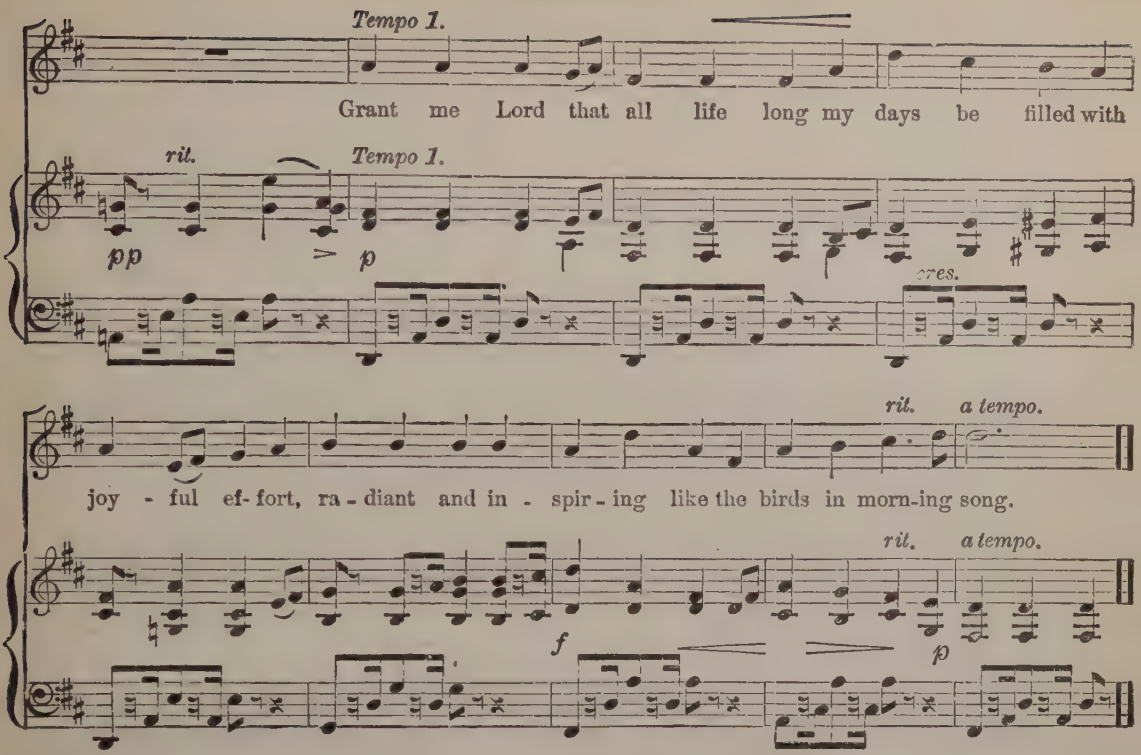
f *p*

Then as birds in ar - - bor, sing with se - cret thrill, . . .
Thus my in - most soul doth wa - ken, glo - ry fills my heart; . . .

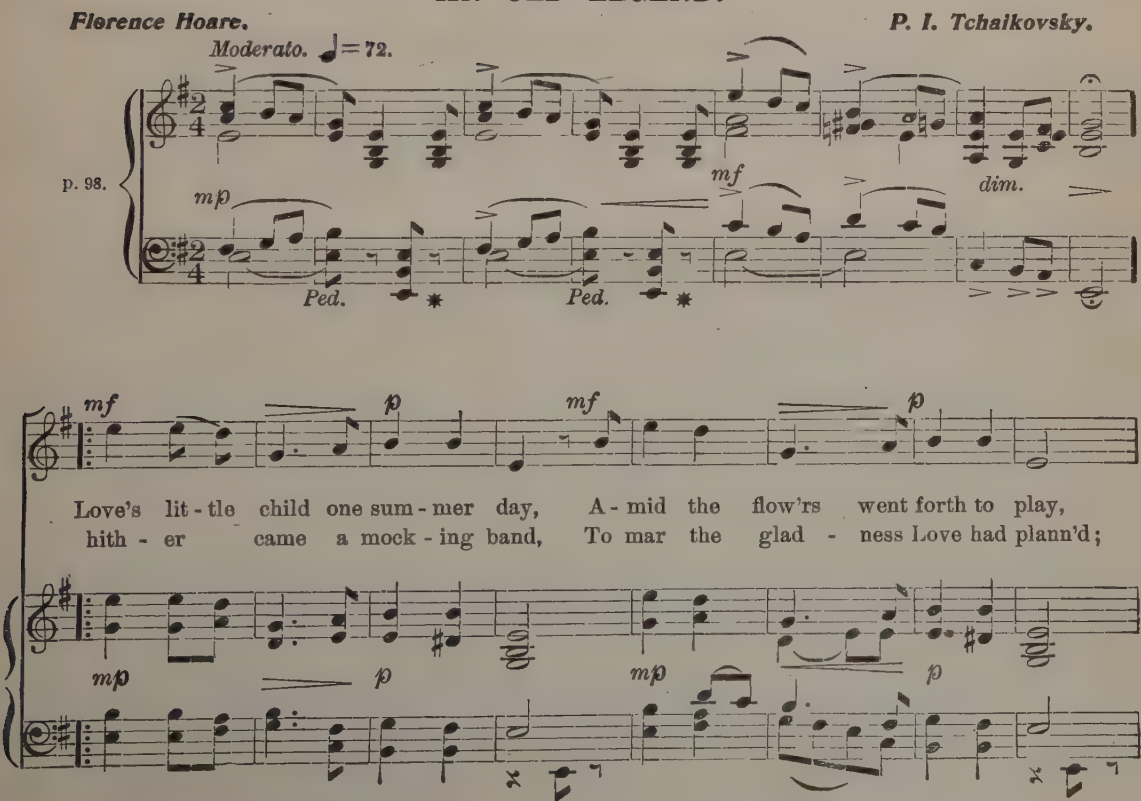
pp

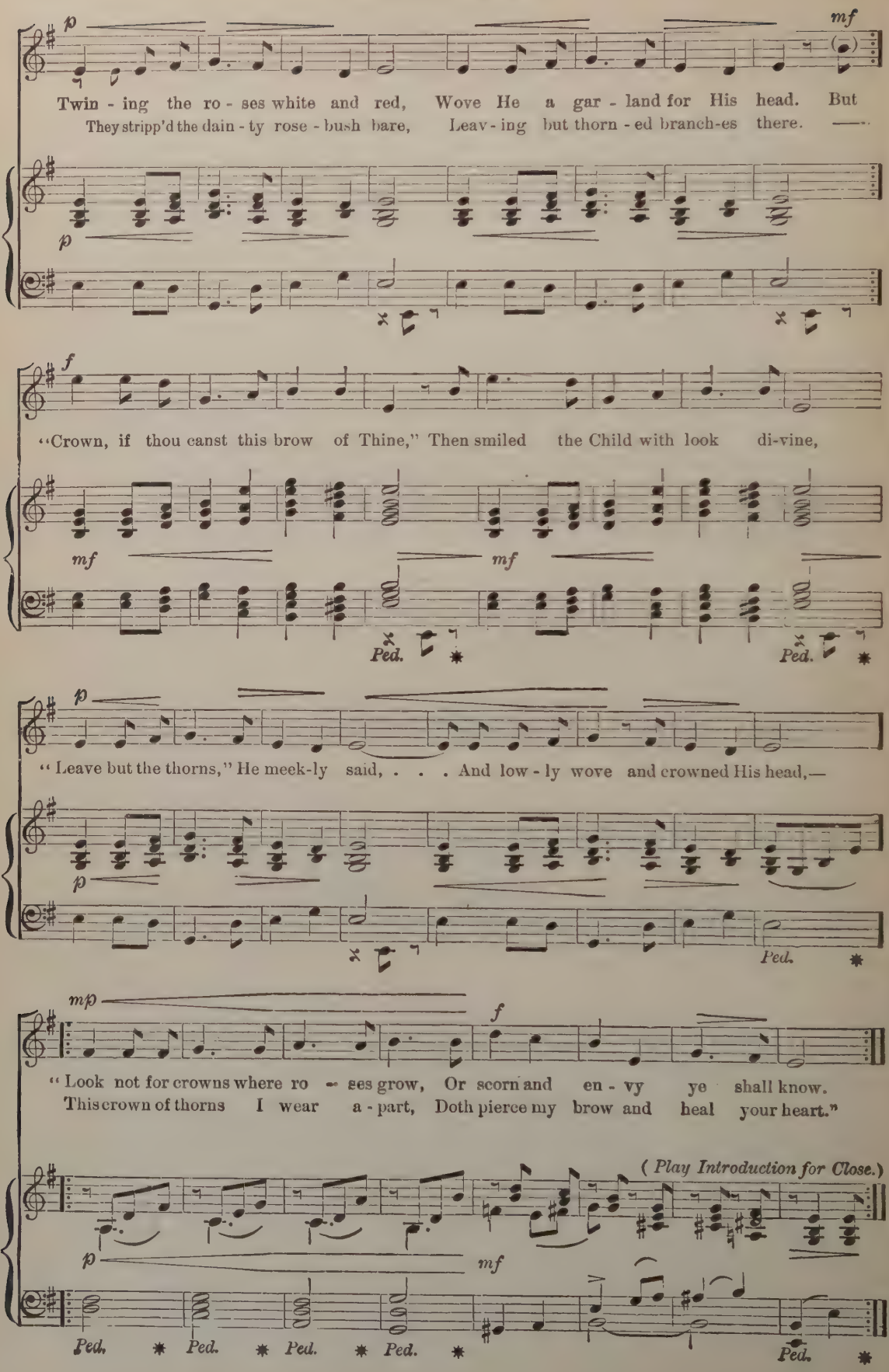

Or as grapes of gold - en co - lor won - drous rap - ture feel, . when the
Hap - py spring-time, love - ly au - tumn, strains of par - a - dise . . . . re -
morn - ing sun ap - pear - eth:
sound - - -
ing.
More quietly.
So art thou not quite so bad, O
soul . . . . called sin - ful, as the spir - it stern would have it;


Love and joy is still thy song
mf
f
p
And with praise thy voice doth ring, As when first the great . . world was cre-
mf
p
a - ted, for thy dear Cre - a - - tor
mf
and . . thy Keep - - - - er.
f
p
dim



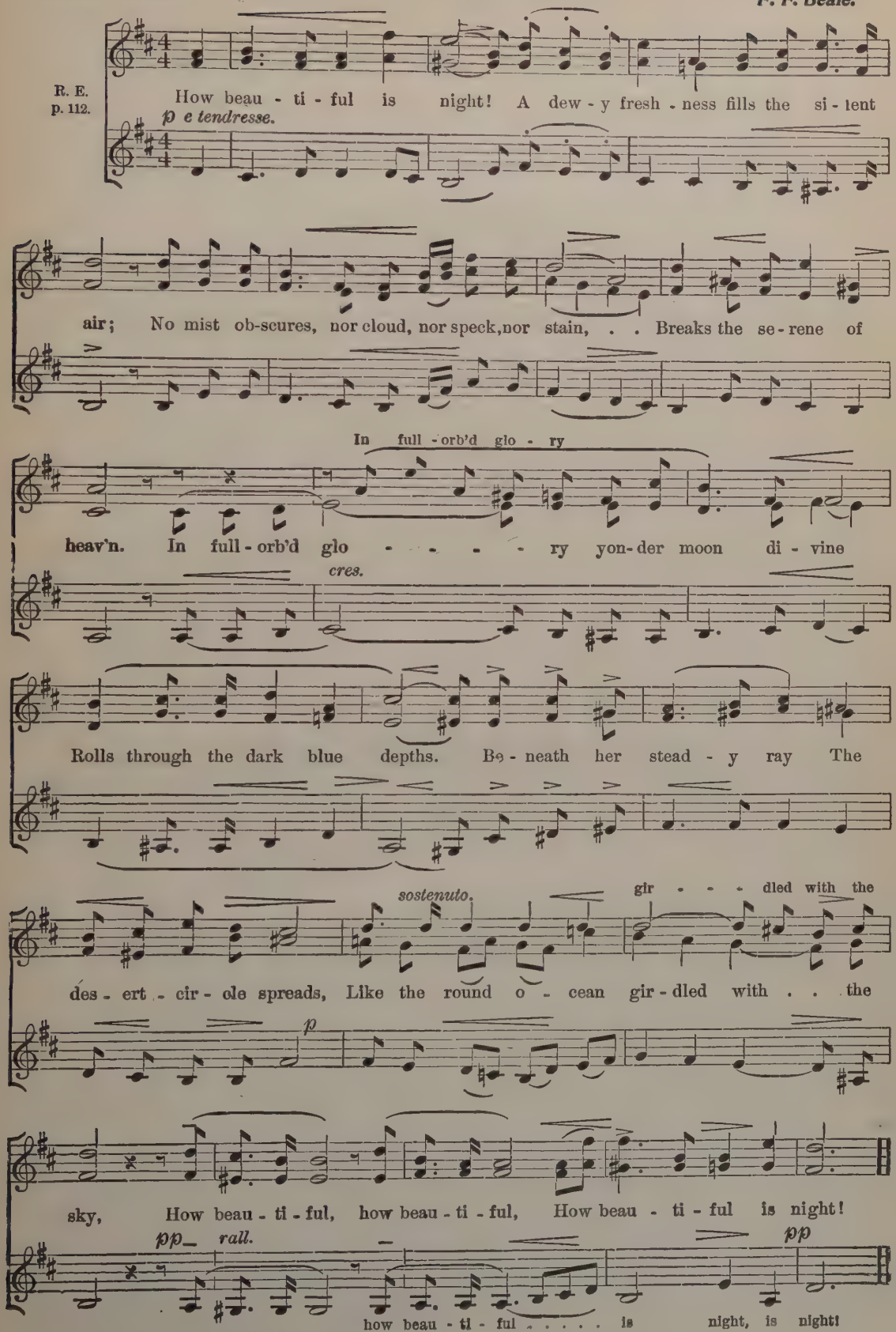
AN OLD LEGEND.




p
mf
Twin - ing the ro - ses white and red, Wove He a gar - land for His head. But
They stripp'd the dain - ty rose - bush bare, Leav - ing but thorn - ed branch-es there.
f
"Crown, if thou canst this brow of Thine," Then smiled the Child with look di-vine,
mf
mf
Ped.
Ped.
p
" Leave but the thorns," He meek-ly said, . . . And low - ly wove and crowned His head,—
Ped.
mp
f
" Look not for crowns where ro - ses grow, Or scorn and en - vy ye shall know.
This crown of thorns I wear a - part, Doth pierce my brow and heal your heart."
(Play Introduction for Close.)
p
mf
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
Ped.

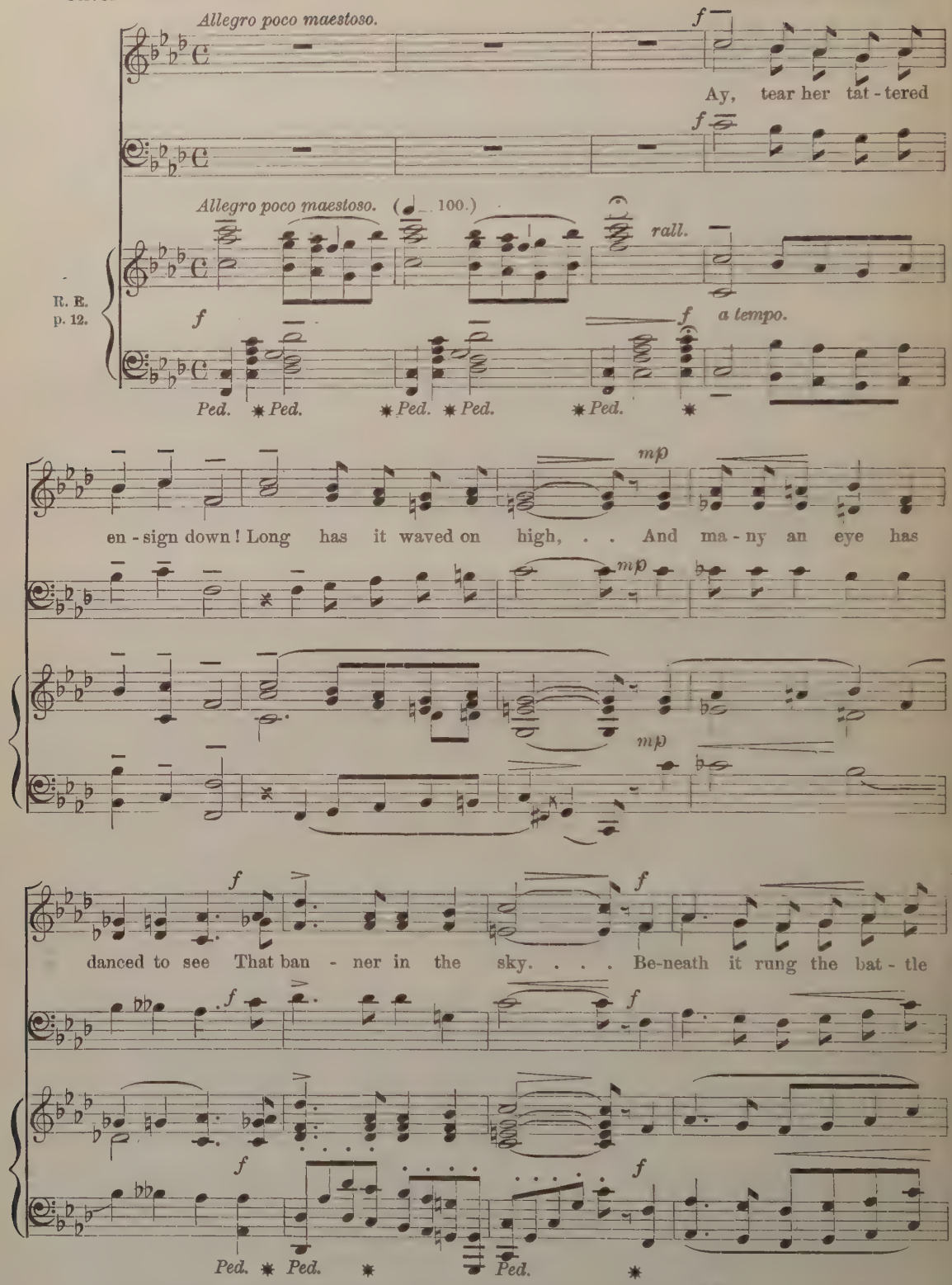
NIGHT IN THE DESERT.

Robert Southey. *F. F. Beale.*


R. E. p. 112.
p e tendresse.
How beau - ti - ful is night! A dew - y fresh - ness fills the si - lent
air; No mist ob-scures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain, . . Breaks the se - rene of
In full - orb'd glo - ry
heav'n. In full - orb'd glo - - - - - ry yon - der moon di - vine
cres.
Rolls through the dark blue depths. Be - neath her stead - y ray The
sostenuto.
gir - - - dled with the
des - ert - cir - cle spreads, Like the round o - cean gir - dled with . . the
p
sky, How beau - ti - ful, how beau - ti - ful, How beau - ti - ful is night!
pp rall.
pp
how beau - ti - ful . . . . . is night, is night!

OLD IRONSIDES.

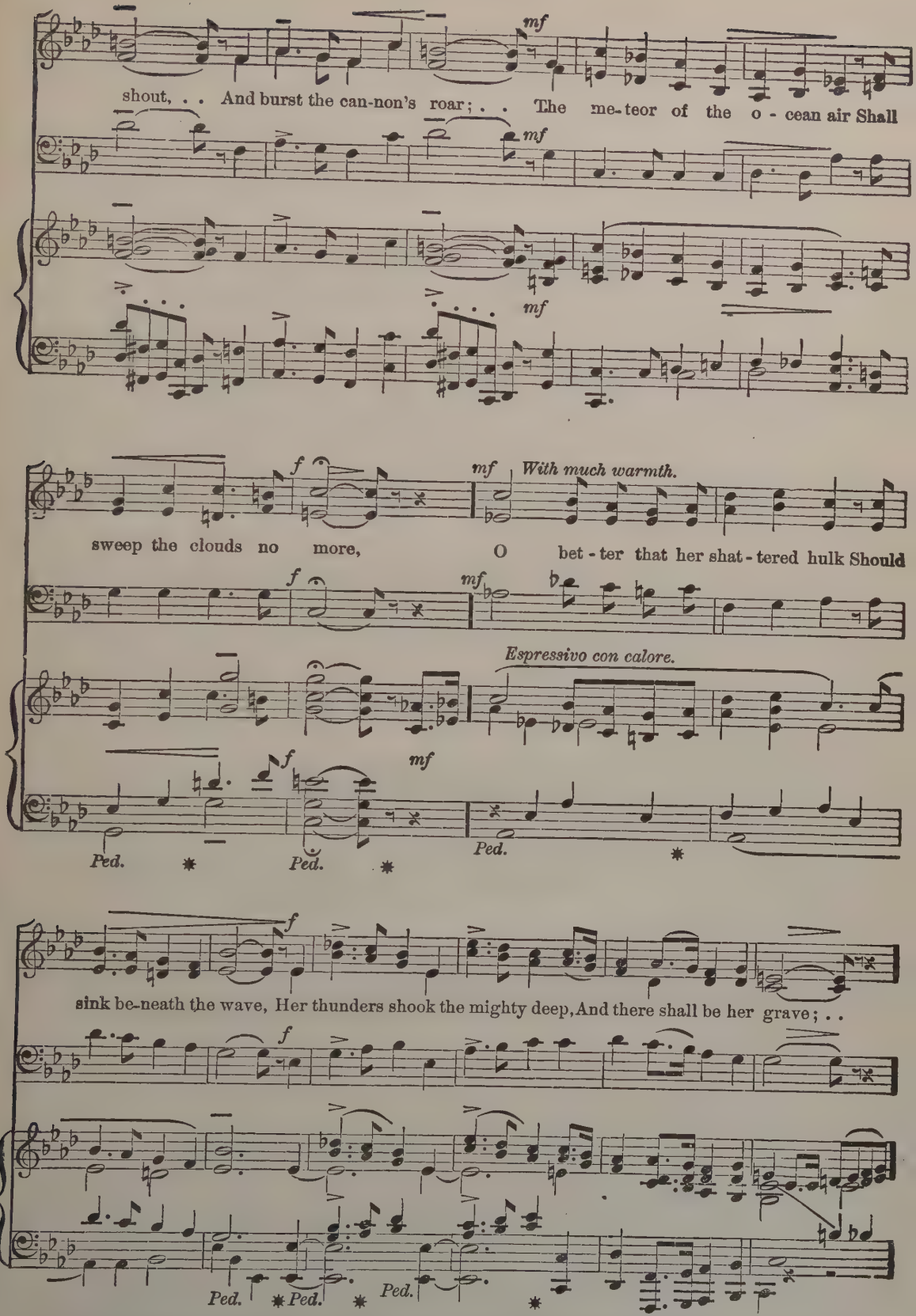
Oliver Wendell Holmes. *Bruno Oscar Klein.*


Allegro poco maestoso.
f
Ay, tear her tat - tered
Allegro poco maestoso. (♩ 100.)
rall.
R. R. p. 12.
a tempo.
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
mp
en - sign down! Long has it waved on high, . . And ma - ny an eye has
danced to see That ban - ner in the sky. . . . Be-neath it rung the bat - tle
Ped. Ped. Ped.

1. An indignant protest against the proposal to dismantle the heroic old "Constitution," our most famous battleship.

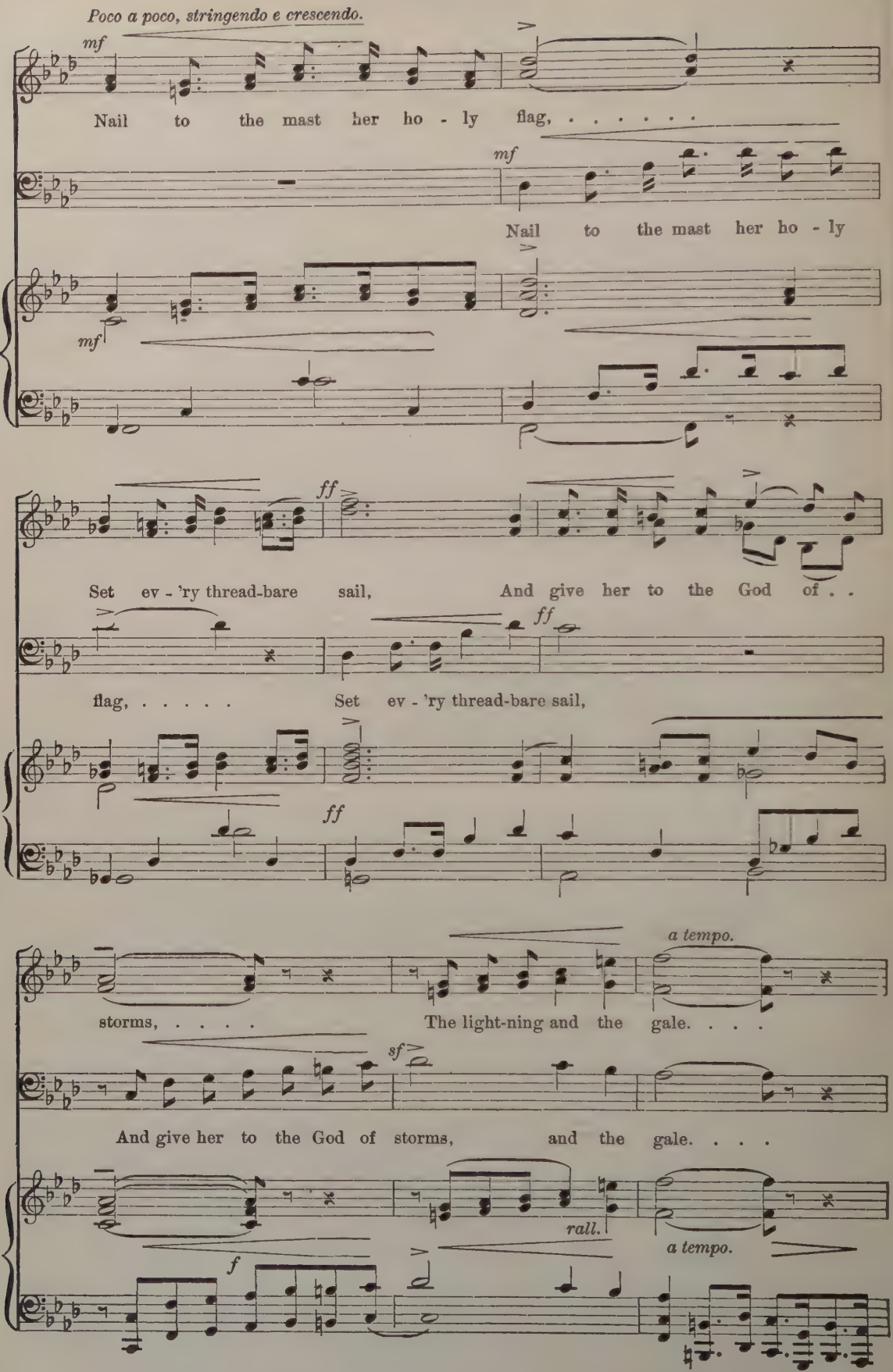
2. The poet begins in scathing satire (Ay, tear her tattered ensign, etc.) through which runs a strain of sadness engendered by the thought of man's forgetfulness and ingratitude.

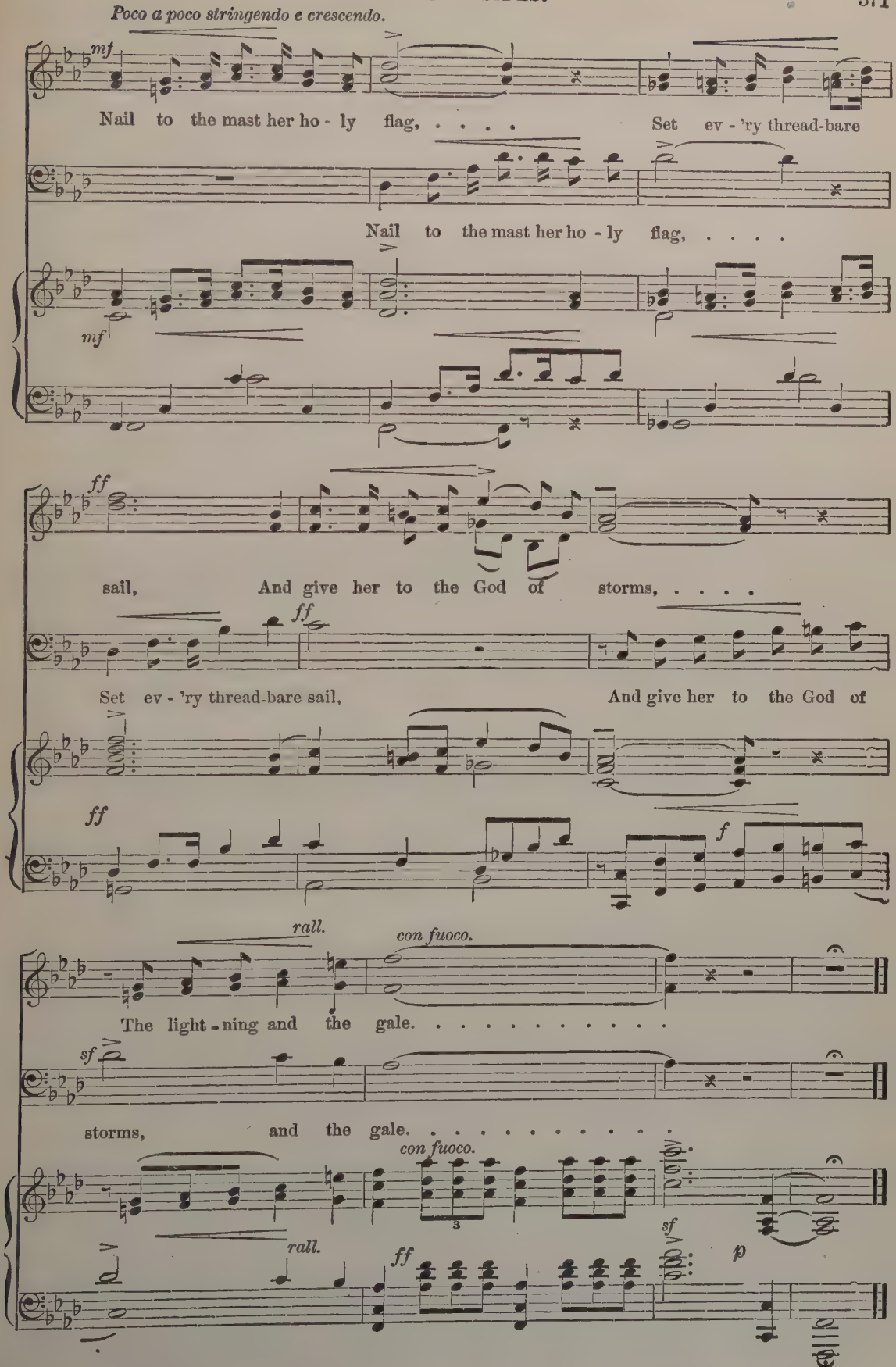
3. But his emotions soon become too strong to permit of any indirection of expression, and he speaks out with impassioned boldness, exhorting his fellow-countrymen to cherish the memory of the illustrious deeds associated with the name and history of the old ship.



4. Then in notes of epic strength, he bids them send the vessel forth to perish amid the scenes of her former triumphs and glory,—to the illimitable sea, which defiles not, and to the tempests and lightnings, whose rage and fires are alone worthy of being the conquerors of a ship never subdued by the rage or fire of an enemy.

5. Triumph, pride and challenge, are the dominant notes of this closing verse.


Poco a poco, stringendo e crescendo.
mf
Nail to the mast her ho - ly flag, ...
mf
Nail to the mast her ho - ly
mf
ff
Set ev - 'ry thread-bare sail, And give her to the God of . .
ff
flag, ... Set ev - 'ry thread-bare sail,
ff
a tempo.
storms, ... The light-ning and the gale. . . .
sf
And give her to the God of storms, and the gale. . . .
rall.
a tempo.
f


Poco a poco stringendo e crescendo.
mf
Nail to the mast her ho - ly flag, ... Set ev - 'ry thread-bare
Nail to the mast her ho - ly flag, ...
mf
ff
sail, And give her to the God of storms, ...
ff
Set ev - 'ry thread-bare sail, And give her to the God of
ff
f
rall.
con fuoco.
The light - ning and the gale. . . . . .
sf
storms, and the gale. . . . . .
con fuoco.
rall.
ff
sf
p

SLEEP AND POETRY.

John Keats. *Henry F. Gilbert.*

Allegretto non troppo.

R. E. p. 6.

What is more gen - tle than a breeze in sum - mer? What is more

hum - mer That

sooth - ing than the pret - ty hum - mer That stays . one mo - ment in an

o - pen flow'r, And buzz - - es cheer - i - ly from bow'r to

blow - ing

bow'r? What is more tran - quil than a musk - rose blow - ing

rit. *a tempo.*

In a green land, far . from all men's know - ing? More health-ful than the

rit.

leaf - i - ness of dales? More se - cret than a nest of night - in - gales?

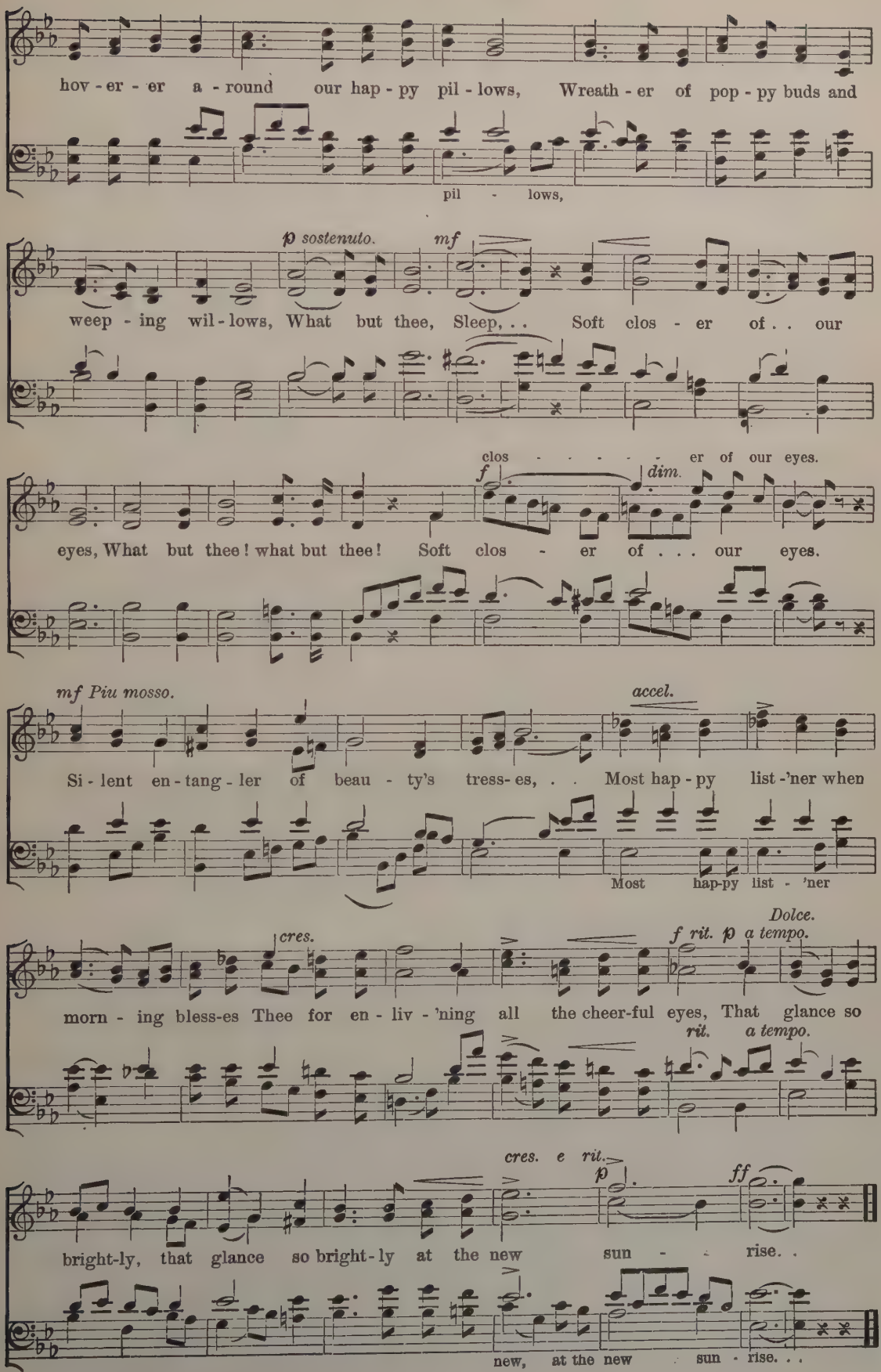
a tempo. *mf* *dim.*

What but thee! Sleep! Soft clos - er of our eyes, What but thee! What but thee! Soft

sostenuto. Soft . . .

piu mosso grazioso.

clos - er of our eyes, Low mur-m'rer of ten - der lul - la - bies, Light


hov - er - er a - round our hap - py pil - lows, Wreath - er of pop - py buds and
pil - lows,
p sostenuto.
mf
weep - ing wil - lows, What but thee, Sleep, . . Soft clos - er of . . our
clos - - - - - er of our eyes.
f
dim.
eyes, What but thee! what but thee! Soft clos - er of . . . our eyes.
mf Piu mosso.
accel.
Si - lent en - tang - ler of beau - ty's tress - es, . . Most hap - py list - 'ner when
Most hap-py list - 'ner
cres.
Dolce.
f rit. p a tempo.
morn - ing bless-es Thee for en - liv - 'ning all the cheer-ful eyes, That glance so
rit. a tempo.
cres. e rit.
p
ff
bright-ly, that glance so bright - ly at the new sun - - rise. .
new, at the new sun - rise. . .

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

Psalm xxiii. *W. W. Gilchrist.*

Andante con moto.

The Lord is my Shep-herd, I . . shall not want. He mak-eth me to

The Lord is my Shep-herd, I . . shall not want. He

R. E. p. 72.

lie down, to lie down in green pas - tures, He lead - eth me be - side the still

mak-eth me to lie down, to lie down in green pas - tures, He lead - eth me be -

wa - - ters. He re - stor - eth my soul, He re - stor - eth my soul.

side the still wa-ters. He re - stor - eth my soul, re - stor - eth my soul.

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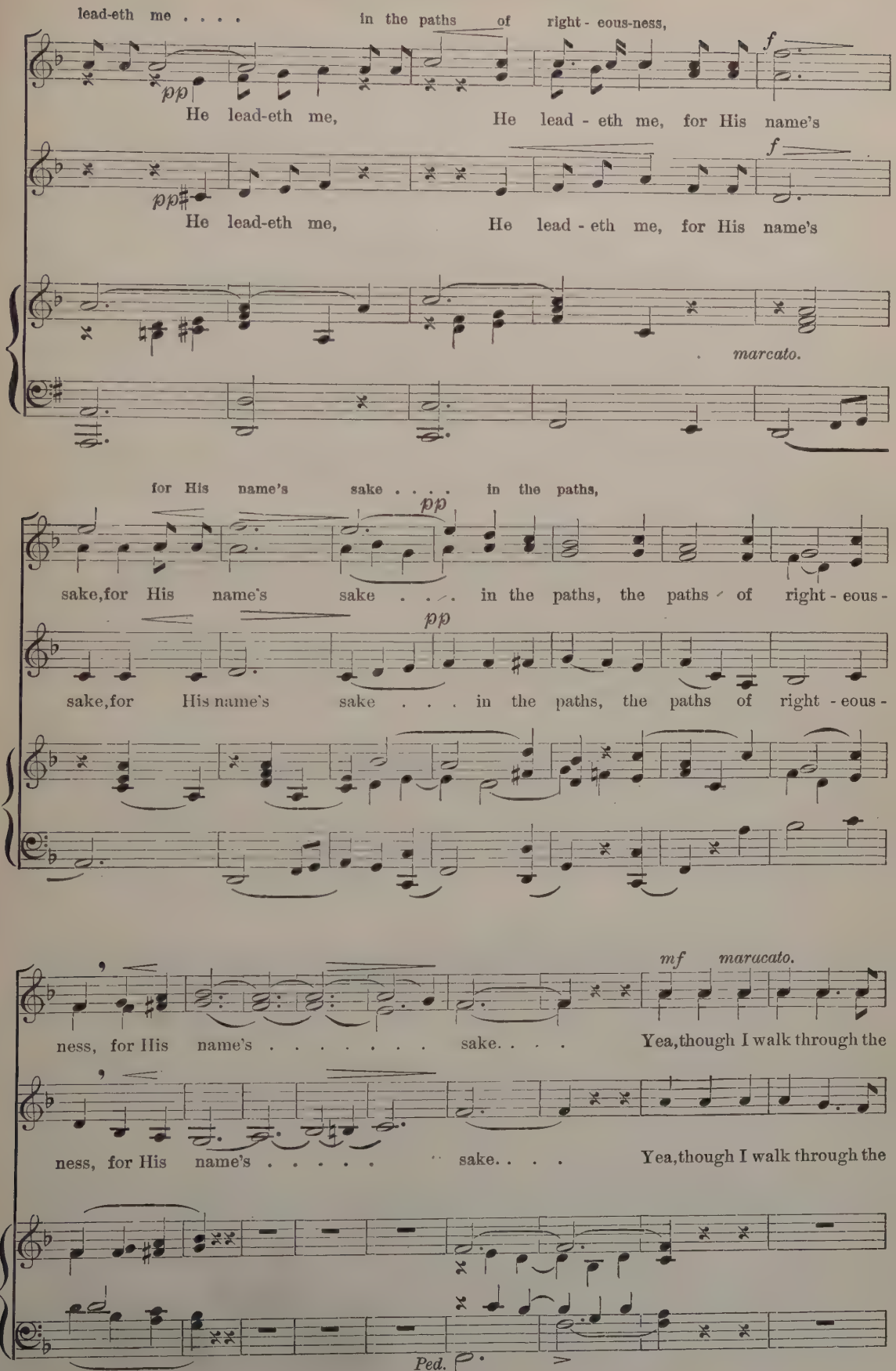
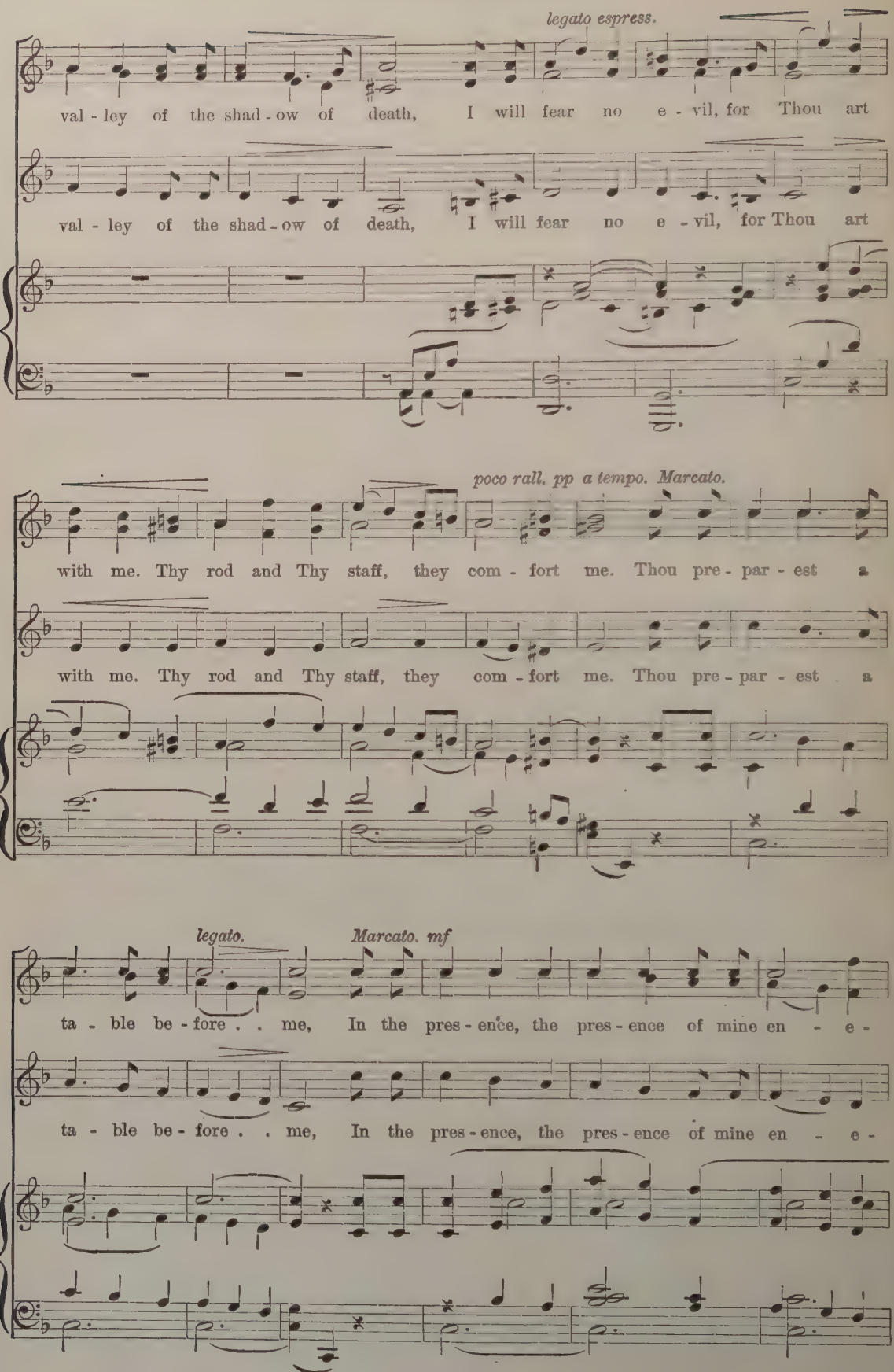
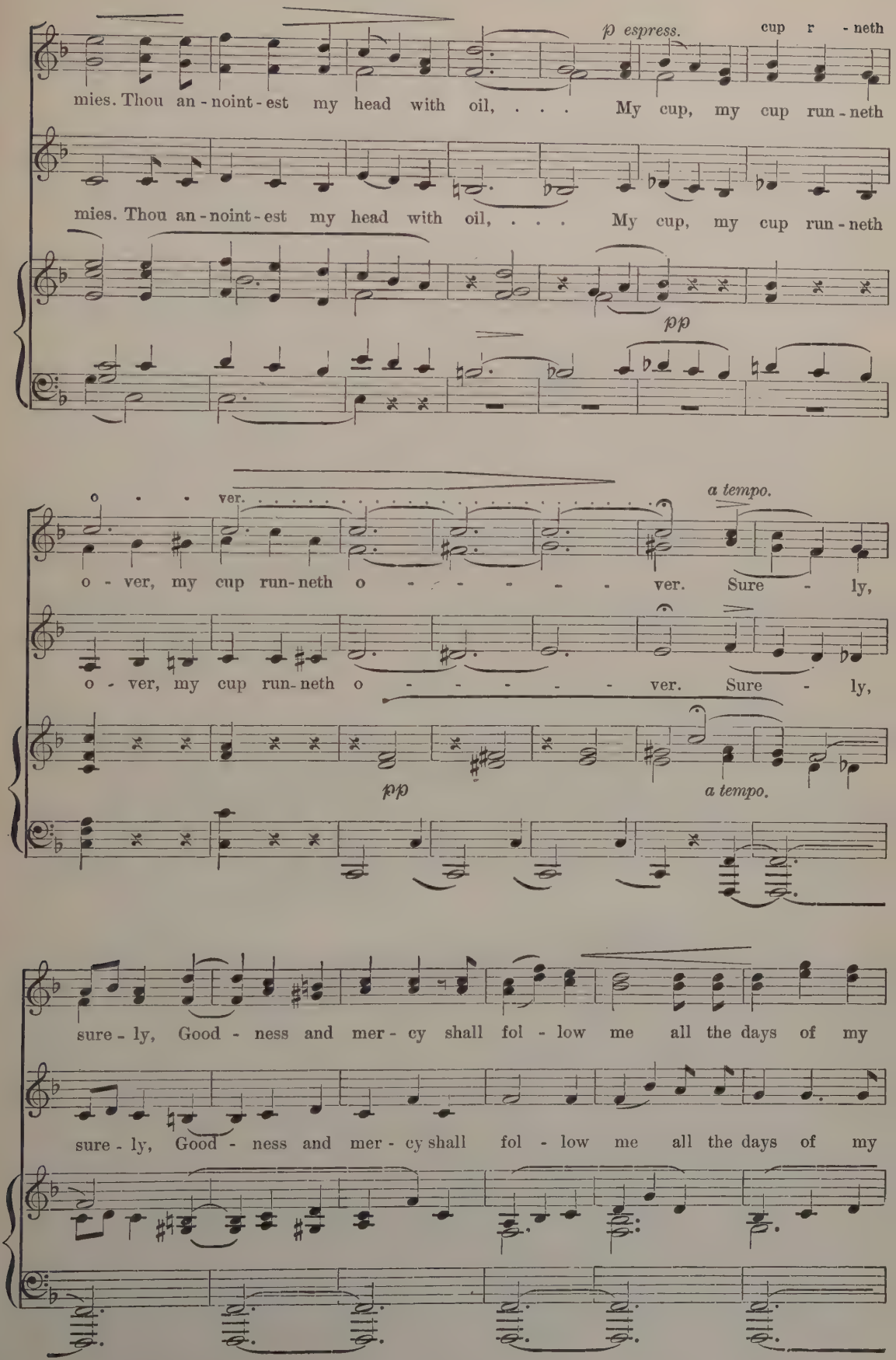
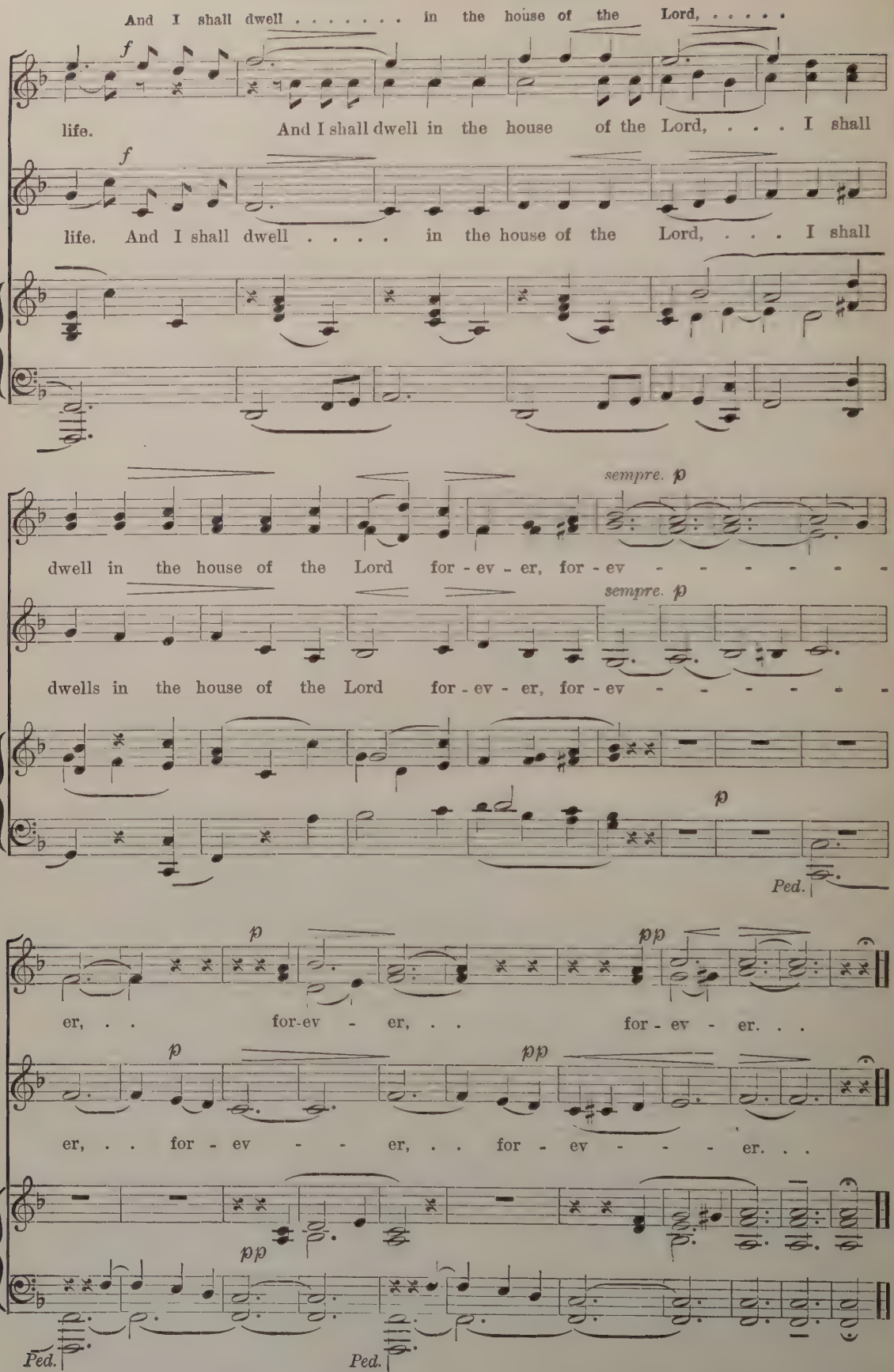

lead-eth me . . . . in the paths of right - eous-ness,
pp
He lead-eth me, He lead - eth me, for His name's
f
pp
He lead-eth me, He lead - eth me, for His name's
f
marcato.
for His name's sake . . . . in the paths,
pp
sake, for His name's sake . . . . in the paths, the paths of right - eous -
pp
sake, for His name's sake . . . in the paths, the paths of right - eous -
mf
maracato.
ness, for His name's . . . . . sake. . . . Yea, though I walk through the
ness, for His name's . . . . . sake. . . . Yea, though I walk through the
Ped.

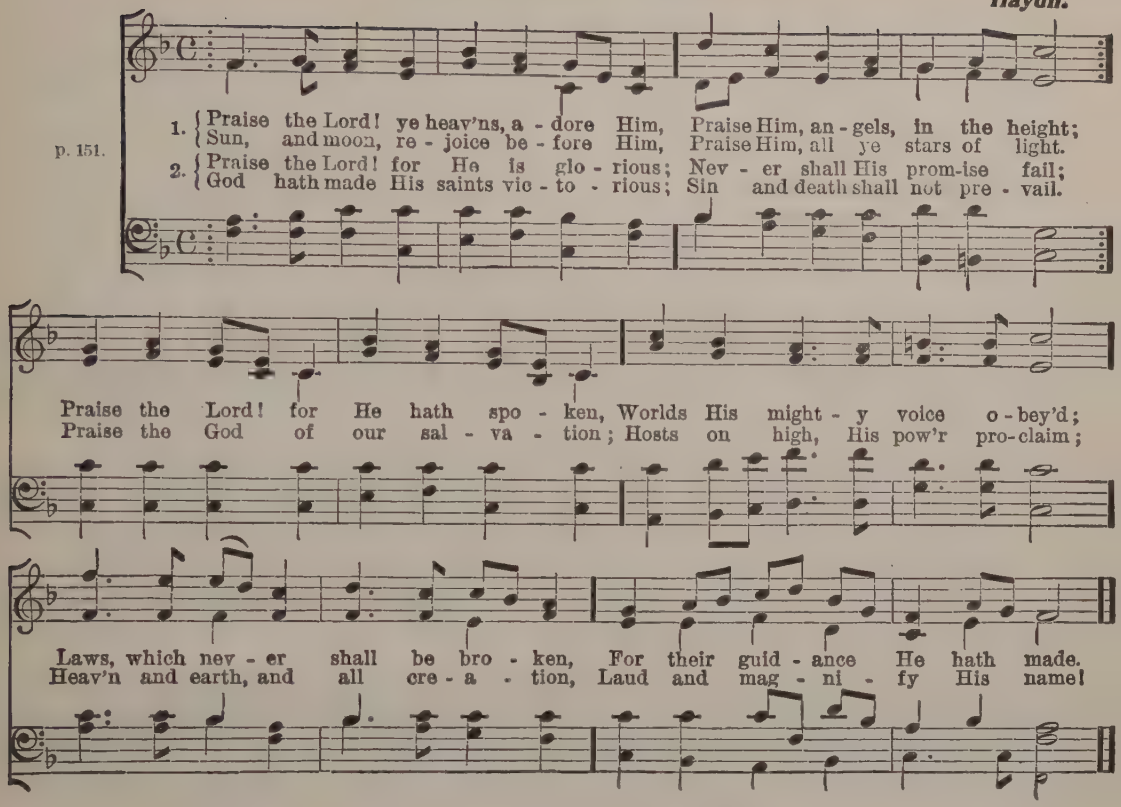

legato espress.
val - ley of the shad - ow of death, I will fear no e - vil, for Thou art
val - ley of the shad - ow of death, I will fear no e - vil, for Thou art
poco rall. pp a tempo. Marcato.
with me. Thy rod and Thy staff, they com - fort me. Thou pre - par - est a
with me. Thy rod and Thy staff, they com - fort me. Thou pre - par - est a
legato.
Marcato. mf
ta - ble be - fore . . me, In the pres - ence, the pres - ence of mine en - e -
ta - ble be - fore . . me, In the pres - ence, the pres - ence of mine en - e -


p espress.
mies. Thou an - noint - est my head with oil, . . . My cup, my cup run - neth
mies. Thou an - noint - est my head with oil, . . . My cup, my cup run - neth
pp
o . . . ver.
a tempo.
o - ver, my cup run - neth o - - - - - - ver. Sure - ly,
o - ver, my cup run - neth o - - - - - - ver. Sure - ly,
pp
a tempo.
sure - ly, Good - ness and mer - cy shall fol - low me all the days of my
sure - ly, Good - ness and mer - cy shall fol - low me all the days of my


And I shall dwell . . . . . in the house of the Lord, ...
f
life. And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord, . . . I shall
f
life. And I shall dwell . . . . in the house of the Lord, . . . I shall
sempre. p
dwell in the house of the Lord for - ev - er, for - ev - - - - - - -
sempre. p
dwells in the house of the Lord for - ev - er, for - ev - - - - - - -
p
Ped.
p
pp
er, . . for-ev - er, . . for - ev - er. . .
p
pp
er, . . for - ev - - - er, . . for - ev - - - - er. . .
pp
Ped.
Ped.

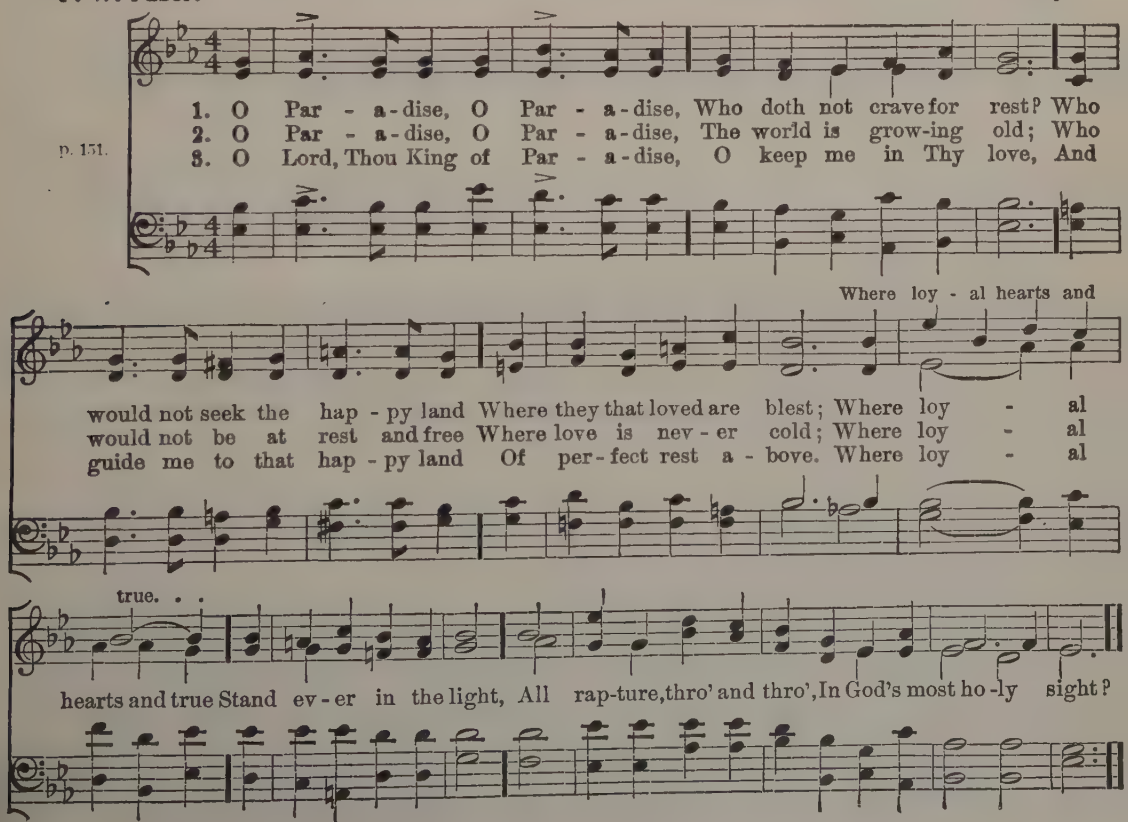
AUSTRIAN HYMN.

Haydn.


p. 151.
1. Praise the Lord! ye heav'ns, a - dore Him, Praise Him, an - gels, in the height;
Sun, and moon, re - joice be - fore Him, Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
2. Praise the Lord! for He is glo - rious; Nev - er shall His prom-ise fail;
God hath made His saints vic - to - rious; Sin and death shall not pre - vail.
Praise the Lord! for He hath spo - ken, Worlds His might - y voice o - bey'd;
Praise the God of our sal - va - tion; Hosts on high, His pow'r pro-claim;
Laws, which nev - er shall be bro - ken, For their guid - ance He hath made.
Heav'n and earth, and all cre - a - tion, Laud and mag - ni - fy His name!

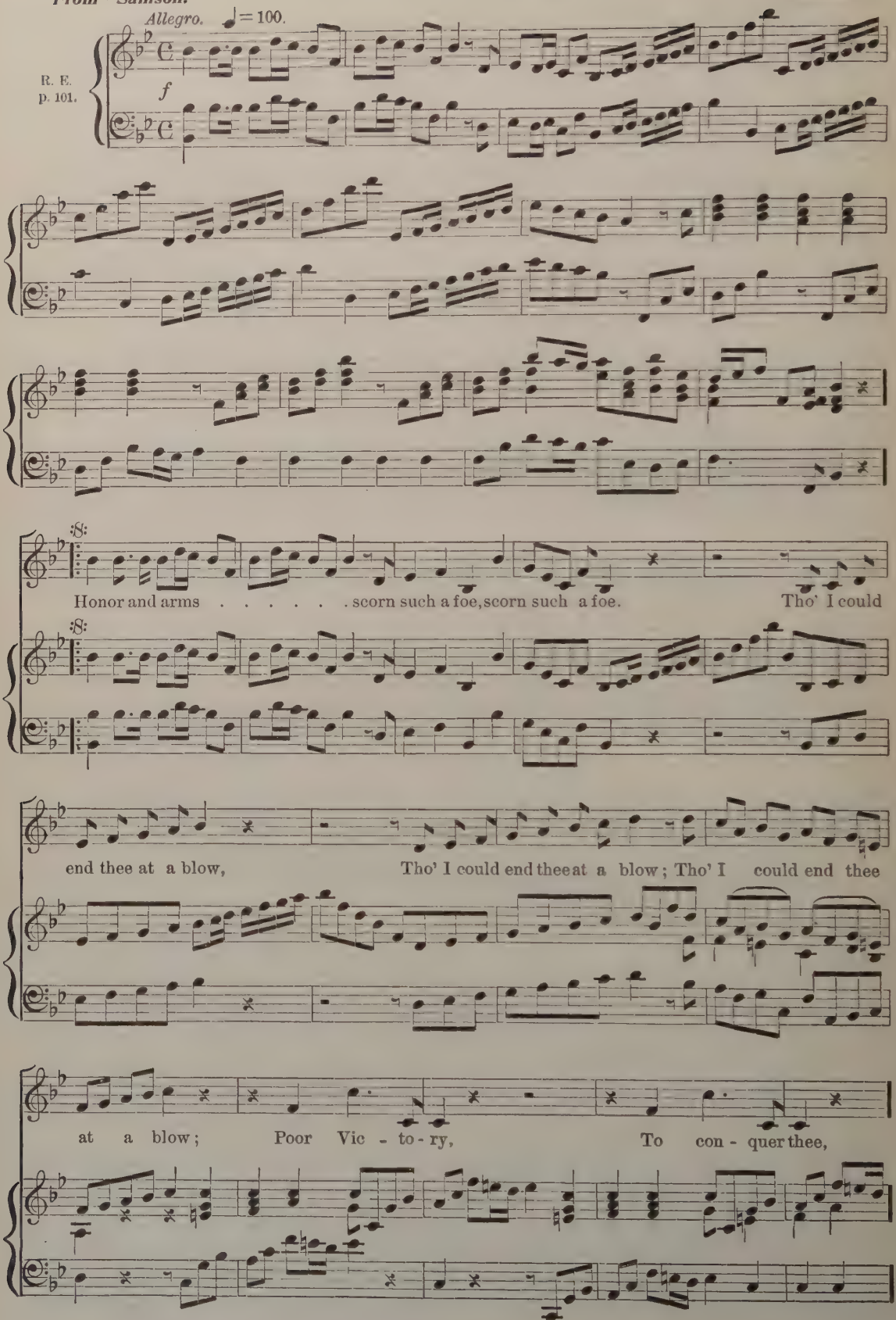
O PARADISE, O PARADISE.

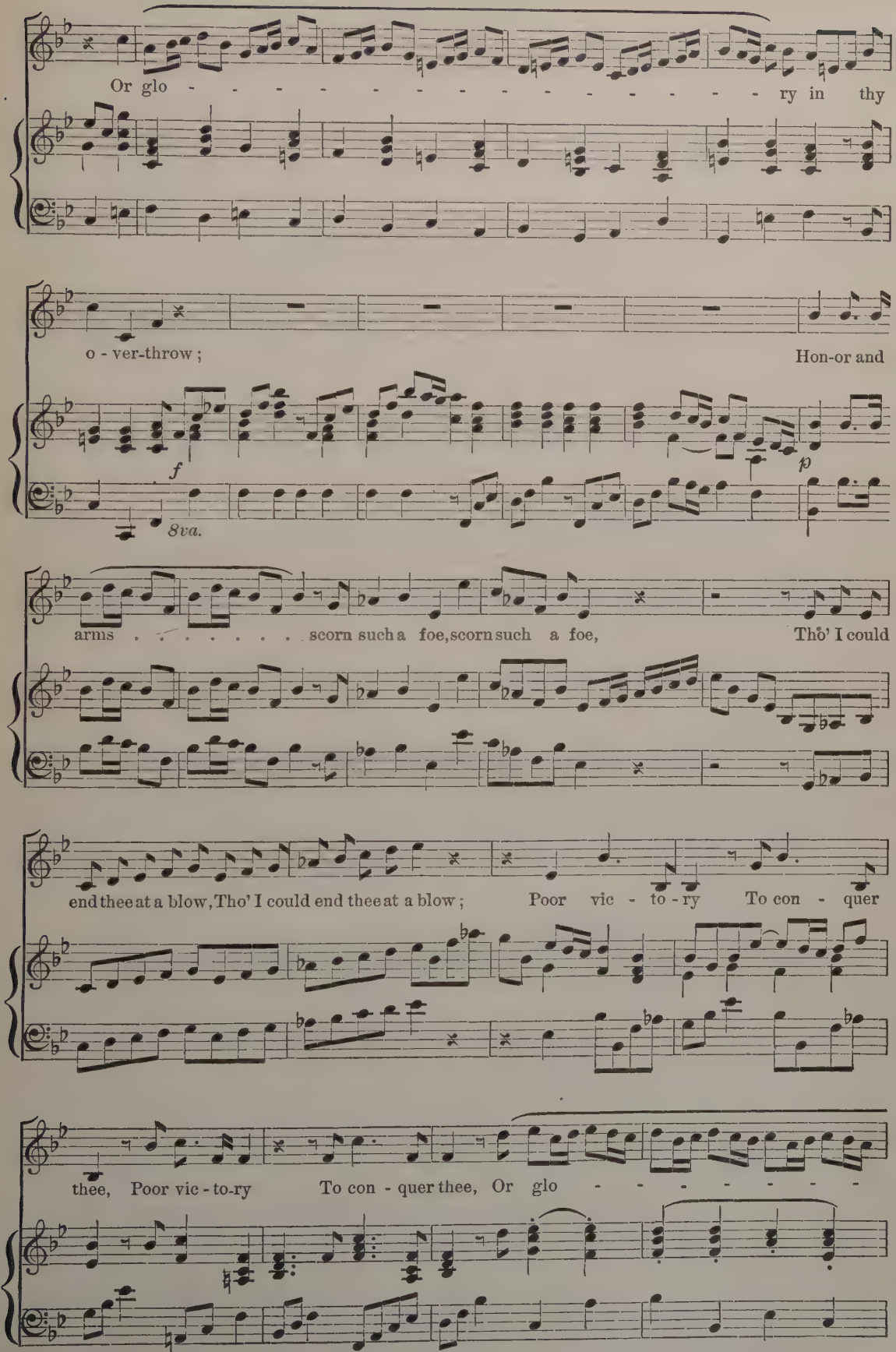
F. W. Faber. *J. Barnby.*

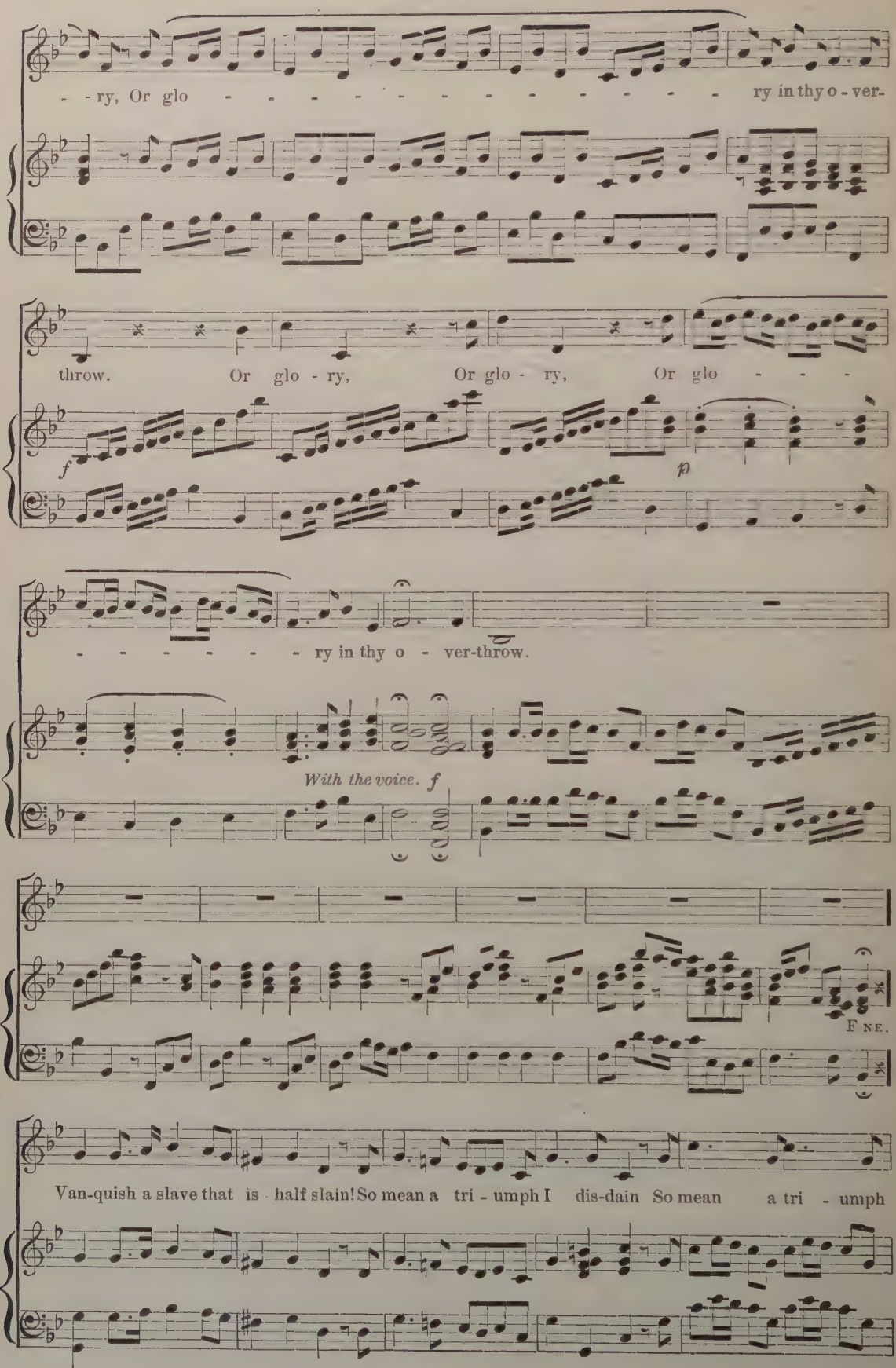

p. 151.
1. O Par - a-dise, O Par - a-dise, Who doth not crave for rest? Who
2. O Par - a-dise, O Par - a-dise, The world is grow-ing old; Who
3. O Lord, Thou King of Par - a-dise, O keep me in Thy love, And
Where loy - al hearts and
would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest; Where loy - al
would not be at rest and free Where love is nev - er cold; Where loy - al
guide me to that hap - py land Of per-fect rest a - bove. Where loy - al
true. . .
hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light, All rap-ture, thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight?

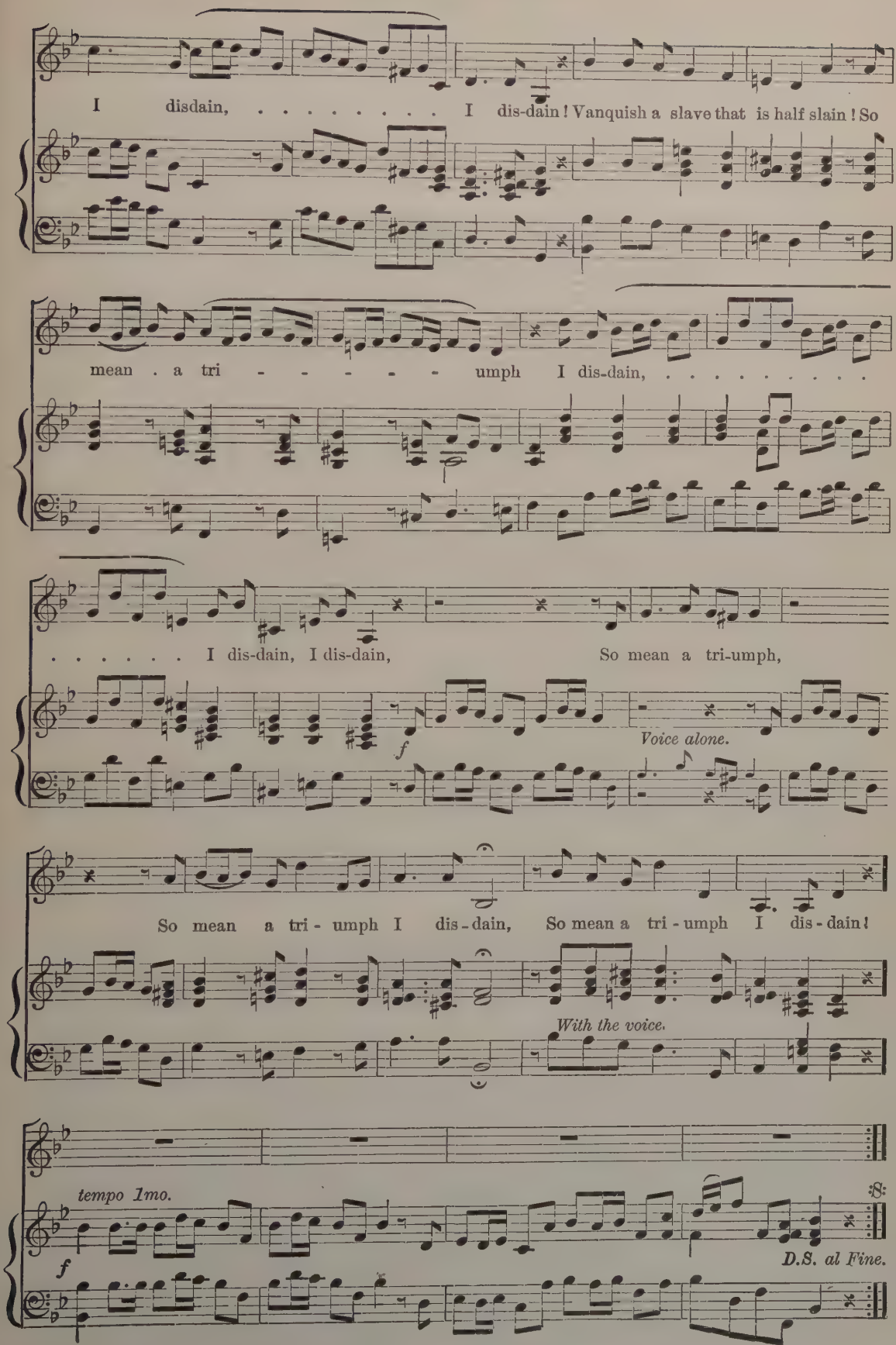
HONOR AND ARMS.

From "Samson." **Handel.**


Allegro. ♩= 100.
R. E. p. 101.
f
Honor and arms . . . . . scorn such a foe, scorn such a foe. Tho' I could
end thee at a blow, Tho' I could end thee at a blow; Tho' I could end thee
at a blow; Poor Vic - to - ry, To con - quer thee,

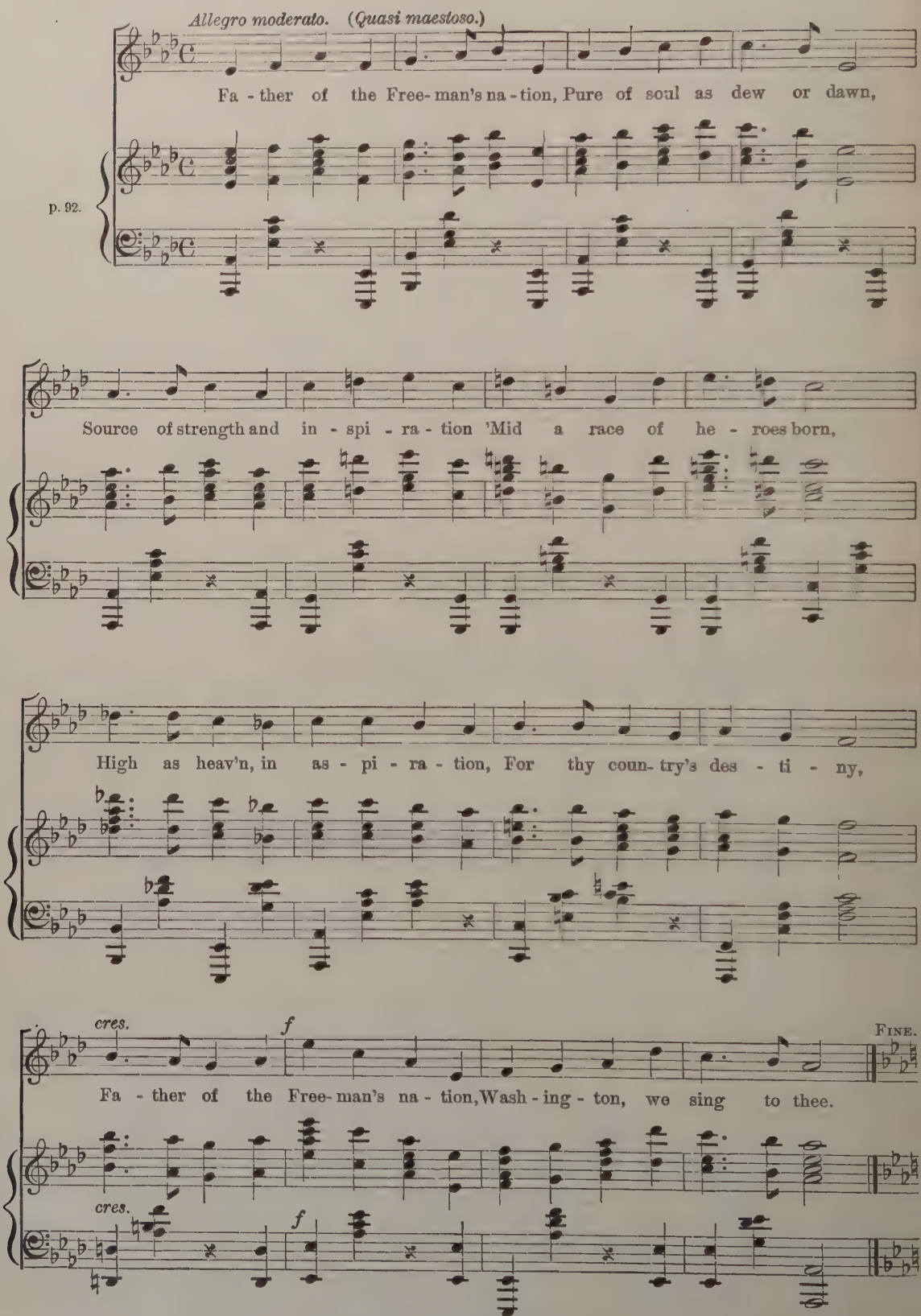

Or glo - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ry in thy
o - ver-throw ;
Hon-or and
f
8va.
p
arms . . . . . scorn such a foe, scorn such a foe,
Thŏ' I could
end thee at a blow, Tho' I could end thee at a blow ;
Poor vic - to - ry To con - quer
thee, Poor vic - to-ry To con - quer thee, Or glo - - - - - - - -


- - ry, Or glo - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ry in thy o - ver-
throw. Or glo - ry, Or glo - ry, Or glo - - -
f
p
- - - - - - - ry in thy o - ver-throw.
With the voice. f
FINE.
Van-quish a slave that is half slain! So mean a tri - umph I dis-dain So mean a tri - umph


I disdain, ... I dis-dain! Vanquish a slave that is half slain! So
mean . a tri - - - - - umph I dis-dain, ...
. . . . . I dis-dain, I dis-dain, So mean a tri-umph,
f
Voice alone.
So mean a tri - umph I dis - dain, So mean a tri - umph I dis - dain!
With the voice.
tempo 1mo.
f
D.S. al Fine.

WASHINGTON.

Mary Frances Galvin. *Henry Waller.*


Allegro moderato. (Quasi maestoso.)
Fa - ther of the Free- man's na - tion, Pure of soul as dew or dawn,
p. 92.
Source of strength and in - spi - ra - tion 'Mid a race of he - roes born,
High as heav'n, in as - pi - ra - tion, For thy coun- try's des - ti - ny,
cres.
f
Fine.
Fa - ther of the Free- man's na - tion, Wash - ing - ton, we sing to thee.
cres.
f

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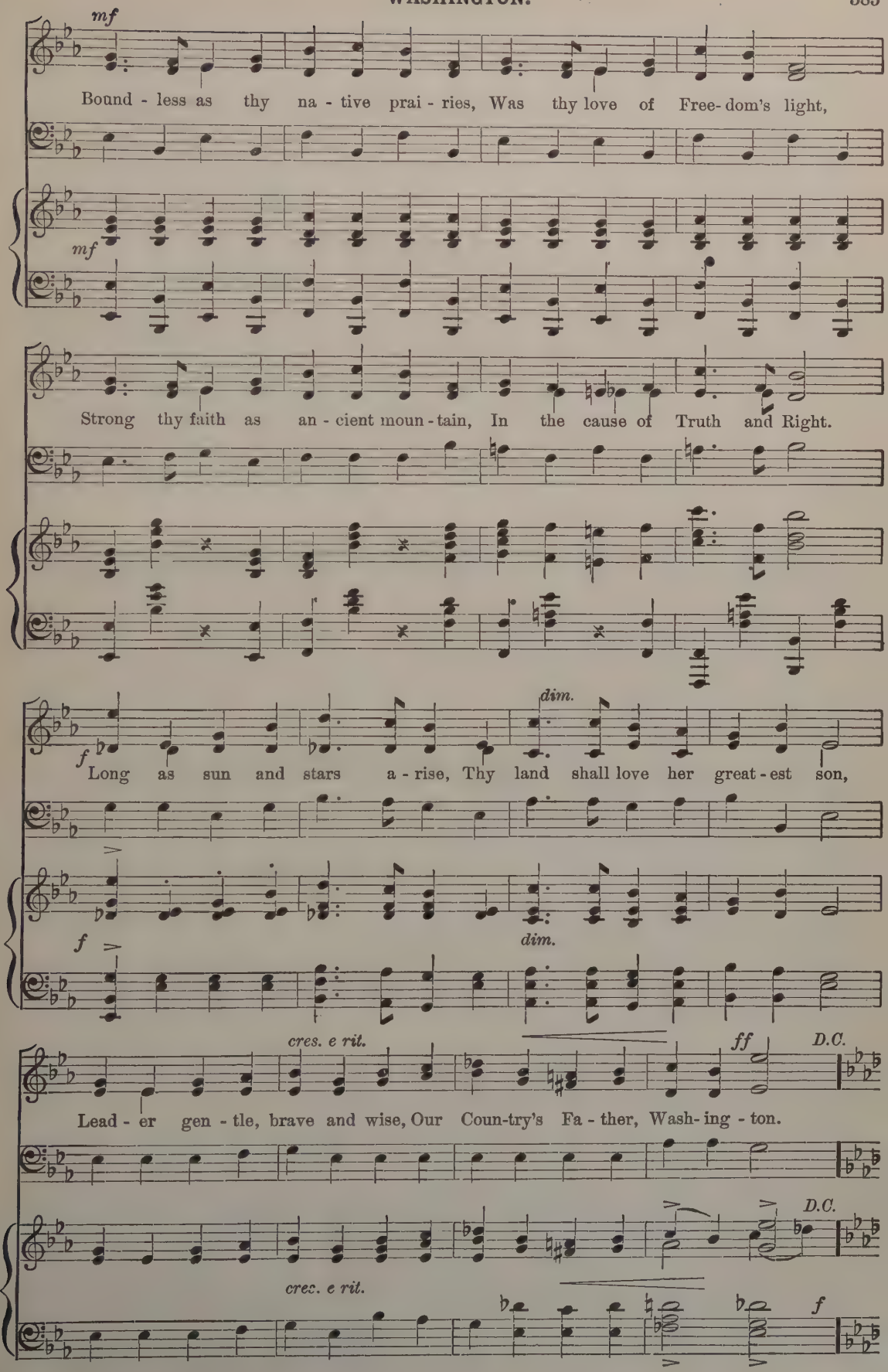

mf
Bound - less as thy na - tive prai - ries, Was thy love of Free - dom's light,
mf
Strong thy faith as an - cient moun - tain, In the cause of Truth and Right.
f
dim.
Long as sun and stars a - rise, Thy land shall love her great - est son,
f
dim.
cres. e rit.
ff
D.C.
Lead - er gen - tle, brave and wise, Our Coun-try's Fa - ther, Wash - ing - ton.
D.C.
cres. e rit.
f

MY LOVE'S AN ARBUTUS.

Alfred Perceval Graves. *Arr. H. F. G.*

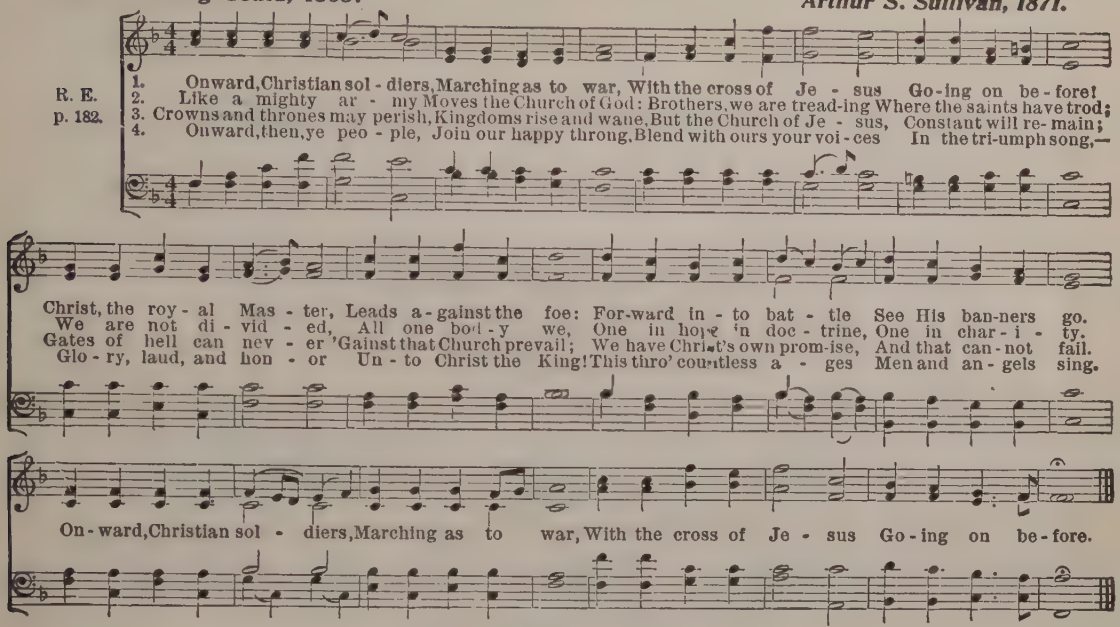
R. E. p. 4.

1. My love's an ar - bu - tus By the bor - dens of Lene, So slen - der and shape - ly In her gir - dle of green. And I meas - ure the pleasure of her eyes' sap - phire sheen By the blue skies that spar - kle Thro' the soft branching screen.
2. But tho' rud - dy the ber - ry And snow - y the flow'r, That bright - en to - geth - er The ar - bu - tus bow'r, Per - fum - ing and blooming Thro' sun - shine and show'r, Give *me* her bright lips And her laugh's pearly dow'r.
3. A - las, fruit and blos-som Shall lie dead on the lea, And Time's jeal - ous fin - gers Dim your young charms, Ma - chree, But un-rang-ing, un - chang - ing You'll still cling to me, Like the ev - er - green leaf . To the ar - bu - tus tree.

rit.

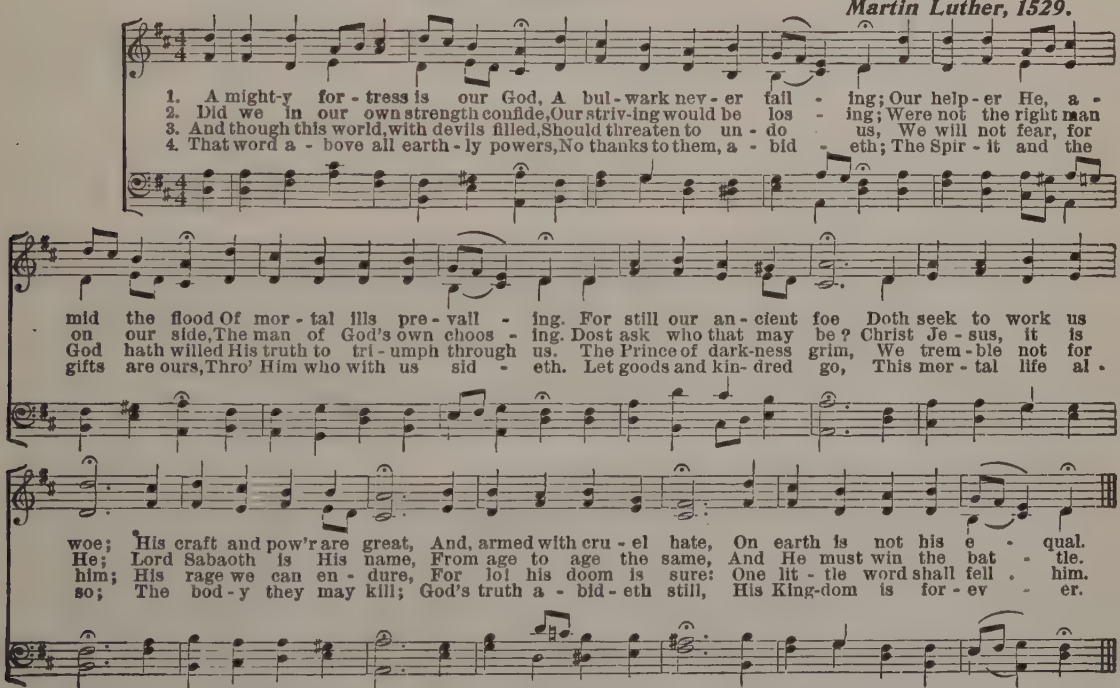
ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865. *Arthur S. Sullivan, 1871.*


1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore!
2. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God: Brothers, we are tread-ing Where the saints have trod;
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus, Constant will re-main;
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voi - ces In the tri-umph song,—
R. E. p. 182.
Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe: For-ward in - to bat - tle See His ban-ners go.
We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we, One in hope in doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own prom-ise, And that can-not fail.
Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King! This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.
On - ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

EIN' FESTE BURG.

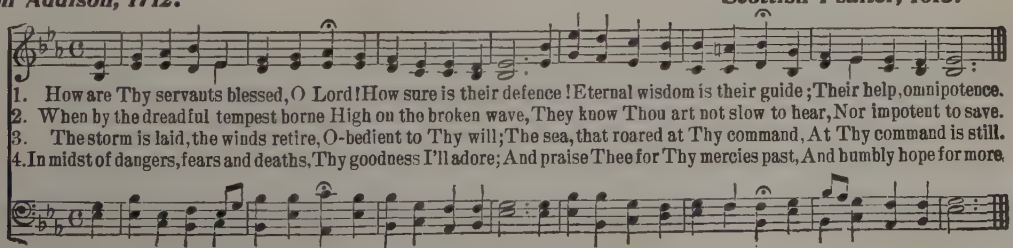
Martin Luther, 1529.


1. A might-y for - tress is our God, A bul-wark nev - er fail - ing; Our help-er He, a -
2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striv-ing would be los - ing; Were not the right man
3. And though this world, with devils filled, Should threaten to un - do us, We will not fear, for
4. That word a - bove all earth - ly powers, No thanks to them, a - bid - eth; The Spir - it and the
mid the flood Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing. For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us
on our side, The man of God's own choos - ing. Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is
God hath willed His truth to tri - umph through us. The Prince of dark-ness grim, We trem - ble not for
gifts are ours, Thro' Him who with us sid - eth. Let goods and kin - dred go, This mor - tal life al -
woe; His craft and pow'r are great, And, armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
He; Lord Sabaoth is His name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.
him; His rage we can en - dure, For lo! his doom is sure: One lit - tle word shall fell . him.
so; The bod - y they may kill; God's truth a - bid - eth still, His King-dom is for - ev - er.

THESE SEE HIS WONDERS IN THE DEEP.

(DUNDEE.)

Joseph Addison, 1712. *Scottish Psalter, 1615.*


1. How are Thy servants blessed, O Lord! How sure is their defence! Eternal wisdom is their guide; Their help, omnipotence.
2. When by the dreadful tempest borne High on the broken wave, They know Thou art not slow to hear, Nor impotent to save.
3. The storm is laid, the winds retire, O-bedient to Thy will; The sea, that roared at Thy command, At Thy command is still.
4. In midst of dangers, fears and deaths, Thy goodness I'll adore; And praise Thee for Thy mercies past, And humbly hope for more.

INDEX, No. 1

SELECTIONS FOUND IN "SPECIAL" STUDENTS' EDITION

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GOLDEN SLUMBERS	Thomas Decker	English	182	93
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Minstrel Boy, The	Thomas Moore	Irish Folksong	176	71
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Nelly was a Lady	Stephen C. Foster	Stephen C. Foster	204	48
Nightingale, The	Abbie Farwell Brown	Polish	22	135
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O Spirit Eternal	Samuel Drake	Johannes Brahms	23	147
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Our Sailor	Mary T. Loughlin	August Pohlenz	337	35
Our Soldiers	Alonzo Dewey	Joachim Raff	17	60

Subject	Author	Composer	T. E.	S. E.
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Pirates' Chorus	Gilbert	Sullivan	260	76
Pitter, Patter	Frederic Manley	Edgar Stillman Kelley	88	44
Prayer		F. H. Himmel	171	39
Pretty Village Maiden	From "Faust"	Gounod	62	140
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Skylark Song, The	John Bennett	Henry K. Hadley	308	12
Sleep, Noble Hearts	Frederic Manley	Mendelssohn	136	68
Sleeper, The	Edgar Allen Poe	Edgar Stillman Kelley	310	81
Slumber Song	Abbie Farwell Brown	Lithuanian Air	24	85
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Soldiers' Chorus	From "Faust"	Gounod	138	47
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Song of Peace	Mary Frances Galvin	Mozart	206	53
Song of the Soldier	Nathan Haskell Dole	Georges Bizet	288	70
Song of a Thousand Years	Henry Clay Work	Henry Clay Work	25	115
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Watch on the Rhine, The	Schneckenberger	Carl Wilhelm	202	139
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When the Toil of Day is Over	Joseph C. Lincoln	Henry K. Hadley	314	30
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Selections Found Exclusively in "Regular" Edition

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